Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.
January 6, 1960
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 9d

FICTION ISSUE
Stories by
Margery Sharp
H. E. Bates
Nicholas Monsarrat
Dorothy Eden
Hannibal Coons

BEGINNING: "Bond Street Story" by Norman Collins

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Our cover

● Summer fantasy, as Sydney model Dawn Deidrickson, in a green swimsuit over a leotard, faces the sun against an unusual rock background at Tamarama, N.S.W. The picture is by Laurence Le Guay.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Ginette Spanier, Directrice of the House of Balmain, who tells of life in the fashion world in her book, "It Isn't All Mink" (pages 8, 9), is proud to be a friend of the famous.

ONCE Madame Spanier and Noel Coward had just arrived at the flat she and her husband, Dr. Paul-Emile Seidmann, have in Paris when they heard Sir John Gielgud arriving downstairs.

She turned to Coward and smirked.

"Noel Coward with me in the lift and Sir John Gielgud waiting downstairs. Not bad for little Jenny of Golders Green."

(English - born Madame Spanier was christened Jenny Yvonne, but everybody called her Ginette.)

English playwright Clemence Dane was another "success" of Ginette's. She met Miss Dane through another successful friend, Richard ("Warsaw Concerto") Addinsell.

For a long time Addinsell wouldn't introduce them.

"You're not on an intellectual level worthy of such a great author," he told Ginette.

But Ginette got her way and her husband was also introduced.

At the time Clemence Dane was staying in Surrey in her caravan, which has a glass roof so that she can lie in bed and watch the stars.

She appeared on the caravan steps wearing a flowing purple tea-gown and led them through the woods, talking brilliantly about the differences between bracken and fern, and the finer points of Shakespeare's historical plays.

Ginette later got herself a walk-on part in Clemence Dane's play "Adam's Opera."

★ ★ ★

OUR Fiction Department was delighted at the answer when they asked staff artist John Mills if he was enjoying our new serial, Norman Collins' "Bond Street Story" (pages 12, 13), which he is illustrating.

"Like it!" said John. "I couldn't put it down until I'd read every page in the first instalment.

"How I'm going to get the illustration for the second instalment done, I don't know. My wife refuses to give it back to me until she's finished."

Mrs. Mills returned the book in good time for John to do another wonderful illustration for the second instalment.

NEXT WEEK

● ***"My Cousin, Philip," a biography of Prince Philip by his cousin, ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, begins in our next issue. It's an absorbing story revealing many formerly unknown family sidelights of a Prince, once a refugee baby in an orange-box, who has founded a new British Royal dynasty.***

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Australia's bid for America's Cup

Yacht Vim is Sydney-bound

YACHT VIM, cradled on deck of freighter City of Poona at New York, is watched from bridge by second mate Duncan Jamieson.

SHARK-LIKE hull towers above deck. Vim, which will be the largest racing yacht in Australia, is 69ft. long, mast height 82ft.

● Vim, one of America's most famous racing yachts, is nearing the end of her voyage to Australia.

SHE is being carried on the deck of the freighter City of Poona.

As she was lowered on board by crane last month at Port Newark, New Jersey, knock-off whistles blew and hundreds of laborers lined the wharf to watch the delicate operation.

Soon Vim will be sailing on Sydney Harbor.

Considered to be the second fastest 12-metre yacht in the world, Vim is coming on a four-year charter which has been secured by an Australian syndicate headed by Sir Frank Packer.

This is a prelude to Australia's most ambitious sporting enterprise — to win the America's Cup.

The rules of the race stipulate that the yacht must be designed and built in the challenging country.

Vim is to provide a performance yardstick for Australia's yacht, which will be designed along similar lines —those of the 12-metre class; then her times will be checked against those of Vim.

When America held its challenge trials for the 1958 race, Vim was beaten by Cup winner Columbia by only a small margin. Columbia soundly beat Britain's entry, Sceptre, in the race.

A new boat must at least equal Vim before a challenge can be considered.

Vim will be sailed on Sydney Harbor this summer, thus providing training for crews capable of sailing Australia's yacht, which will be entered, perhaps, in 1961 or 1962 by the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

So far only three countries have ever been in the 108-year-old race — America, Britain, and Canada. America has never lost the Cup. Canada made two unsuccessful challenges towards the end of the last century.

STERN of Vim against foremast of ship. She will have a crew of eleven, as also will the Australian yacht.

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The FATEFUL

U.N. forces driving into an enemy village during the bitter Korean fighting.

Time may record the 'Fifties—the decade between 1950 and 1960, just closed—as one of the most momentous in the history of man.

MAN progressed faster in this decade than ever before.

First he moved into the jet age, with planes flying at supersonic speeds, then into the space age, with man-made satellites soaring into outer space, even to the moon.

The decade saw, too, the production of the H-bomb, the fearful weapon that could destroy mankind.

As the decade closed, man was taking stock of the new wonders he had created, wonders that could mean either the annihilation of humanity or a glorious future, and his leaders were beginning to talk—Peace.

1950 The decade opened with a roar — first when Communist North Korea, later backed by Communist China, launched war against the Republic of Korea. U.N. forces under the command of General Douglas MacArthur (later dramatically "sacked") came to the aid of South Korea. Military casualties totalled more than 2,500,000 before the war dragged on to an uneasy truce three years later. Then there was the high-pitched roar of the first commercial jet-plane flight (a British Vickers Viscount), ushering in the age of supersonic speed. This year, too, the Communist world showed that there were subtler ways of aggression than by arms. Brilliant German-born atom physicist Dr. Klaus Fuchs confessed to selling British atomic secrets to Russia, got 14 years in gaol. He was released only this year.

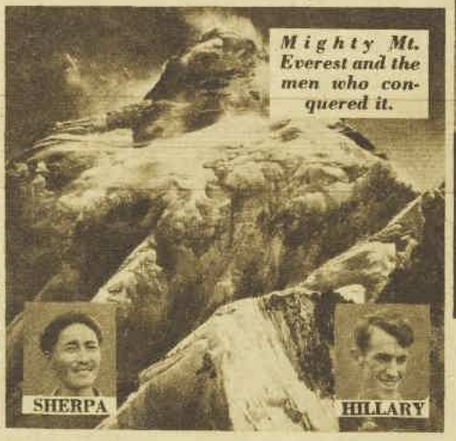
The glittering scene at the wedding of the Shah of Persia and Soraya. The marriage ended unhappily.

1951 In February, 1951, the Shah of Persia married the beautiful, green-eyed Soraya Esfandiary. It was a bitter-sweet romance; in March, 1958, they were divorced because there was no male heir to the Throne. In December, 1959, the Shah married Farah Diba, an "ugly duckling" student turned into an elegant swan by Parisian coiffeurs and couturiers.

More Communist espionage was uncovered. In March a U.S. court found Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenberg guilty of conspiracy to commit wartime sabotage for Russia. They went to the "chair" at New York's Sing Sing Prison in June.

In May, 1951, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean vanished from the British Foreign Office into thin air. It turned out to be thin Russian air; years later they appeared in Moscow.

The body of King George VI lying in state in London's Great Hall of Westminster.



Mighty Mt. Everest and the men who conquered it.

The giant mushroom cloud of the first H-bomb blast in the Pacific.

1952 In February, 1952, the tired and ailing King George VI of England died quietly in his sleep.

As Princess Elizabeth, his elder daughter was in Africa on her way to tour Australia. As Queen Elizabeth II, she flew home.

In July Egypt's playboy King Farouk was forced to abdicate when General Naguib seized power in a military coup.

The portly ex-King became a familiar figure at European pleasure resorts; later he was divorced by ex-Queen Narriman; now (latest news) he says he's broke.

In November Republican General Dwight Eisenhower became 34th U.S. President, ending 20 years' Democratic occupancy of the White House.

1953 In June, amid colorful and historic pageantry, the new Queen was anointed and crowned "Her Most Excellent Majesty Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith."

In March Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili, known to the world as Stalin, Soviet Dictator, died.

In May New Zealand beekeeper Edmund Hillary and Tensing Norkay, a Sherpa of Nepal, clambered up the south-west face to the top of the 29,002ft. Mount Everest. Everest—highest in the Himalayas, and home of the legendary Abominable Snowman—was conquered at last. Hillary and John Hunt, leader of the expedition, were knighted by the Queen.

1954 This was a year of profit and loss. On the debit side was the explosion of the first H-bomb, the multimillion-TNT-powered weapon that could be the means of man's destruction.

On the credit side was the introduction of the Salk anti-polio vaccine, which has given 90 per cent. immunity from the crippling disease.

In April Australia came into the glare of the spying spotlight when diplomatic relations with Russia ended after the Petrov affair. Vladimir Petrov, third secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Canberra, disclosed the operations of a spy ring and was granted political asylum by Australia.

In an extraordinary and dramatic mob scene at Sydney's Mascot Airport, and accompanied by a couple of burly Soviet MVD agents, Mrs. Petrov set off for Russia. When the plane reached Darwin she changed her mind, came back and rejoined her husband. In March, 1959, Australia and Russia resumed diplomatic relations.

In March Lieutenant-Colonel John Staff reached a speed of 632 m.p.h. on land in an experimental rocket sled at Alamogordo, U.S.A.

In May Britain's Dr. Roger Bannister broke the mile's four-minute barrier. He ran it in 3min. 59.4sec.

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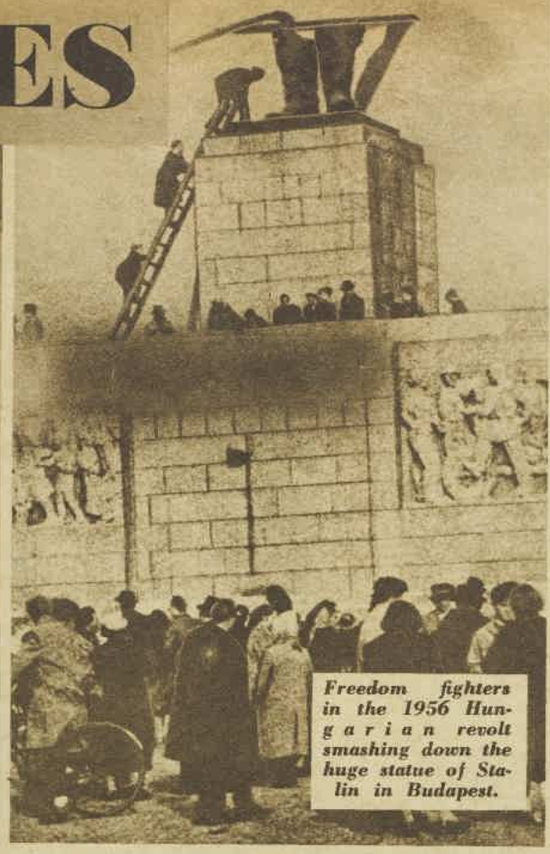
'FIFTIES

A pensive Princess Margaret after she had announced her renunciation of Peter Townsend.



Freedom fighters in the 1956 Hungarian revolt smashing down the huge statue of Stalin in Budapest.

They kept it lively

MIKE TODD . . . died; Liz remarried.

LADY DOCKER . . . a whiz at marbles.

EVA BARTOK . . . a "miracle baby."

GRACE KELLY . . . a Princess now.

ROGER BANNISTER . . . four-minute miler.

MARILYN MONROE . . . filmic Sputnik.

THE SACK — Dior's fashion farewell.

1955 In November Princess Margaret climaxed months of will-she won't-she speculation when she announced: "I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend . . . I have reached this decision alone, and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unfailing support and devotion of Group-Captain Peter Townsend."

After the Royal renunciation the handsome Group-Captain seemed unable to settle down. He roamed the world in a movie-picture-making tour that brought him to Australia. With him there was a pretty photographer, Belgian heiress Marie-Luce Jamagne. They strenuously denied a romance . . . but in November, 1959, their engagement was announced.

In November Ray Lawler gave the Australian theatre a boost with his play "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," first staged at Melbourne's Union Theatre, later made by Hollywood into a film.

1956 In October the Free World was horrified when a revolt of the Hungarian people against their Communist masters was bloodily crushed by Soviet forces.

In July Egyptian President Abdal-Nasser seized the Suez Canal under nationalisation decree. Israel invaded the Sinaia Peninsula. Britain and France demanded a cease-fire, and bombed the Canal. The U.S.A. condemned the attack, supported the cease-fire demand. Fighting stopped in November, and the Canal was reopened in March, 1957.

In April American film actress and millionaire's daughter Grace Kelly crowned a successful career. She married Prince Rainier of Monaco. Now Princess Grace has settled into happy domesticity with her husband and two children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert.

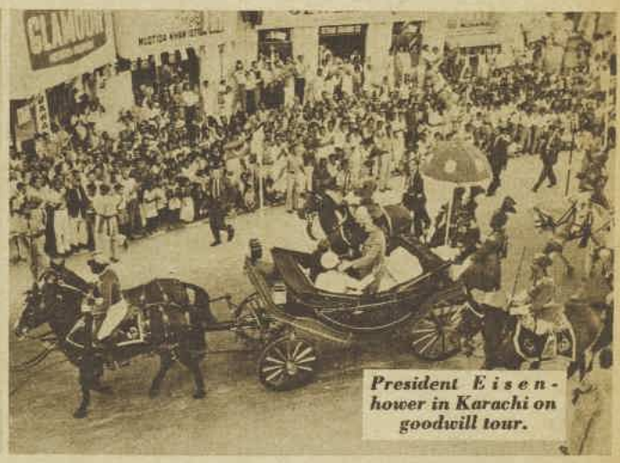
This was the year, too, when Russia's new boss, Khrushchev, denounced the late Stalin as a tyrant.

Worth noting, too, is that this year Marilyn Monroe married U.S. playwright Arthur Miller.

Sydney's Channel 9, TCN, introduced TV to Australia. The Olympic Games were held in Melbourne.

KHRUSHCHEV with Sputnik — "Time" magazine cover.

The balloon "Small World" under tests in England before its attempt to cross the Atlantic.



President Eisenhower in Karachi on goodwill tour.

1957 Man enters the space age. In October Russia rocketed the first man-made earth satellite, Sputnik I, into space.

Also in October divorced Hungarian actress Eva Bartok had a "miracle" baby, refused to name the father.

The same month Christian Dior died. He had been a couture dictator since he created the New Look in 1947. Dior's last sensation was the sack.

Australia was in the news with the announcement of the provoking design for Sydney's Opera House.

1958 America followed Russia into space with the successful launching of the 30lb. satellite Explorer I.

In August the world's first nuclear-powered submarine, Nautilus, sailed under the North Pole.

In December four intrepid balloonists took off in "The Small World," a yellow gondola suspended from a balloon, to travel 3000 miles across the Atlantic. About half-way storms forced them to jettison their balloon, and they sailed the rest of the way to Barbados. The voyage took 24 days.

In March showman Mike Todd was killed in a plane crash; he died as spectacularly as he had lived.

After Todd's death, his widow, film actress Elizabeth Taylor, drooped for a while with a broken heart. Later she married his best friend, Eddie Fisher, ex-husband of Debbie Reynolds.

1959 The space race reached to the moon. The Russians in September landed a rocket on the moon, later put into orbit a satellite which photographed and radioed back to earth the unseen "other side" of the moon.

Both the U.S. and Russia were planning to launch men into space early in the next decade.

In March the Dalai Lama—Tibet's spiritual leader—fled from Communist China's invasion of his country in one of modern history's epic escapes. He took refuge in India.

President Eisenhower marked the end of the decade with a beaming, 19-day goodwill tour of 11 nations—cementing the peace hopes raised by Khrushchev's earlier tour of the U.S.

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Our man was asked

TINY King Island, in Bass Strait, turned out a guard of honor and a trumpeting herald to usher in eight special guests to the High School Ball, one of the biggest social events in the island's 157 years of history.

Staff photograper Ron Berg was one of the guests who flew in for the ball — invited because King Islanders for years have admired his photographs in The Australian Women's Weekly.

He found that many of the island's children had pasted his pictures of the Sara quads on their school exercise-book covers.

The other official guests were the Tasmanian Premier, Mr. E. Reece, and Mrs. Reece, Mr. Ron Davies, M.H.R., Mr. K. Lyons, M.H.A., and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. A. Bain, Mayor of Richmond, Vic., and Mr. C. Eyres, Town Clerk of Richmond.

Three hundred and fifty people packed the hall at Grassy, decorated with balloons, streamers, reed grass, banksias, and bracken, and danced to an orchestra brought in from Melbourne.

Ron, who hadn't danced since the "Bridal Waltz" at his wedding 18 years ago, kept his camera as partner, but thoroughly enjoyed photographing scenes at the ball, which ended at 4 a.m.

Ron spent only 24 hours on the island, but, like the other official guests, received overwhelming hospitality.

When he came back to Sydney he said, "There are 57 wrecks on the coast of King Island. They call it the marine graveyard of Bass Strait. After 24 hours there I was nearly wreck No. 58."

His hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Don Shore, of Lymwood, made certain he saw most sights in the 40-mile-long, 16-mile-wide island.

• *The lighthouse at Currie, on King Island, pop. 2500, named after Governor King in 1801.*

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• *Junior Belle of the Ball (left) was 13-year-old Jennifer Tong, of Currie township, here with her partner, Robert Byrnes, aged 14, of Pegarah.*

• *Highlight of the ball was the performance "To a Miniature" by 14-year-old Nancy Kelly, as the girl, and Mary Misson, aged 16, as the boy.*

to the KING SIZE party

• *The island population is predominantly female, and those without partners sat waiting for dances. Shut-down of the scheelite mines has forced many single men to leave the island.*

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FATHER

"May I speak to you for a moment, Mr. Westrop?"

MOTHER

"Now Christmas is over, whatever are we going to do for the rest of the holidays?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THE man in the navy-blue suit had a glass in one hand, a plate in the other, and a fanatical look in his eye.

He edged me into one of the less noisy corners of a crashing Christmas party and said, "There's a matter you ought to take up in your column. A crusade, in fact . . ."

"I'm not mad on crusading," I answered cautiously, "especially round this time of year."

"The thing is important for women," he insisted, steam-rolling on, "and if you have any public spirit you'll do something about it. Look at this plate."

The plate held a piece of ham, a chicken leg, a leaf of lettuce, a stick of celery, and mayonnaise.

"Will you tell me," asked the angry man, "how I am supposed to eat this?"

"You could put your glass down," I suggested.

"How do I eat a chicken leg with a fork?" he persisted.

I considered saying, "Pick it up in your fingers," but he was too serious.

"I don't even like standing up to eat," he went on earnestly. "This is now so common a custom I am prepared to put up with it. But the least that hostesses could do is see that the food can be eaten with a fork. Write about it, will you?"

Well, there it is.

* * *

THE trouble about parties is that men and women attend them for different reasons.

Women go to dinner parties chiefly to talk, to be listened to, to show off their dresses, and to eye off those of others. So they enjoy buffet dinners. Why spend an hour getting dressed only to hide three-quarters of the result behind a table?

Men regard the dinner as a very important part of a dinner party. They may not be indifferent to lively company. They may even take some interest in the appearance of the ladies, especially strangers.

But if they leave hungry or thirsty, they grizzle.

* * *

MORE news of that flavored gum on envelopes:

One firm of manufacturers tried several flavors, including chocolate, pineapple, and strawberry.

There was no reaction from the public. Disheartened, the firm abandoned the scheme. Besides, its executives were afraid that a diet of strawberry envelopes might become nauseating.

Other manufacturers are dickering with the notion. One section of the trade favors scented gum.

If you think that scented or flavored gum on envelopes is an unnecessary refinement, let me tell you that an American firm sells perfumed fertiliser for indoor plants. In a gold-flecked, enamelled container.

IN California this month a group of servicemen spent a fortnight underground.

The object was to test how people could survive a period sheltering from radiation after atomic bombing.

The report called the experiment an "unqualified success." Morale was good, and the men could have stayed in the shelter much longer.

Absolute nonsense, of course. These experiments don't prove a thing about morale. The guinea-pigs know they're only play-acting. They look forward to returning to a world containing familiar people and familiar things.

You cannot set up an imaginary situation of this kind. The only comfort is that, if the disaster were real, the hopeless despair of some people would be balanced by the courage and optimism of others.

* * *

A FRIEND reports that the other day as she rose to depart from the consulting-room of an eye specialist, he said, "Have you remembered your gloves?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied indifferently. "Why?"

"Please look," he said.

Raising her eyebrows, she looked, found the gloves, and put them on.

"That's good," said the eye-man. "Women drive me mad. They're always leaving their gloves. They ring up, wasting my secretary's time. She has to locate and describe the glove or gloves. Then the losers come back and waste more of our time and theirs.

"And what annoys me most is that gloves are entirely unnecessary."

On that last point I agree with the doctor.

All fashion advisers insist on gloves. Sheep-like, I carry them. On dress-up occasions I even wear them.

But my real opinion is that as decoration they are negligible. And their only useful purposes are for gardening, cleaning the stove, and covering up chipped nail-varnish.

* * *

My resolutions used to be
Of grand and noble stature,
Like curbing a desire for tea,
And altering my nature.

To answer letters, not be late,
Be cheerful, never grumble,
To write a book, or learn to skate—
Time makes one's hopes more humble.

Yet foolishly I still believe
As this New Year is dawning,
I'll change my spots and never leave
The washing-up till morning.

IN PARIS . . .

● Life in the Paris Haute Couture is "like life in a tropical ocean . . . a colorful paradise on the surface, but packed with dangers lurking in the depths," according to Madame Ginette Spanier, Directrice of the House of Balmain.

THE first showing of the season is about to begin at Pierre Balmain's. Concealed off stage, before the microphone, stands Ginette Spanier, Balmain's Directrice and chief trouble-shooter.

She is ready to announce the master's creations as the mannequins step through the curtains on to the catwalk. At her feet are a pair of pearl-encrusted slippers for her to step into when her feet give out.

Ginette Spanier loves every minute of it.

Hot, tired, and teetering on the brink of nervous exhaustion, she manages to sound sane and soignee till the last dress of the collection—about the 150th—has been paraded and the last customer has gone home.

The slippers—a present from her friend Claudette Colbert—are her standby and her inspiration, she says in her book "It Isn't All Mink" (Collins).

The whole selling side of Pierre Balmain's is Ginette's responsibility.

"People assume I must be haughty and grand to keep any sort of order, but it's not true," she says.

"I have to give the impression of dignity, calm, and indestructibility, not only to my staff but to my customers."

And that's far from easy.

If a seam is not right, it's a matter of life and death. If a mannequin lets her love life interfere with her job, the other models behave as if she were a criminal.

ENGLISH - BORN Ginette Spanier, the "right hand" to Balmain, tells of life in the Paris fashion world in her book—"It Isn't All Mink."

Terrible quarrels and civil strife fill the air.

Once an old lady hit her fitter with a walking stick.

Madame Spanier had the old lady thrown out.

"A good fitter," she explains, "is more important to Balmain's than a possible customer."

Ginette Spanier pulls no punches about life in the world of Haute Couture.

Models, she says, though frail and elegant to look at, can be vapid, jealous, and featherbrained. One of them chews gum incessantly.

But they are good at their jobs. They have to be.

One Balmain model, Marie-Therese (the gum-chewer) can change from a swimsuit to a ballgown and tiara in two minutes flat in a room where it would be hard to swing the proverbial cat.

She doesn't snag her nylons, muss her hair, or do anything an ordinary woman would do.

Haute Couture, says Madame Spanier, is big business, much like selling cars or petrol. People tend to be blinded to this by the showmanship and glamor of the fashion world, but every dress in every collection is costed down to the last stitch.

Balmain's is not just an inspirational playground. It's a solid commercial proposition.

But when a collection is being planned there is poetry in the air. The great blazing moment of the first showing is more thrilling than a first night at the theatre.

To the average person, collections are merely launched, but to Ginette Spanier they explode.

The hysteria, the screaming, the wild scenes of despair and rudeness all reach a crescendo at the opening show of the season.

Squeezed in front of her microphone in the cabine—the little room where the models change—with eight girls and

THE CABINE—the room at Balmain's in which the models change—is tiny, and usually packed with frenzy. Yet the girls can change from a ballgown to a swimsuit in two minutes flat—and still manage to glide regally through the curtains, as if in a trance, to become public idols.

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"IT ISN'T ALL MINK"

Taming Bardot

BRIGITTE BARDOT pouted, stormed, and stamped her feet in rage while having a Balmain dress made for her first Royal Film Performance in London. The white satin dress, graceful and glittering with pearls, didn't have enough sex-appeal to suit Bardot. She wanted it skin-tight, low-cut, irresistible to photographers. Ginette Spanier, head of the Balmain salon, thought this appalling taste—and with typical cleverness came up with a solution. "You can have the neck-line lowered," she told Bardot. "I will make you a little pop-on bosom that you whip off for the photographers and pop back on for the Queen." Bardot is shown (right) in the more conservative version of the gown.

PIERRE BALMAIN, one of the world's greatest fashion leaders, at his desk in Paris. His "Girl Friday" is Madame Ginette Spanier, who says life at Balmain's is full of quarrels, frenzy — and utter fascination.

150 dresses, it is Ginette's job to stop this frenzy from getting through the curtains to the audience.

The girls dress in record time, putting their hats on first. From snapping and shrieking like fishwives, they draw themselves up and glide regally through the curtains to become public idols.

They seem to go into a trance. If they have been applauded they laugh. If not, they are furious. And the cabine is in a continual state of upheaval, fantasy, madness.

Haute Couture is full of superstitions.

If a dress falls on the floor everyone knows immediately it will be a success. If a difficult customer is being fitted, someone must spit on the dress for luck.

A label is never sewn into a dress till just before delivery. If a new mannequin is going on, she asks Balmain to kick her as she steps through the curtains.

To be a Balmain model you must measure up to some pretty impossible standards. You must be beautiful — but in an off-beat way to inspire Balmain.

Bronwen Pugh, a former B.B.C. children's announcer, is a typical example. Once she came in wearing her hair in heavy elaborate fringes.

"How do I look?" she asked Balmain.

"Like an old woman in a London pub drinking gin," he said. "Wonderful."

That's inspiration for you.

Not only must you inspire Balmain. You must be attractive enough to interest the Press and self-effacing enough to satisfy the private customers, for whom you act as clothes-horse.

Above all, you must be healthy. And chic.

A chic beauty is rare . . .

According to Ginette Spanier, a chic woman seldom has a really beautiful figure. Women with beautiful figures are better with clothes off. Therefore you must be thin, thin, thin.

Haute Couture has its seamy side in more ways than one. There are no depths to which a vendeuse (saleswoman) will not sink to bag a client, or to favor her with a front-row seat.

Most of the vendeuses, says Ginette, live in respectable, dull suburban homes, and derive vicarious satisfaction from their life at Balmain's among the rich, the eccentric, and the famous.

Each vendeuse has her own special clients. If she sells a dress to a duchess, and the duchess is subsequently photographed wearing the dress, it's a major thrill.

It's "my dress," not Balmain's, as far as the vendeuse is concerned.

A vendeuse gets a commission on everything she sells. So she would sell her soul, her boss, or even the showroom chairs for quite a small percentage.

No wonder Ginette says that life at Balmain's is like living in a tropical ocean. It may look a brightly colored paradise on the surface, but there are dangers lurking in the depths in the form of squabbling vendeuses, hysterical models, irate customers, and preying fashion spies.

And that's Ginette Spanier's job—to control the tropical ocean.

How did she get such a job?

A combination of the right experience and knowing the right people led to her being offered a job as manageress of Balmain's new fashion house.

This was in June, 1947.

"If you can get on with Balmain, this is a chance of a lifetime," her friend Victor Stiebel advised her.

Apparently there was no clash of personalities, because Madame Spanier is still there enjoying every minute of her job.

Balmain doesn't sound so terrifying, anyway.

He has a wonderful memory. He remembers every dress he has ever made and the customer who bought it.

He loves long evening dresses. He loves dancing. He loves Italy, publicity, embroidery, furs, narrow feet, pointed shoes, tall girls, and rich women.

And if his establishment is anything like the hectic place Madame Spanier says it is, one can only hope he loves and appreciates her for keeping it under control.

One of the biggest advantages of working at Balmain's, apart from being able to buy your clothes there, is meeting interesting people.

Madame Spanier, with her little desk at the top of the stairs—"I hate being shut off from people"—meets them all.

Her husband, Dr. Paul-Emile Seidmann, has an extensive Paris practice, and it is to their apartment that Ginette brings her "catches" from the tropical ocean of Balmain's—such as Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, and Vivien Leigh.

Ginette's first encounter with Marlene Dietrich was in a fitting-room.

It was ten o'clock in the morning and Dietrich was languidly trying on furs. She eventually bought their longest and most opulent mink and accepted Ginette's invitation to lunch.

This was the beginning of a firm friendship, despite the fact that Marlene ate all the caviare Ginette had bought especially for Paul-Emile's birthday.

A lifelong admirer of Noel Coward, Ginette was overjoyed when she met him in Cannes during a summer holiday. By dint of winks, nods, and nudges, an introduction was arranged.

"Why have they kept you from me?" Coward asked.

The Seidmanns later spent Christmas with him in Jamaica.

It was Noel Coward who wrote the Foreword to Ginette's book. He also rejected the original title, "Mink the Hard Way," as "vulgar and unworthy."

Ginette Spanier is a frank, friendly person with a tremendous zest for life. She loves success and successful people.

When she drops names, she does it very, very disarmingly.

She describes herself in Chapter One as "beautifully brought up." She was the eldest of three sisters, whose French mother, Alice, took great pride in the fact that no imitation lace ever marred her daughters' bloomers.

The children had an English nanny and they stayed at a country house in the summer. Ginette's childhood was safe, respectable, and happy.

Mr. Spanier was an Englishman of French extraction, and when the family moved to London Ginette lost no time in joining the social whirl.

The Spaniers lived in Golders Green, which was quite a gay place in those days before the depression of the 'thirties.

Ginette went to the theatre, admired Noel Coward, who was just becoming famous, and went to hundreds of parties where she met hundreds of people—such as Norman Hartnell and actress Marie Lohr.

She became a working girl

Ginette was bound for a cocktail party on the day her parents broke the news that their daughters would have to earn their living, for the depression had hit Mr. Spanier's pearl-buying business.

Ginette was thrilled at the thought of being a working girl. Her parents were appalled.

As she had loved selling things at charity bazaars, she decided to be a saleswoman.

Her first thought was selling clothes for Norman Hartnell, but there was no job available.

So with a little help from Marie Lohr she managed an introduction to one of the directors of the great London store Fortnum and Mason's.

A week later she started as a temporary clerk in the Gift Department at the princely salary of £2/10/- a week, plus twopence in the pound commission on sales.

Her customers, who asked for her by name, soon included the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Wallis Simpson, and celebrities from London's musical and artistic world.

Five months later Ginette was offered a job selling advertising space for "Vogue."

She refused it because she hated the thought of going out and selling things, but she later accepted a job as sales manager for a handbag firm.

She travelled to Paris on frequent buying trips, and it was here she met tall, very attractive Dr. Paul-Emile Seidmann, whom she married in the spring of 1939.

About this time the war put a stop to Ginette's celebrity-hunting. The tables were turned and it was she and Paul-Emile, both Jewish, who were the hunted ones, and they lived most of the war years in danger of arrest.

Ginette had almost forgotten the luxury world of Fortnum and Mason's when one day she took a young friend to the new couture house of Balmain's.

The name meant nothing to her. Her underwear was undarned, her hands were calloused. But she was tremendously excited at the prospect of her first fashion show in years.

The friend demanded black velvet trimmed with jet. Ginette insisted it was far too old.

"Never mind how beautiful the black dress is," Ginette stormed. "What she needs is the little blue flannel number which was shown third in the collection."

The vendeuse went out. A stately white-haired woman came in. It was Pierre Balmain's mother, who had been watching everything. She was the boss.

"Madame," she said, "it is a woman like you we need in this firm."

And that was how Ginette got her job.

BRONWEN PUGH, one of Balmain's top models. Bronwen once asked Balmain how she looked with a fringed hairstyle. "Like an old woman in a London pub drinking gin," he said. "Wonderful."

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MY SON ERROL

He was not a Lothario

By PROFESSOR THEODORE THOMSON FLYNN, of London University

● Some people have tried to paint my son Errol as a modern Lothario, forever presiding over orgies on his yacht Zacca.

NOTHING could be further from the truth.

I spent six weeks with him on his yacht, the Zacca, in 1946, when Nora Eddington, his second wife, was still with him. There was no drinking and no nightclubbing.

I distinctly recall putting in to Acapulco in Mexico. Errol and I strolled up to a bodega and each of us drank a glass of draught beer. That was the kind of "orgies" he had.

But still Errol was hounded by women of all ages.

Once when the Zacca was anchored in the Mediterranean, Errol was being interviewed on deck by an elderly lady for a picture magazine.

Suddenly three heads with ponytails bobbed up beyond the deck-rail.

They belonged to three teenage girls who must have swum out to the yacht, for there were no small boats in sight.

As the dripping forms came into full view it became apparent that they did not have a vestige of clothing between them.

In his rip-roaring adventure films, including "Captain Blood," which I still consider his best, Errol often had to repel boarders from a ship with flashing cutlass in hand.

But he was at a loss when three girls climbed on board Zacca, armed only with the strong weapon of nudity.

Errol huddled in his deck-chair and stared at the brash invaders.

Not so the elderly lady from a film magazine who had been interviewing him.

She gave the uninvited trio such a verbal lashing with her Gallic tongue that they shrank back. Salt tears mingled with the seawater running down their cheeks.

Errol, always a perfect gentleman, stopped the tirade and went to fetch blankets. He wrapped these round the girls and sent them ashore by boat.

At Avalon my wife had a somewhat similar experience when she found two girls, dressed in short shorts and revealing shirts, on board the Sirocco, a yacht owned by Errol before he acquired the Zacca.

● In this second and concluding article, Professor Flynn, father of the late Errol Flynn, defends his son against what he says were "wicked lies" told about him. Women of all ages hounded Errol, says the Professor.

It was early afternoon when my wife climbed the gangway. "Who are you and what do you want?" she asked the girls, whom she had never seen before.

The girls yawned. "We missed the last boat to San Diego," one explained laconically. "Thought we'd cadge a lift on Errol's yacht. He's bound to go our way sooner or later and we may as well go along."

This impertinence angered my wife. "Go back the way you came," she said. The girls scowled but, seeing they would get no change out of my wife, they marched down the gangway.

I thought my wife might have been too hard on the girls, and said so. "Nonsense," she said. "If I had not come aboard and found them they might have stowed away, and you can imagine what the newspapers would have made out of that!"

She was right. Throughout his life, Errol was constantly bedevilled by fantastic newspaper exaggerations of all sorts of incidents, real or imagined.

My wife and I and our daughter Rosemary were once dining with Errol and friends in a Hollywood restaurant. The conversation was lively and Errol made some strong remarks. Somebody touched him on the arm and rebuked him mildly. He calmed down at once and changed the subject.

Next day I was shocked to read a newspaper headline: **"Errol Flynn drunk and disorderly in Hollywood cafe: famous star in uproar again."**

The story gave a graphic and wholly imaginary description of a kind of mad tea-party at which Errol was in a fight with someone else's husband, poured soup over his wife and was thrown out of the restaurant.

Errol's reaction to this calumnious story surprised me. "Nothing to worry about," he said. "Don't blame the newspaper. Someone in the studio has put them up to it. It's all publicity."

Love of life

Errol always championed the underdog—that is why he became a war correspondent in the Spanish Civil War and helped Castro to overthrow a dictatorship in Cuba.

The thing that Errol will always be remembered for long after the wicked lies about women and sex have been forgotten is his full-blooded love of life. What other man has owned a gold mine in his early twenties or captained his own trading ship between Australia and New Guinea at 16?

What other millionaire has left the luxury that only money can bring to fight for downtrodden people amid the hardships of distant lands?

Besides having perfect manners, he was a superb physical specimen.

When he was only five months old my wife, against the advice of our friends, took him into the surf at Manly Beach, Sydney, where the breakers are formidable.

AT four Errol shared this wigwam with his pet Yorkshire terrier, Daisy, at his home in Hobart, Tasmania, where he was born.

IN 1952 Ruth Roman was leading lady to Errol Flynn in the film "Mara Maru." Flynn, says his father, was bedevilled by fantastic newspaper exaggerations of incidents in his life.

Suddenly a huge wave overwhelmed them both, but she clasped Errol tightly until the wave had receded. At first she was afraid that this would instil a fear of the sea into the child. But he looked up into her face and laughed.

This episode came back to our minds when we attended the premiere of his first Hollywood film, "Captain Blood," in Belfast when I was Professor of Zoology at the University there.

Our hearts swelled with pride as we watched the boy we had taught to love the water swimming ashore in a thrilling sequence.

This is the true Errol whom we will always remember. We have heard girls boast of their relations with him, as if it were an honor. These girls belong to a type whose existence must be deplored.

But they do exist and they make me feel ashamed for women.

My boy Errol was a man's man—a man who loved his family. All through his amazing career he had a nostalgia for the sort of home life he had with us.

Just a joke

It may be true that once, when asked to fill in his occupation on a form, he wrote, "Sex." That was only a joke.

Errol needed affection more than most people because he loved more than most.

He loved all people, whatever their background and reputation, and he needed people near him at all times. He idolised his mother and adored his sister Rosemary.

I believe a great deal of his troubles stemmed from the frustration of his endless search for a woman who could match up to these two ideals of womanhood.

His affection for Rosemary lasted all his life.

Not long before his death, she spent a holiday with him in Jamaica.

Just before Rosemary left for her home in Washington—she is married to an American Air Force officer — Errol became unusually pensive and restless.

Suddenly he took her hand and led her into the drawing-room. "Rosemary," he said. "You are going away and I may never see you again . . . at least, not in this life."

He held up his hand to stop her protest. "No, no, it's true. I'm a sick man, Rosemary, a very sick man, and have been for some years. The doctors have told me I may live a year—or die at any time."

He wept

Tears flowed from his eyes. Rosemary held him close, as she had done so often when he was in trouble as a child.

"Rosemary," he said. "I have a message I want you to take back to Mum and Dad. Go to England first, before you go back to America. Will you do that for me?"

I have spent many hours pondering over that message. It is deeply personal. But in view of the slurs that have been cast upon my boy I have decided to make it public. It is a fitting epitaph for my son!

I am more sorry than words can tell for any trouble I have caused you or for any shame you have ever felt about my life. I love you as I have always loved you. I close my eyes and relive the days when we were all together in Tasmania, in Belfast, and in England. All the glitter and the girls who have been associated with my name mean nothing compared with these memories.

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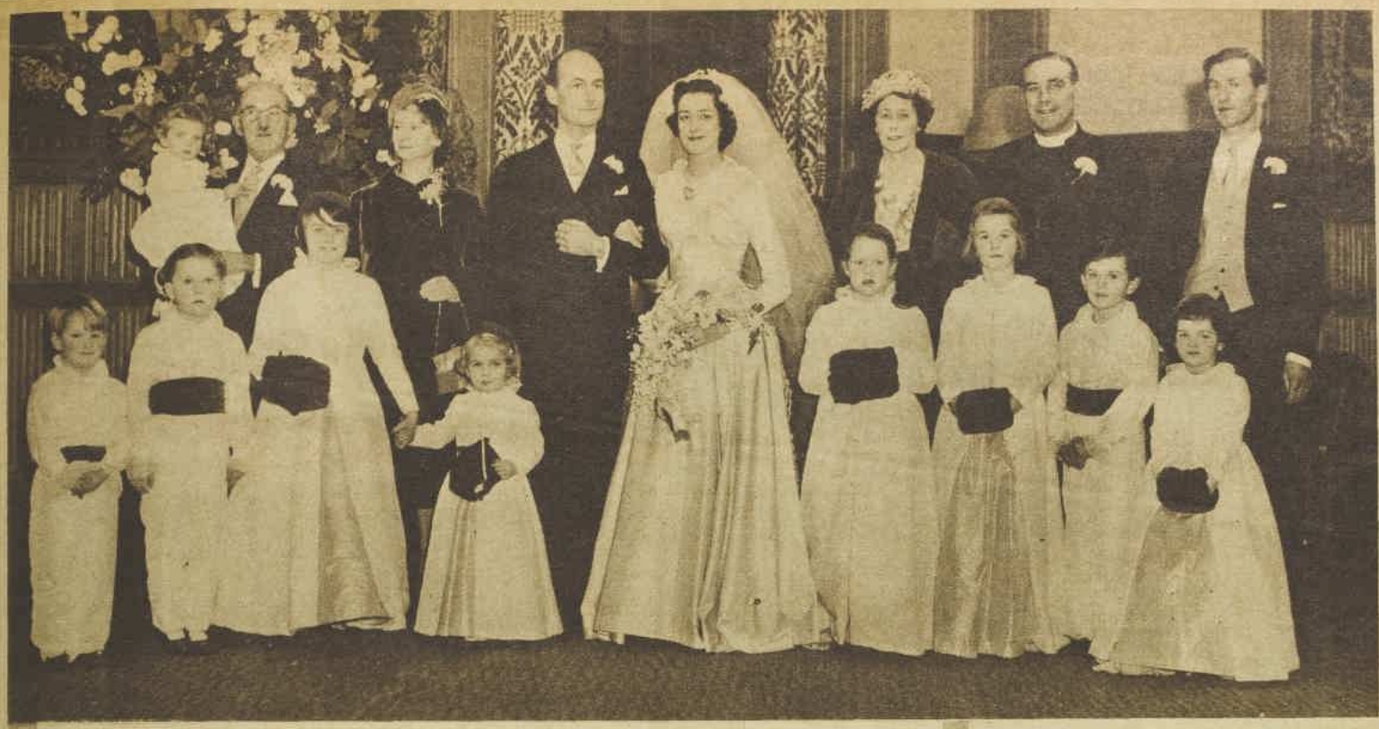

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster, for Lucy Gough and Mervyn Temple-Richards. With them are their small pages and maids and, from left, Mr. and Mrs. M. Temple-Richards, Mrs. Gough and the Archbishop of Sydney, the Rt. Rev. Hugh Gough, and Peter Temple-Richards.

JANUARY is the time for beach and sunshine, and among the lucky holidaymakers will be Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Phillips, of St. Ives, and their daughter Sue, who will entertain a young house party at Avalon from January 4.

Sue's cousins, Jane and John Phillips, from Ringwood, Victoria, will be among the guests, and so will Sandra McCauley, of Armidale.

"The only time we're coming up to town," Sue told me, "is for Jane's birthday on January 15, when we're all having dinner at Princes."

• • •

AMONG the guests at the graduation ceremony at the Royal South Sydney Hospital were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thomas, of Wee Waa, who were there to applaud Sister Margaret Robinson, also of Wee Waa. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have taken a flat at Manly for 12 months.

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GUARD of honor of members of the 1st Infantry Battalion (Commandos) formed outside Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, for the wedding of Lieut. Thomas Hall and Marie Holmes. Marie is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Holmes, of Randwick, and the groom is the only son of Mrs. J. H. Hall, of Kingsford, and the late Mr. Hall.

• • •

ENVY of all her friends is Morna Playfair, who is sporting a glorious suntan after two weeks at Surfers' Paradise with husband David and the two children.

• • •

WAVED farewell to those nice R.N. families going back to England on the Orcades last week. The travellers included Lieutenant - Commander and Mrs. G. J. G. Hanchard-Goodwin, Lieutenant - Commander and Mrs. M. V. Harvey, and Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. J. Savage.

SHORT holiday at "Droubalgie," the Forbes home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, for Teresa Zalapa. The house party will also include Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sandy.

• • •

TELEGRAMS from all over Australia and from Germany arrived for the wedding of Teresa Walker and Terence Freeman, at St. Patrick's, Summer Hill. Teresa, who made many friends on her trip overseas, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Walker, of Summer Hill. Terence is the only son of Mr. V. Freeman, of Taree.

Anne

SCOTS COLLEGE CHAPEL wedding for Jill Savage and Andrew Mackay. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Savage, of Kurrawong, Summerton. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Mackay, of Oakleigh, Coonabarabran.

SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, are Mr. and Mrs. Brett Falkiner. The bride was formerly Dr. Josephine Pilgrim, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pilgrim, of Vaucluse. Brett is the only son of Mrs. S. Braund, of "Foxlow," Bungendore, and the late Mr. F. B. S. Falkiner.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ferrier after their wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay. The bride was formerly Berice McLean, only daughter of Mrs. P. McLean, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. P. McLean. Robert is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Ferrier, of St. Ives.

TASMANIAN HONEYMOON for Major and Mrs. Jack Skipper, who were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill. The bride was formerly Lynette Jacobs, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jacobs, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. G. Skipper, of Perth.

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BOND STREET STORY

By NORMAN COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

First instalment of our delightful new serial

THERE isn't anywhere in the world a more dignified emporium of retail commerce than Rammell's. Or a more varied and extensive one. It isn't just one shop. It is an entire streetful of shops. Complete with side arcades. And a restaurant. And two snack bars. And a bargain bazaar thrown in. All piled one on top of another and with a specially big front door like the entrance to a town hall or a bank headquarters.

A whole civilisation all to itself.

The flag—plain white with a green "R" on it—can be seen high over the main entrance in Bond Street. What's more, the telegraphic address—Rammellex, London—is known to cable clerks the whole world over. Even the afterthought, "London," isn't really needed. Letters addressed simply to Rammell's, England, find their way to Bond Street all right.

In short, Rammell's is famous. It has got everything. Take the fur salon, for example. As the highly decorative climax to what must have started up rather messily in Beaver Bay or Bear Creek, there isn't another fur salon that can match it. Not for minks or sables.

Or the library and ticket agency. Without it, most of Mayfair would simply sit at home looking at TV. Or chinaware. Two floors up there is nearly half an acre of hand-painted china and the more expensive kinds of cut-glass. Or sports. That department brings Wimbledon, Lord's, and St. Andrews all together in one blaze of colored cat-gut, pure ivory willow, and stainless steel, and keeps them there in perpetual artificial sunlight and an equable temperature all the year round.

Then again, on the provision floor (with the separate entrance in Downe Street) Rammell's potted shrimps are as good as anything that ever came out of Morecambe.

But there's no point in trying to enumerate all the departments. Too many of them. Put simply, you could be clothed, fed, furnished, kept amused, and ultimately buried entirely by Rammell's. Always provided that you are in the right income bracket, of course.

. . . . . .

A tall man in a black overcoat and a cravat turned the corner of Downe Street so slowly and majestically that he might have been standing still, waiting quietly for Downe Street to glide past him.

But even so, as the corner was turned the scene changed abruptly. Rammell's shop windows ended, and Hurst Place began. Polished bronze and plate-glass gave place to grimed brickwork. And swing doors with metal kick-plates at the bottom were substituted for the revolving crystal cages on the Bond Street side.

In Hurst Place, too, the fleet of Rammell's delivery vans in their distinctive white coachwork were drawn up at the despatch-bay like a floe of grounded icebergs.

It was a quarter-to-nine and the staff entrance was crowded. The whole Rammell family was assembling. Rather a lopsided family, admittedly. About two dozen girls to every man. But that's the way it is in these big shops. Rammell's alone ran to over five hundred and fifty on the distaff side.

And there they were, all surging in past the clocking-in machines, up to the staff cloakrooms. And, after a quick peep in the mirror and a pat here and a dab there, down they surged again into the main shop, where the dustcloths were waiting to be whisked off the counters.

The man with the cravat had turned in with the rest of them. But clearly he was in a class apart. He didn't even say good morning to anybody. Merely inclined his head. And he didn't go through to the long rows of coat-hangers like the rest of them.

In the corridor outside the staff cloakroom he had his own private locker. It might have been a safe deposit the way he opened it. First he hung up his black hat and umbrella. Next he removed his overcoat. Then he took off his jacket as well, and stood for a moment in his shirtsleeves.

But not for long. There was some quick-change magic going on by now. For a moment later when he emerged he was more majestical than ever. It was a tail-coat that he now had on.

He advanced through the ribbons and the laces, past the veiling and the hat ornaments, into the gloves and the evening handbags, and out again into the little foyer that gave straight on to Bond Street. Once there he squared his shoulders and rocked backwards and forwards once or twice on his feet like an athlete loosening up. Then, clasping his hands behind his back, he remained motionless, apparently unbreathing.

It was still only five-to-nine, and Mr. Bloot, Rammell's senior floorwalker, had arrived on duty.

So also had a lot of other people. There was Mr. Eric Rammell, for instance. He was another regular five-to-niner. To the dot almost. But he was dropped by car at the Downe Street entrance, and went straight up by

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Everyone at Rammell's loved the great store from Sir Harry, its founder, down to Irene Privett, the newest employee.

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Resolution of Love

A short short story

By
TREVOR ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHILLIPS

EVERY week, on his morning walk to the public library, old Mr. Bumpleton called at the little newspaper shop for his favorite periodical. He always got it for the Pools guide, which had helped him to win some very welcome little sums from time to time.

Pools were his hobby — life would be dull without the absorption and excitement of his modest weekly stake and his weekly call on diminutive Mrs. Meake, who was so scrupulous in keeping the magazine for him.

She was one of those painstaking, elderly widows who seemed to think that every penny counted in a small business, and no trouble was too great to oblige even a casual customer.

"I must be your worst customer!" he'd laugh, handing her his fourpence. "You won't get very rich on me, will you?" His grey eyes twinkled under a faded blue beret. He always wore the same old tweed coat.

"Never mind," she'd say. "You're as welcome as the rest." He looked a lonely old boy, she thought.

What always touched Mr. Bumpleton was the care she took to keep his periodical for him until he called. Sometimes he'd forget and be a day late, but it was always there on a shelf behind the counter, rolled and tied with a piece of string.

Always, too, she was cheerful and smiling. They didn't talk much, except about the weather, but he could tell by her manner that she was a gently bred woman who had come down in the world.

Her small shop was dingy and without heating; he shivered for her on bitterly cold mornings as she sat behind the counter, but she never seemed to mind and never complained.

A narrow staircase led to the two rooms above which were her home. Some mornings, when she wasn't in the shop, he'd shout up the stairs: "How are you this morning? Shall I take my paper?"

"Yes, take it," she'd call down. He'd lift the flap, take the paper from the shelf, and leave his coppers on the magazines displayed on the counter.

One morning after the heavy November fogs the front door was closed and a notice on it read: "SORRY, NO PAPERS DUE TO ILLNESS. Inquire at Mrs. Smith's . . ." giving an address a few doors away.

It was quite a shock to old Bumpleton. Peering through the window into the deserted shop, he saw the unsold books on the counter and thought: "Poor soul, they'll be a dead loss to her now, and there's obviously no one to carry on her business. She'll lose a lot of custom."

He glanced at the upper window and pictured the silent, abandoned interior — her little home, left perhaps with odd bits of food lying around when she was suddenly taken ill, odd bits of sewing and mending she might have been working on.

He felt as if he'd parted with an old friend, and that scrawled notice on the door was an epitaph.

He went along to Mrs. Smith, a kindly neighbor, who told him: "Yes, it's severe bronchial trouble, and she's been taken to hospital. No, there's no one to carry on her business. It's just had to be shut up."

He asked one or two questions about her, then strolled reflectively on his way, thinking: "It's hard on these small shopkeepers. What can they do when they crack up? How will she manage when she comes out and has to start building up again from scratch? I shouldn't think she's got much to tide her over any trouble . . ."

As December mellowed to Christmas the shop was still deserted, with the notice on the door. Every time he passed he peered through the window at the dusty periodicals. On Christmas Eve he bought the brightest card he could find — all decorated with snow, holly, mistletoe, and ribboned bells — and took it to the hospital with a warm greeting and hope for her speedy recovery, signing himself "Your fourpenny customer."

He thought he might go in and see her during visiting hours . . . but no, she might not want to be troubled by a stranger, even if she could be seen.

He'd feel awkward, breaking in on her like that. He was never one to intrude. So he waited outside the ward doors and handed it to a pretty, merry-eyed young nurse who came tripping along the gaily decorated hospital corridor.

"I'll see Mrs. Meake gets the card all right," she assured him.

On New Year's morning he strolled along the street again. The door was open, and there she was —paler, thinner, but still smiling. She was standing behind her counter, looking a little pathetic and lost, flicking away the film of dust which had accumulated over everything.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "It's good to see you about again! How are you? A Happy New Year to you!"

"I'm not so bad, considering," she replied, "though I still have to be careful. A Happy New Year to you! But I'm afraid I haven't got your paper this week — I've only just got back."

"Never mind," he laughed, waving a hand over the stale periodicals. "Plenty of others here, aren't there? Weeks old. Look here, that hospital you've been to . . . they'd enjoy all these magazines, wouldn't they?"

"I suppose they would," she agreed, eyeing her dead stock rather wistfully. "As a matter of fact, I was just thinking I'd . . ."

"Well, now. Sell me the lot, and let's send 'em round there as a surprise! I suppose a pound or two would cover 'em?"

"Why, they're not worth anything like ——"

"My dear woman, we can't stop to count 'em! Two quid or nothing. That's absolutely my final offer!"

He drew two pound notes out of his case, dumped them on the counter, and swept out, waving aside her thanks with a smile. Wasn't it the happiest New Year's Day he'd known for a long time?

Old Mr. Bumpleton enjoyed his weekly chat with Mrs. Meake.

When he called the following week she caught his eye almost reproachfully. Her eyes were dim and her lip quivered.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said, quietly.

"Done what?" he bluffed.

"You know! I took those two pounds round to my landlord to tell him I was sorry the rent got a bit behind while I was in hospital, but I'd clear off the rest as soon as I could. He said, 'What are you talking about? Some old fellow's been here and paid it for you all the time you've been away. Said he was an old friend . . .' "

Mr. Bumpleton chuckled. "Well, aren't . . . I?"

"In a way, I suppose, coming here regular . . . But you shouldn't, you know . . . really . . . though I don't know how to thank you."

"Thank the Pools, not me," he broke in. "Just after you left I won a bit, so suppose we say it was through you keeping that paper for me. By the way, have you kept today's for me? If not, I'll raise Cain!"

And he chuckled merrily.

"Yes, I've kept it for you," she said, taking it from the shelf behind.

This time it was tied with pink ribbon, not string, and inside it was a little scrawled note that made him feel happier than he'd felt even on New Year's morning. His little act of kindness really made him feel in love with the whole world.

It's good to be alive! he reflected.

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Top-Secret Husband

Alice was jealous because Herb had to spend so much time with his secretary.

IT would be difficult to say exactly when Alice Boggs, sun-parched mother of three, began to get annoyed at science and all its secret works. After ten years as the wife of one of the country's leading young physicists, she should have become conditioned to it by now. But lately science had begun to chafe.

Standing now and staring out the window at the miserable vista of Apache, Arizona — and across its dusty wonders to Aerolab's vast new secret test centre — Alice found herself wondering if she could borrow a simple bow and arrow from a passing Indian and shoot somebody in authority right through the conkus.

With the children off to school, Mrs. Boggs was having a very bad Monday morning.

It hadn't always been so. During the years when Herb was with the Bureau of Standards they'd been a well-knit, happy family. Herb had worked like a dog perfecting his complex electrical theories, but Alice at least had been able to explain to the children what Daddy was doing and why they had to postpone the picnic. Because Daddy was going to be a big man some day.

Now Daddy was a big man and everything had gone to pieces. Two years ago the Air Force had made Daddy one of the heads of the new supersecret Starfire Project. They'd moved to Apache and Herb had disappeared through Aerolab's barbed wire; and for all practical purposes that was the last Alice and the children had seen of him.

He still resided at home when he was in town, but he came and went like a hurried and preoccupied boarder. He was now doing something so terribly important and secret that he could no longer tell even his wife and children what it was. For a family, after a while, that isn't much fun.

Alice had done well, though. She'd been a brave and silent soldier — dusty, but silent — till yesterday. Yesterday had done it.

Aerolab had been building a new blockhouse for its spreading nest of electrical wizards, and after breakfast Herb suddenly said that if they hurried he could probably get them through the gate for a look at his new office before any of the secret stuff was moved in.

Hooray, said the kids. Let's go.

So, with her peeling nose unpowdered and the children looking like raghags — they wouldn't meet a soul, Herb assured her, not on Sunday — off they went to see Daddy's new office. And they didn't meet a soul except Daddy's secretary, Betty Hill, recently arrived from Aerolab's main lotusland in Southern California.

Alice had met Betty before, but only over the phone; she called Alice frequently to relay messages from Herb when he was out of town. She's been with Aerolab for years, Herb had told her. Alice had thought fondly of Betty as about sixty, a trusted old wheelhorse, possibly with a limp.

She was about twenty-five, a vision in candy-striped Bermuda shorts, and had a shock of blond hair like the ladies who do shampoo commercials on television. Alice could have killed her — after she got through killing Herb. She and the children must look like a sack of old shoes Herb was planning to drop off at the Salvation Army. So good to see you, Mrs. Boggs. So good to see you, Betty . . .

From then on the day had gone from bad to worse. After Betty sailed in Herb had had to argue heatedly with the guard before he would let the children in at all. Those little spies are the bad ones, Alice thought, while she and the children waited at one side like refugees. And when they did get in there were no mysterious flames in bronze urns — just rows of neat new offices holding neat new desks.

Herb's office was large and impressive, but by now Alice had an eye for essentials. "Who sits at the other desk?" she said.

"Why, Betty, naturally."

"Do you mean that even after the secret stuff is moved in, that girl I just met will sit right here beside you all day? Right in the middle of everything?"

Herb was looking puzzled. "Why, naturally. She's my secretary."

"These young secretaries troop around all over the place?"

"No, they don't troop around. They work here."

"How do you know they're not spies?"

"Because they've been given a security check back to the day they were born. Every secretary in top engineering has a full security clearance with a blue badge."

"Betty has a blue badge?"

"Of course."

"Well, how cosy! If you'll help me round up our grubby children, let's go home."

And at home the rest of the day things were quite chilly, for the desert.

Herb had to take a night plane. As they turned out of the driveway he said, "Look, that girl doesn't mean any more to me than —"

Here they were in this forgotten wasteland of sand and rocks, Alice was thinking, her children turning into lizards, and tomorrow Herb would be gone again.

"Okay," she said, "so she doesn't mean anything to you.

An amusing short story

By

HANNIBAL COONS

Yet she knows exactly where you're going tonight and exactly what you'll be doing tomorrow. I'm your wife and I'm not allowed to know."

Herb turned the car towards the airfield, checking his watch. "Alice, you ought to know by now that the only way to maintain security on a deal like this is just not to talk about any of it."

"You mean that way there's no danger of your giving away the country's defence secrets to me? You think I might leg it over to Moscow while you're gone and sell us out?"

"Alice, it isn't that and you know it. As far as I'm concerned you could know everything we're doing. But you know other people, and they know other people —"

"So you daren't tell the old town gossip, huh?"

She didn't want to be saying these things. They were ridiculous, childish things to say. But once started they kept welling up and bubbling out.

Herb sighed. "Alice, let's stop the nonsense. Instead of worrying about whether my secretary has a blue badge or a green badge, you could take a little interest in what I'm accomplishing."

"How can I take any interest in what you're accomplishing when I haven't the vaguest idea what it is?"

"Well," said Herb, pulling up to the operations office at the field, "General Martin was right. Two years ago he told us the success of the whole project would depend on whether the wives could let a group of dedicated men strictly alone to do a tremendously important job."

"You mean a group of dedicated men and a group of dedicated young secretaries." It was out before she knew it.

The little military plane that was to take Herb to Phoenix to catch the airliner to the East was already warming up.

Herb got out of the car, yanked his bag out of the back seat, and then stuck his head in the window. "If you need anything," he said, "call Betty. And if you want to get the rules changed, call the Pentagon."

And he kissed her, turned, and walked over to the little plane.

On the way home Alice could hardly see to drive. What a terrible way to send poor Herb off! It wasn't his fault. And it wasn't Betty's fault. She was probably a perfectly nice girl. Of course she was.

But now it was Monday morning in Apache, Arizona. The children had left in the dust-streaked school bus, and Herb was somewhere, and the hard round ball of the desert sun was climbing in the windows like a hot octopus.

The point is that Alice was in the grip of desert madness. It must have been that, because she suddenly had what seemed to be a wonderful idea. While Herb was gone this time, why couldn't she find out a little about this Betty!

A little after ten she called the office. "Betty," she cooed, "it was so nice seeing you yesterday. While Herb's gone, let's have lunch together one day! I can come over —"

"Mrs. Boggs, I'm terribly sorry," Betty broke in, "but these days we have so little time at noon. And with the security so tight, as you know, there's no way I could get you in, even as far as the cafeteria."

"Oh, of course not," said Alice. "It was just that I enjoyed meeting you so and I thought if I came over to the gate you could come out and get me. But if it isn't possible, and I suppose it isn't . . ." After dribbling off into utter nothingness she hung up, feeling like a fool.

A little after one the phone rang imperiously and it was Betty. The instant Alice heard her voice she knew that something had happened to Herb.

Regret tore through her like shrapnel. "Oh, Betty," she said, "how is he?" If he was still alive Betty could wear a bikini to the office if she wanted to. Herb could help her shampoo her blond hair during the coffee break.

"How is who?" Betty was saying. "You mean Herb? Oh, he's fine. He called a little while ago. The flight he was on

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last night out of Phoenix served a champagne supper — he was in fine fettle."

I could kill him, Alice thought. A champagne supper, after that beautiful dinner I served him.

"But that wasn't what I called about," Betty went on. "I've looked up your address and if you're not busy I thought I'd stop by a minute tonight on my way home. About five-thirty."

Hah, thought Alice. Having seen the children, she wants to have a look at the pigsty they must live in!

"Why, I'd like nothing better, Betty," she said. "Wonderful!" She hung up and started cleaning house like a character in a Disney movie. Bzzzzzzzz! Not that the place really needed it. In spite of its being a government-built tract house in Apache, holding three little Apaches, Alice kept it in remarkably good order.

But by the time Betty drove up at five-thirty in her white convertible the place looked like page thirty-three of "House Beautiful." And the children were all starched as stiff as little ramrods.

"What's she coming here for?" asked nine-year-old Chris.

"Because she's Daddy's new secretary and we must be nice to her," Alice told him.

"We were never nice to his old secretary," said Dana, eight, doggedly.

"Not like this," added little beruffled June. "I haven't been this dressed up since Christmas."

"To your posts!" Alice cried from the window. "Here she comes!"

And she turned out to be as nice a girl as Alice had ever met. She was dressed very simply in a cool, sand-colored linen dress, her hair captured in a demure coil; and in five minutes she had the children eating out of her hand like puppies. What she'd stopped by for was to bring Alice a tremendous sack of Arizona grapefruit one of the men had brought in from his place for Herb.

"Hey, can't you stay for dinner?" Chris said, his eyes shining.

"Oh, no," said Betty. "Your mother probably has other plans. And besides, I already have a dinner engagement with a friend of mine."

"Aren't we friends of yours?" asked little June wistfully. A traitor at five, Alice thought.

But that, of course, was completely unfair, she thought later as, dinner over and the children tucked in, she lay in bed. Betty was simply a wonderful girl and that was that. Full of beautiful thoughts, she went blissfully to sleep.

But she awoke the next morning with an even worse case of desert madness and an even better idea. How did anybody know that Betty and those other secretaries were keeping the company's secrets? For all Herb and any of the other husbands knew, those girls could be out to dinner with Russian agents every night, downing vodka by the slipperful, and dribbling away the country's secrets like leaky hoses. Aerolab might have some wonderful inventions, but how had they managed to invent a bunch of girl secretaries who could keep secrets? Maybe they hadn't. Maybe she should check on it.

Alice was humming merrily as she got the children off to school. About ten — give her a chance to get the mail open first — she called Betty.

"Betty," she trilled, "you've completely captivated the children and they demand that you come to dinner tonight! They said if I took no for an answer, they'd stay on the school bus and head for Alaska."

"Now, Mrs. Boggs," Betty said, laughing, "I'm delighted that those utter lambs like me, but you certainly don't want to see me again tonight."

"I'd love to see you again tonight!" said Alice.

"Well, I'd like nothing better. See you at five-thirty!"

"Perfect!" Alice said, and went buzzing off for supplies.

By five forty-five the party was in high gear — Betty and the children gabbling away with one another, picking and choosing among the beautiful hors-d'oeuvres like kids in a candy store.

"You really made these yourself, Mrs. Boggs?"

"Call me Alice."

"I will," said Betty, "if the children will call me Betty."

Sharply at six Alice cleared her throat meaningfully. Chris looked up and said, according to the rehearsal, "Betty, what do you do for Daddy? What goes on over at that place, anyway?"

"Why, I'm your daddy's secretary," said Betty easily. "I type his letters and answer the phone for him and see that he gets to his appointments on time and type out his reports."

Zingo — the reports. Now she was getting somewhere. "I think what Chris would like to know," Alice said casually, "is anything at all about what's in those reports. Just anything you remember offhand." She chuckled disarmingly. "Children are so eager to learn, you know—busy, inquiring little minds."

"Golly, I wish I could tell you, Chris," Betty said, "but most of the time I have no idea what those reports are about. I might as well be typing Greek."

Well, what a sneaky way to keep secrets, thought Alice — lying to a child!

But if she wanted to play that way, Alice had seen enough spy movies to know the next step. If cleverness doesn't work, you pretend to be simple and honest.

So, after dinner they all had a merry time washing the dishes. Then Alice got the children to bed and led Betty back out to the living-room. "Betty," she said, "there's something I ought to tell you. It wasn't Chris who wanted to know what goes on at Aerolab — it was me."

Suddenly she was no longer trying to be clever; she was just saying honestly what she felt. "You have no idea how awful it is not to have any idea what your own husband is doing. I think it would save my sanity if I had some idea of what goes on in that place."

Betty answered just as earnestly. "I know exactly how tiresome it must be for you," she said. "And I wish I could tell you what's going on at Aerolab. But I can't because I don't know. The whole place is so secret that nobody pays any attention to anything except his own job — which is the best security we can have. It's like the fable of the three blind men examining the elephant —"

"I have no interest in elephants," said Alice. "What I want to know is what Herb Boggs does."

"I'm sorry, but even that I can't tell you. I just don't know one thing about electricity."

"And they picked you to be Herb's secretary?"

Betty laughed. "Don't you know how I got to be Mr. Boggs' secretary? When Mrs. Simmons left he asked the home office for anybody who could read his handwriting. And I could."

So that was it. Alice relaxed. "It looks like chicken tracks, doesn't it?"

"So," said Betty, "here I am! Whatever he has scribbled down I type up, and I have no more idea what most of it's about than the girl in the moon."

"Come over when you have more time," Alice said, "and I'll show you some of his old love letters. If he'd been able to afford a typewriter in college we'd have been married years sooner. Most of the time I had no idea what he was writing me about."

"Ah, these scientists," said Betty in a fond voice.

"We must take care of them," said Alice.

After Betty had gone she went to bed in such a glow of

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Secret Life

The inquiry agent was always on the phone to James about his wife.

MARJORIE HOWGILL declared, "I will never divorce you, James."

It was somehow symptomatic of their entire marriage, thought James Howgill morosely, that even this sentence of hers, which should have been full of flashing fire and determination, only sounded flat and dull. Marjorie, he believed, could have made a list of the Seven Deadly Sins sound like a gardening catalogue.

They sat opposite each other in the comfortable, rather prim, wholly domestic London house. The radio played innocuous dance music, the cat purred by the hearth.

It had been like this for a full ten years, he reflected; their "ideal marriage" had turned into a Darby-and-Joan affair a quarter of a century before its time.

Now, as he had told her, he wanted to be free of it, not for any special reason—there was no other woman, in any serious sense—but simply because his excess of boredom had made that freedom essential.

If he were not married to Marjorie, he thought—Marjorie, who had changed from demure bride to sober matron in the course of a few months and had stayed like that ever since—he might be able to take a second chance with someone else, before it was too late. After all, he was only thirty-five.

Her voice interrupted him. "Are you really telling me the truth, James?" she asked. "Is there another woman?"

He hitched his shoulders irritably. "No. I've told you."

"Why all this nonsense, then?"

Nonsense, he thought. What a word for his seething discontent . . . "I just want to be free, that's all. It's so desperately dull, like this. We don't mean anything to each other any more."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said his wife.

"Well, I say it!" he snapped, with increased irritation. He looked across at her. Even at a moment like this she was so reposed. Pretty, of course, awfully pretty, with all that blond hair, but dull, dull, dull. They hadn't exchanged a word, beyond the ordinary civilities, for years, and as for romance — "There's nothing left of our marriage."

"What you really need is a good holiday," she said sensibly.

"I don't need a good holiday, or any other kind of holiday!" he almost shouted. He was especially annoyed because Marjorie was not the only person who had said this to him lately; his doctor had said it; so had one of the old fools at the office.

"I will never divorce you," she repeated.

"We'll see about that. I'm leaving you."

"Leaving?" she echoed in dismay. With perverse pleasure, he noted that it was her first sign of excitement for as long as he could remember. "But where will you go?"

"A hotel—anywhere!" He was standing up now, the very picture of a man driven to desperate determination. "I just can't stand this sort of life any longer!"

"But you can't simply take off into the blue."

"Just watch me!"

"James," she said solemnly, "I meant what I said. Whatever you do, I won't divorce you. As far as I'm concerned, we're married, and that's that."

"We'll see. I'm going now."

But Marjorie Howgill had the last word—the most annoying last word any wife could have devised. "Then I'll pack for you," she said.

. . . . . .

James Howgill took his holiday; it seemed the simplest way of initiating the break. He went for three weeks to a small hotel on one of the Italian lakes, where the food was wonderful, and his sense of freedom positively rapturous.

He enjoyed a brief "romance" with a French girl. There was nothing to it, of course. But it was an augury for the future. Life for James Howgill was not yet over.

When he returned to London he settled down in a small service flat near Jermyn Street. There was no word from Marjorie, and he did not attempt to make contact; he was seeking to show her that his determination was as strong as ever, and that their marriage—divorce or no divorce—was over.

But presently, as the months went by, the situation began to irk him. Their friends had accepted the break with twentieth-century tolerance—but it was still less than satisfactory.

He was married, and yet he was not married. If any "chances" came his way, he was still not free to make the most of them. The wonderful sense of liberation which he had experienced in Italy had degenerated into a dubious marital twilight.

By and by, grown impatient, he went to call on the firm of solicitors who had handled his affairs for fifteen years. They were not exactly go-ahead, but they might have some ideas.

Mr. Johnstone, senior partner of Seymour, Johnstone, Cripps & Knatchbull, received him with the deference due to a medium-rich stockbroker and the reserve natural in a man-of-law whose specialty was property management.

When James Howgill had told him what he had in mind, Mr. Johnstone said, "My dear Howgill, you astonish me!" He did not look astonished, merely attentive. "You say there is no possibility of a reconciliation?"

"None whatever."

"Perhaps you have—ah—other personal plans?" inquired Mr. Johnstone delicately.

"Not at the moment," said James Howgill. "But, of course, I might have, later on. *Just now, I simply want to be free.*"

"Ah, freedom," intoned Mr. Johnstone. "And Mrs. Howgill—you say she will not take any action herself?"

"So she said. And I believe her."

Fingertips together, lips pursed, Mr. Johnstone considered the matter. "Then, if you are so determined, you must initiate divorce proceedings yourself," he said finally. "Let us review the possible grounds of such an action. Mental or physical cruelty?"

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How could he have been so utterly mistaken? . . . a short story

By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

James Howgill shook his head. "No. She's not like that."

"Desertion?"

"I don't see how we could make it stick."

Mr. Johnstone frowned at the slang phrase. "Let us agree that the desertion, if any, is on your side. There remains"—and here he gathered himself together, impelled to face crude reality—"the possibility of another man."

James Howgill shook his head again. "No. She's not like that, either."

"Women unaccustomed to living alone sometimes —" began Mr. Johnstone, and then coughed. "We must take steps to find out," he concluded finally.

"How do you mean?"

Mr. Johnstone leaned forward. If it were possible for so benign a man to look conspiratorial, he did so now. "We must have her watched," he declared firmly.

"Detectives?" asked James Howgill, slightly appalled.

Mr. Johnstone raised an admonitory hand. "Private-inquiry agents. Of the most discreet kind."

The "private-inquiry agents, of the most discreet kind," resolved themselves, three days later, into a man with the especially discreet name of Bates. Bates was small and ordinary.

One could not have picked him out in a crowd, thought James Howgill, looking at him with curiosity; in fact, one could scarcely have picked him out in an empty room.

For some reason, Howgill found this anonymity comforting; he had been feeling slightly guilty at the idea of employing detectives to watch his wife, but this man somehow excused the whole idea.

The two of them settled the details which Bates must have in order to begin his vigil: Marjorie's address; her appearance —James Howgill produced a year-old snapshot; her known habits—very few; her principal friends.

"Leave it to us, Mr. Howgill," he said. "If she's playing you up, we'll find it out."

James Howgill did not care for the phrase at all. "It's very unlikely—"

"Human nature," said Bates, not hearing him. "You think you've seen it all, and then you suddenly get a thumb right in the eye . . . What coverage do you want?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"One man can't work all the way round the clock," said Bates. Somehow, discussing terms and—presumably—money, he had taken on a certain measure of authority. "That's human nature of another sort . . . Over the years we've worked out the best way. It takes three men, in three watches: eight a.m. to four p.m., four p.m. to midnight, midnight to eight a.m. Do you want them all?"

"I hardly think that will be necessary."

"Two out of the three, then?"

"Well—yes."

"Which do you want to leave out?"

James Howgill felt uncomfortable. "The night-time one," he said at length. "I don't think —"

Bates appeared surprised. "Very promising watch, the midnight to eight a.m. If there's any real funny business —"

James Howgill felt a sudden need to end the conversation. "To start with I'd prefer to leave out the night-time watch."

Bates shrugged. "Suit yourself." He prepared to take his final leave. "You won't see me again," he said, surprisingly. "After this, only written reports. Once a day, delivered by hand. In case of emergency, one of my associates will telephone. In case of special emergency, I will telephone myself."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Terms," said Bates, his authority now coming to a sharp head. "Five pounds per watch per day. Payable in advance."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Expenses extra."

"Very well."

"Photographs by arrangement."

For two days, during which James Howgill endeavored to suppress his guilty feeling that what he was doing was not cricket, the reports from Bates were dull—as dull indeed as Howgill had expected them to be.

"Made visual contact with Subject, established residence, and so on," said the first; and the second: "Subject shopped Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly; all female wearing apparel. Subject lunched unescorted at Berkeley Buttery.

Even apart from the atrocious phraseology, it was not a particularly good twenty pounds' worth, save from the moral aspect; and James Howgill, given a few more such innocuous days, might well have called the whole thing off, there and then. But only those first two reports were innocuous.

The third report was narrative in style, and longer. "Subject called for at own residence by an Unidentified Male Escort at 6.20 p.m.," it began. "They emerged at 7 p.m. They seemed on good terms with each other. Subject was laughing frequently. Followed taxi to Savoy Hotel, where Subject and Escort partook three martinis each, plus sandwiches.

"Then they went to Haymarket Theatre, sitting in stalls, fourth row. They emerged at 11.10 p.m., and took taxi to Cascade Club (superior supper-and-dance club in Clarges Street). Watch ceased at midnight in accordance with your instructions, by which time Subject had not reappeared."

James Howgill read this through a second time, very carefully, with an odd feeling of depression. All sorts of phrases in it started promising trends of thought; and yet his prime feeling was one of disappointment.

How very unlike Marjorie it was! "Male Escort"—"on good terms with each other"—"three martinis"—"supper-and-dance club in Clarges Street"—it could be construed as the road to ruin itself. And she had actually stayed out after midnight. Something which hadn't happened for a very long time.

But apparently it was something he would have to get used to, for Report No. 4 gave him more to think about.

"Subject emerged from residence at 12.10 p.m.," it began. "Took taxi to Brown's Hotel, and lunched with Male Escort of previous night. Subsequently visited Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square. Sat back row of balcony. Could be observed holding hands. Subject returned home 5.45 p.m., reappeared at 7.30 p.m. in evening attire.

"Took taxi to Barchester Hotel. Met in foyer by Male Escort (*not* same as previous) whom she greeted as 'Darling.' They proceeded to Suite 807 on eighth floor. Dinner for two served at 9 p.m. (lobster, champagne, other courses). Discontinued watch at midnight, as arranged.

"Note: Escorts will henceforth be identified as No. 1, No. 2, and so on. No. 1 is medium build, conservative dress, military bearing. No. 2 identified from hotel register as Jack Carpenter, American citizen, New York."

While James Howgill was reading this, with feelings so mixed that he could not have classified any of them, his office phone rang. It was a man's voice, low-pitched, authoritative.

"Mr. Howgill?"

"Yes?"

"I have a message for you from Mr. Bates."

"Oh, yes! The—"

"Quite so," interrupted the voice swiftly. "The message is as follows. Bearing in mind the reports on the matter we have in hand, do you wish to increase coverage?"

"Well, I don't know," answered James Howgill. And in truth he did not. The last report was astonishing; he was once again sorry that he had put the thing in hand, but his reasons were now very different. His wife? Holding hands in cinemas? Champagne suppers with Americans lasting half the night? She must be out of her mind!

Wishing to gain time, he said: "Are you—er—one of the—" How did you say it? "—the people involved?"

"That is so," answered the voice, extremely cagily.

"Which one?"

"You mean, the time of day?"

"Yes."

"I cease operations at midnight," said the voice.

"And you really think—"

"It is Mr. Bates' view that we will not bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion unless we cover the remainder of the twenty-four-hour period."

"Very well," said James Howgill, after a pause, unhappily. "Let's do that."

"I may say that Mr. Bates is extremely optimistic," concluded the voice, and rang off.

If Mr. Bates was optimistic, James Howgill was not. He was, in fact, vilely depressed. It was really too bad of Marjorie to behave like this.

Twinges of jealousy, unknown for ten years, assailed him. How dare Escort No. 1, "of military bearing," hold her hand in a darkened cinema! How dare Jack Carpenter, American citizen, ply her with champagne, up till midnight and beyond! Dash it all, she was a respectable married woman!

But there was worse to come.

First it was Report No. 5. "Flowers were delivered to Subject's residence at 10 a.m.," it began forthrightly. "They appeared to be roses. Subject partook of lunch with Male Escort No. 1 at Zoological Gardens restaurant.

"Escort appeared in bad temper, subsequently quarrelled outside Reptile House and walked away. Subject returned home, later emerged, and drove to Barchester Hotel, where she dined in grill room with Male Escort No. 2 (Carpenter).

"Subject partook of wine and was overheard to say: 'I am bored,' to which Carpenter replied: 'Lucio ———'s (name not clear) plane is due at one o'clock. Let us meet it.' Subject said: 'My goodness, do you know him?' and Carpenter replied: 'We have been buddies since Hoover was a boy.'

"At twelve midnight they summoned taxi and told driver to go to Heath Row airport. I reported this to my relief, who followed them thereto and will doubtless give details later. As they drove off, Subject inquired: 'Is he really as devastating as they say?' Reply was inaudible."

James Howgill was digesting this with increasing dismay when his telephone rang. This time it was Mr. Bates himself, his voice positively charged with excitement. "Mr. Howgill," he said, "I think we're on to something big."

"What do you mean?" asked James Howgill.

"I can't communicate the details over the telephone," said Bates curtly. "But I'm sending a report by special messenger."

"Special messenger?" repeated Howgill in agony. "What is it?"

"You saw the last report?"

"Of course."

"Then you know that the Subject met a certain party at Heath Row."

"What party?" The ridiculous word seemed to touch a raw nerve.

"I can't say over the phone," repeated Bates. "But I'll tell you this, that extra coverage was cheap at the price!"

James Howgill tore open the envelope. The first sentence and the name that it contained hit him with a monstrous wave.

"Passenger arriving at Heath Row airport was Lucio Ambrosini," it began. "Name will be familiar. Subject, Escort, and Ambrosini drove off in limousine (hired) after animated greeting, Press interviews, and so on. Prior to departure Ambrosini embraced Subject and remarked: 'I like you, baby. Let us get this show on the road.'

"Party drove to Barchester Hotel, where Ambrosini had engaged so-called Presidential Suite (14th floor). At 3 a.m. party emerged, drove to Cascade Club, subsequently to Milroy (Park Lane), Giotti's (Conduit Street).

"On returning to Barchester Hotel (6 a.m.), escort No. 2 (Carpenter) said goodbye in foyer, remarking: 'I know when I am licked.'

"Subject and Ambrosini proceeded to Presidential Suite, Ambrosini inquiring: 'Are you licked yet, baby?' and Subject replying: 'I have only just started. What is for breakfast?' Ambrosini answered: 'Fried Ambrosini.' Both laughed. Subject had not emerged from Presidential Suite at 8 a.m."

Lucio Ambrosini . . . The name itself was enough for a divorce action, thought James Howgill in a fury; Ambrosini had been cited in at least five of them, to the accompaniment of scandal and headlines on both sides of the Atlantic.

He was rich, elegant, much-travelled, a household word in far too many households. He was a true international playboy. He drove racing cars into trees, horses into water jumps, women into transports of delight and floods of tears. He was Lucio Ambrosini, married three times, the bane of husbands from Capri to Cape Cod. It was said that he had only to look at a woman —

James Howgill crumpled up the report and hurled it into the fireplace. This ridiculous thing had gone far enough.

. . . . . .

James Howgill faced his wife across the sitting-room — his own sitting-room.

"But where have you been?" he asked again. "I've been ringing the doorbell here for nearly a week." He tried to make his tone a commanding one, but it came out as a sort of pleading complaint—the way, in fact, that he felt.

Marjorie was really looking quite beautiful . . . There had been all those men — and Lucio Ambrosini to top them off . . . She must have something, after all, and he had never been able to find it, until now . . . His thoughts were confused, while Marjorie, he observed with deep misgiving, was composed and cool.

"I was away, James," she answered. "It was lonely here. I took a little holiday."

"A holiday? Where?"

"I stayed with some friends in Scotland."

"What friends?"

"You don't know them, darling." She smiled. It was difficult to say what sort of a smile it was. It might have been secretive. It might have been shy. It was certainly new — or perhaps he hadn't noticed it before.

"You've been gone such a long time," she went on. "I'm bound to have made a few new friends."

"How long were you away?"

"About six weeks."

He stared at her, full of jealousy, raging with suspicion, yet powerless to make anything of it. He knew she was not telling the truth, yet he could not charge her with it.

That would mean confessing about the detectives, and he was deeply ashamed of them and a lot of other things. And if he told her about the detectives she might be angry and turn him out again. He couldn't stand that. Not now.

"I hope you haven't been too lonely," he said awkwardly.

"Not too lonely. Of course, I've missed you."

Marjorie smiled again, the same smile. It annoyed him, plagued him, and intrigued him. He felt a wave of pure astonishment sweep over him. After all these years she suddenly intrigued him . . . Once again, he thought: she must have something, in spite of everything.

Looking at her he knew it was something he had to have, this time for good. She was not the old Marjorie at all. She was new, tantalising, feminine. Above all, she was his, to be defended against all comers. If other men were attracted to her they'd just have to keep their distance.

On an impulse he walked over and kissed her. Even her lips felt different now. He found himself swearing they must belong to him and to no one else.

"It's nice to be home," he said unsteadily.

Touching his hand she said, "It is a nice house, isn't it?"

For a moment she wanted to tell him that while she had been away in Scotland, the house — their house — had been let, and to a glamorous blond film actress, of all people.

But she decided not to. James was odd about things like that. And straitlaced, too. He might not understand. And she could not bear to spoil this moment. James was positively ardent. Life had really been very dull without him.

"It's lovely to be back," she said. "Please stay."

"Forever!" he answered determinedly. "Among other reasons, I don't believe you're safe to leave alone."

"Why, James! What do you mean?"

"You know," he said, with possessive warmth. "But let's never mention it again."

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She was completely disillusioned when she realised that men no longer saw her

A sophisticated short story

By MARGERY SHARP

The Invisible Woman

THE first time Stella Pollen found herself invisible was at 4.30 p.m., March the eighteenth, in a first-class railway carriage about to leave a London terminus. (Grey suit, mink jacket, black hat, black suede pumps and gloves, big spray of costume jewellery.)

She had with her a small bonnet box, light enough, with its contents of net and ribbon, to be carried on a finger; but since there were four men already in the compartment, she merely sketched the gesture of swinging it up to a rack, allowed it to dangle in mid-air, convenient to the first masculine hand, while she prepared her pretty smile of thanks.

To her great surprise—for she did not yet realise she was invisible—not one of the men appeared to see it, and, the train starting, she sat down with the box in her lap.

The minutes, the miles passed. Extraordinary! No one asked if she would care to see a paper, or would like the window up, or whether pipe smoke bothered her. Her neighbor on the right impersonally shifted a briefcase to allow her her fair share of space; that was all.

In a sense this at least proved her physically present — but not in any real sense, not in the sense of being there as herself, Stella Pollen. I might be invisible, thought Mrs. Pollen unbelievingly; and looking again at her fellow travellers—two absorbed in their newspapers, two gazing out the window — realised that so indeed she was.

It had happened to her at last. It happens to most pretty women; after half a lifetime of making a predictable impact on every man in sight, suddenly a head fails to turn, a door to be held, a newspaper to be lowered.

The shock is naturally great; even though all women are aware that all other women eventually lose their looks, even though the horrid incident may long remain an isolated one, the shock is, naturally, great.

At the very least, it heralds a period of readjustment which not all pretty women are equipped to make.

Stella became visible again exactly sixty-seven minutes later, upon descending at her own station. "Anything to carry, Mrs. Pollen?" asked the old porter—pointedly ignoring someone else's two suitcases. Stella laughed and handed him the hatbox.

It was a standing joke that old James was one of her admirers. So was the old chauffeur who regularly met her train; indeed who in Beaconswood didn't admire Mrs. Pollen? First as a dazzlingly pretty bride, then as a pretty young mother, now as the leader of its close little society. Beaconswood had been admiring her for twenty years. (There is nothing like a local reputation. If the men in the train had known she was dazzlingly pretty—)

"Better have the rug, Mrs. Pollen," urged the chauffeur solicitously. "We don't want you catching cold!"

She became more and more visible all evening. They were giving, she and her husband, a small dinner party; with every compliment from her guests Stella felt an increasing vividness in her looks, in her gestures, in her voice. "That Patsy is eighteen I, for one, do not believe!" cried Mrs. Braintree gaily. "Come clean, darling, you adopted her!"

Stella looked demurely at Doctor Wells, also present; he had in fact brought her daughter into the world, and Meg Braintree knew it; the compliment was nonetheless sincere, the image reflected in Meg's eyes nonetheless restorative. "Oh, but you've only to look at her!" protested Mrs. Wells, slightly obtuse but still flattering. "I mean, Patsy's just like Stella, she's so pretty." "Do you hear that, Edward?" asked Stella.

From his place at the head of the table Edward Pollen smiled without answering. He never took much part in light conversation; he was a successful and therefore overworked company laywer; when there was a dinner party, he saw to the wines.

"Patsy, at this moment," added Stella, with a mock sigh, "is climbing the Jungfrau escorted by six male undergraduates. I never did anything like that!" "On those ankles? I should hope not," murmured Freddy Blair, dropping his napkin. Stella flashed him a look of rebuke.

Freddy was her current spare man, and occasionally took liberties; but how restorative, again, that swift impudent touch on her instep! One of these days I'm going to have trouble with him, thought Stella vividly . . . By the time the party broke up, she was as visible as she had ever been in her life.

Before going to bed, however, she did an odd thing. She put on all the clothes she had been wearing in the train, and looked at herself in the glass.

Even the glass complimented her. The pink in her cheeks echoed the pink of the rose-quartz spray, under the black velvet loop of her hat her hair lay smooth and golden; her figure, like her ankles, was beyond reproach.

In the train, I was tired, said Stella to herself. Who wasn't tired, after a long day's shopping? And how many women of forty, after such a day, could shine at a dinner party? Needed to reflect on possible trouble with a Freddy? The incident was evidently to be an isolated one, it was an accident to be forgotten as quickly as possible.

In her dressing-gown she looked even prettier than in her dinner dress. Stella went down again to find her husband.

Edward almost always brought work home with him, and after a party was quite capable, as though simply ignoring the lapse of three hours, of settling down to it in his study for two or three hours more. My poor darling! thought Stella affectionately as she went to fetch him up to get a good night's rest.

As she had suspected, the study door was rimmed with light. Quietly she opened it; there sat Edward, as she had suspected, his desk littered with papers, his big, bald head propped over them in concentration. But bald and heavy as he was, he was distinguished, thought Stella gratefully. Indeed, she couldn't have asked, never did ask, for a better husband.

The Freddies in her life were no menace to Edward Pollen—as more than one Freddy in his time had discovered. (One or two of the more caddish Freddies, putting it rather crudely, employed a phrase about knowing which side one's bread was buttered on.) But Stella was truly attached to her husband.

"Edward," she said softly, "it's almost one o'clock. Can't whatever you're doing wait till tomorrow?"

The big head turned. Slowly. Edward Pollen was aware, undoubtedly, of an interruption. But he didn't really see his wife.

She might have been any disturbing incident—a cat mewing at the window, a window itself unlatched and jarring. He didn't see Stella at all. She might have been invisible.

Not, of course, after she had entered the room and

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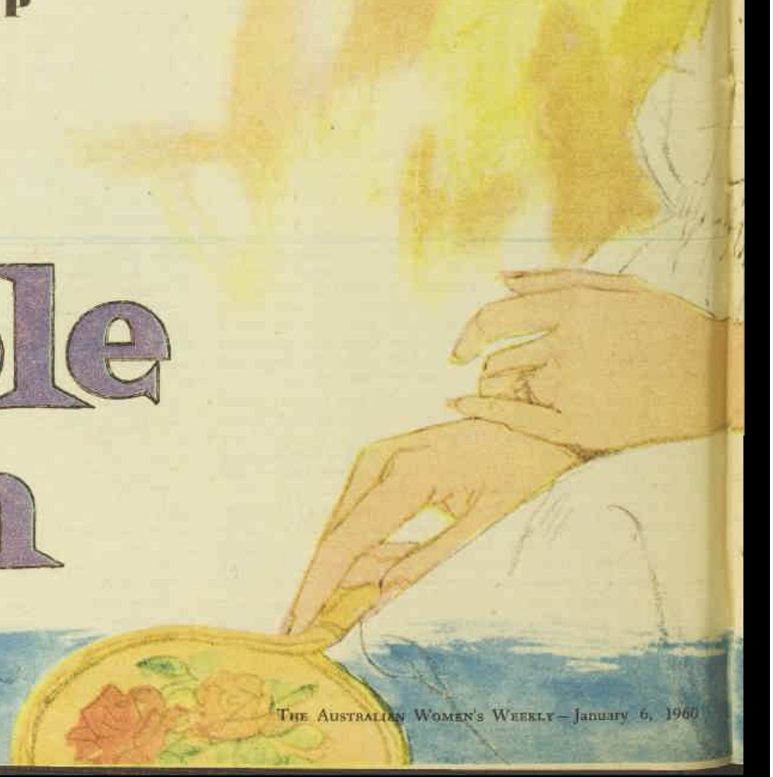
Stella couldn't believe that her beauty and charm had lost their power to enchant.



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Keeping an Eye on Betsy

By
DOROTHY EDEN

JULIAN was not overjoyed when the letter from his grandmother arrived. He was very fond of his grandmother and would do a great deal for her, but when it came to giving up his valuable time to entertaining a strange young woman he was irritated and impatient.

"My godchild, Betsy Anstruther, is going to be in London for, the next few months or, indeed, until she has found herself a husband, as that no doubt is what, under the guise of studying architecture, she is setting out to do.

"Do be a dear boy and keep an eye on her. She is so young, and although I have not seen her for years she gave every promise of inheriting her dear mother's beauty. Don't be put off by this architecture fad, for a sensible young woman makes a pretence of doing something. Perhaps you can dress her . . .?"

The profession that grandmother hadn't mentioned, surprisingly enough, was modelling. But no doubt that had been in her mind, and was most likely in the mind of Betsy, too.

It was more than likely that Betsy had asked her godmother for an introduction to him, for if the girl were so beautiful, what was she doing studying foundations and steel joists and lintels?

Unconsciously Julian sighed. He was surrounded by beautiful young women. It became a little overpowering, like too many flowers in a room, and secretly the young women made him very nervous.

Yet, it was his profession to dress them in subtle and eye-catching clothes that would make them even more attractive.

He was a kind-hearted young man, however, and within a day of receiving his grandmother's letter he dialled the telephone number she had given him.

"Is Miss Anstruther there," he asked pleasantly.

"Betsy Anstruther speaking," a cool voice answered Julian. It was exactly like the voices of Pauline and Nicola and Janette, his models, he thought. He sighed, then said with a cheerfulness he did not feel:

"This is Julian Ritchie here. My grandmother, Mrs. Ogilvie, wrote to me about you."

"My godmother!" The voice had sharpened a little. "Why did she do that?"

Julian was a little taken aback. "I expect she thought it would be a good idea for us to meet."

"I'm really rather busy."

Evidently men were already flocking round her, he thought. "But couldn't you spare one evening for dinner? What about next Thursday?" Might as well get it over, Julian told himself.

"I really haven't the kind of clothes for things like that," came the cool, contained voice.

So there it was, just as he had anticipated. Did she really expect him to say: "I'll design something for you?" Or did she think he would be over-critical of her clothes? Or was she just being coy? But there had been no coyness in that calm voice.

"That doesn't matter these days," he heard himself reassuring her. "You can come straight from the office, or wherever you are."

"I'm at London University," she told him. "You certainly wouldn't care for what I wear there." She seemed to reflect a moment, then said grudgingly. "All right, you'd better pick me up here."

And get it over with, her voice implied. So she, too, was thinking that way. Julian felt the faintest stirring of interest. She did sound genuinely unimpressed, and that was strangely refreshing to him.

Smiling to himself, Julian said briskly: "Seven o'clock. And I'm looking forward to it enormously."

"Are you really?" she sounded doubtful as she thanked him.

At intervals during the day, Julian kept wondering what color Betsy's hair would be. But that was only because he had hair on his mind at that time.

His best model, Pauline, a cool blonde, had decided to change herself overnight into a redhead, and the soft yellow evening dress he had designed for her to wear at his collection next month had lost half of its dramatic effect.

He had been very angry, and she had had a fit of temperament and tears. He had then agreed that she could enjoy being a redhead for a week or two, but must revert to her own color for the first day of the show.

He was a rather shy young man to whom good fabrics and design were poetry, but he wished more than once that they could be draped on inanimate bodies.

There was something about him, his shyness, his lean attractiveness, and his courtesy, that made young women pursue him. Dolefully he knew that one day one of them would move fast enough to catch him — and that would be that.

Not because he wished to make a good first impression on Betsy, but because he always dressed with care, Julian presented himself on her doorstep well-groomed and immaculate. To the girl who answered the bell, he said pleasantly: "Is Miss Betsy Anstruther in?"

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Betsy stood before Julian in the beautiful gown. "You're wonderful," he said.

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Death and the Cherry Tree

A poignant short story

By H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

TOM said: "You were dead the time before last. Why don't you stay dead?"

He aimed for the third time down the straight grey barrel of his ash-stick, fixing the black point of a bud like a sight on the face of the girl sitting among pale green masses of curving bracken frond. He had shot her, the first time, between the eyes. He knew that that had killed her.

Now she had turned her face away. It was a rather pale delicate face, with short bobbed hair, almost white, airy and separated as thistledown, and he aimed at the shell of her ear.

The sound he made of a bullet going through woodland was something like the high thin note of a tuning fork. He made it with tight-pressed lips, as if he were blowing up a difficult balloon. After it he made noises of grating savagery in his throat.

Then he closed one eye, opening it at last to the thinnest crack that revealed slowly the brown bright watchful seed of a pupil squinting down the ash-barrel to the bud, and then beyond to the bullet hole.

At this moment the little girl turned and looked him full in the face, slowly too, with eyes so transparent that they were almost colorless.

"Are you ready?" she said.

"You're dead," he said. "You've been dead three times already. You ought to lie down. You can't be dead so many times."

"I don't like being dead. I don't like being killed all the time."

"That's what we're playing," he said. "Being dead."

"You're not," she said.

"I'm playing ambushes," he said. "You're the one that's dead."

He looked at her for some moments longer with puzzled exasperation and then came out, shouldering his ash-stick, from where he had been lying behind a hawthorn bush. A hawthorn bush was the nearest thing he could find to an ambush, which he supposed was also something that grew.

"We can't kill each other now," he said. "We're not playing for a minute. We're having a truce."

He climbed the fence into the orchard. The fence was very rotten and in places no longer a boundary between woodland and the orchard of old, dying cherry trees, moss-grown and gnarled, under which bracken was making its invasion in crooked fronds.

"Let's play houses," the girl said.

They had played houses the day before yesterday and she had liked it very much. The house was in the bracken and there was a kitchen where they ate their meals. The saucepans were old tins from the dump in the wood and in one saucepan they had cherries and in another bunches of elder-flower, which were really cauliflower with cheese on top.

"We'll play wounded," he said. "I'll be wounded and you can bandage me."

"I like houses," the girl said.

"Wounding and killing's more fun," he said. "I'll be wounded."

"How will you be wounded?" she said. "Who's going to wound you? Am I?"

"No," he said. "I get wounded in the jungle, out there." He made brave off-hand gestures in the direction of the woodland. "I'll get wounded and crawl out and you hear me groaning."

He began to retreat in attitudes of stealth through the bracken, crawling under the lowest wire of rotting fence. He was an inch or two taller than the girl and his brown eyes, bright again after the cloud of exasperation, turned from beyond the fence and looked through the middle wires, fixing her with a sort of pained truculence.

"You have to play properly," he said.

She sat gazing at her bare feet with unsure, unwilling eyes. She had taken off her shoes because, in the ambush, she was supposed to be a native and natives, he said, never wore shoes.

"All right," she said.

"When you see me you shriek and start tearing up your petticoat."

"Do I shriek if I'm a nurse?" she said.

"You're not a nurse. There aren't any nurses out here. It's too wild. You're my wife," he said.

When he finally disappeared beyond the fence, into an undergrowth of hazel and elderberry and fern, the girl looked for some moments in the direction of the sounds he made.

The sudden dying of dry squirrel-like rustlings among fallen leaves left the air filled with the dead calm of summer, the stillness so deep that when suddenly the wood was split with the shrieking squawk of a blackbird she was terribly startled and sprang to her feet and began screaming too.

"Oh! my dear, my dear, my dear," she said. She ran with her small hands wringing themselves above the pale thistle-bob of her hair, her voice wailing in a tiny rabbit scream.

Almost immediately he emerged from the wood with downcast arms, plunged into a desperate tiredness.

"They haven't started to shoot me yet," he said. "I haven't had to fight yet."

"Did I start too soon?"

He fixed his eyes on her with slow, withering adultness.

"You don't see me until I come out of the wood," he said. "Then you start screaming. Then you run and hold me up and all that."

"I'd rather play houses."

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While Tom liked playing at shooting and killing, the little girl used old tins for saucepans and pretended she was cooking.

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Women keep their hair on

NEARLY every man these days has a shiny pate. Once, the wearing of hats was blamed for bald heads, but nowadays few men wear them. Women keep their hair on, despite fancy, strenuous hair-dos. Why are there so many bald men?

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth, W.A.

Moon dreams

PERHAPS the composer of the "Moonlight Sonata" couldn't sleep either. Before I read the par. from "Moonstruck" (17/12/59) complaining of being unable to sleep at full moon, I imagined I was an isolated case. Frankly, I think the moon was full round the time when we were born. Ordinarily I sleep soundly, but not when the moon is full, tiredness notwithstanding. I advise "Moonstruck" to pull down every blind to exclude all light.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Vicar, Blakehurst, N.S.W.

Orange-blossom time

I'D like to see the New Year bring back the lovely custom of orange blossom for the bridal headdress. It is the one occasion when it can be worn, and I don't think anything could possibly look more beautiful. Orange blossom has a "special something" all its own.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Grace O'Brien, Gulgong, N.S.W.

Paying for babies

INSTEAD of the Government making baby-bonus payments to mothers it should pay the medical and hospital confinement charges, which are much higher than the authorities appear to think. The baby bonus sounds generous, but it costs half as much again to meet bills covering the birth of a baby.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Hoskins, Nantawarra, S.A.

Shocking cruelty

I AM shocked by the cruelty of some people. Waiting for the bus the other day I noticed a box with three tiny deserted kittens in it. The person responsible for this horrible deed must be out of his or her mind. Anyone who can't keep kittens should have them put to sleep or drowned at birth.

£1/1/- to V. Morris, Blacktown, N.S.W.

Children on leashes

• A hornet's nest was raised when Mrs. A. Wilson, of South Brisbane, Qld., said (2/12/59) she "couldn't understand mothers who go shopping with children on leashes," that "children are not puppies." Here are some typical comments from the avalanche of replies.

IT made my blood boil to read Mrs. Wilson's letter complaining about children on leashes. How can anyone ignore the real reason why they are on the leash? Children are better off looking like puppies than lying in hospital or small graves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Moore, Essendon, Vic.

MY little boy is one of the "puppy brigade," not because I enjoy having him on a lead but because he is the fastest thing on two legs. In a sprint he can outdistance me easily. He bolts at every opportunity, but attach a lead to him and he adopts an angelic expression and has the manners of a saint.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Treweek, Mentone, Vic.

IT is precisely because children are like puppies that mothers adopt the practice of using leashes. But they are more important to most of us than puppies, and it only takes an instant for a straying toddler to be run over and killed, or at least badly injured.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Wise, Kondinin, W.A.

BABY harnesses are almost as common as bicycles in our sugar city of Bundaberg. As a grandma of three who have all worn a harness, I know the protection it affords toddlers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Wright, Bundaberg, Qld.

BEACH "BAGS"

• Eighteen-year-old R. A. Gould (10/12/59) has been roundly scolded by readers for describing "beach belles" of 20 years ago as "bags," and wondering how any man looked twice at them. Their comments:

WE thought we were all so smart, too, as teenagers 20 years ago. My advice to R. A. Gould is to have an album of photos of himself and friends, and put it away till 1980. It will be a scream.

£1/1/- to J. Ronneberg, Dubbo, N.S.W.

SOME men must have looked twice at the "beach bags" of 20 years ago, or neither he nor I would be here! Would he call his own mother "a bag"? I am 15½ years.

£1/1/- to Yvonne Konz, Uralla, N.S.W.

I'D love to see him in a neck-to-knee bathing suit. AND what I couldn't find to say to him!

£1/1/- to E. Gibbs, Perth.

I DON'T think it is fair to laugh at girls of past generations. R. A. Gould would not like someone in 1990 to call his girl-friend a "bag."

£1/1/- to L. M. Peck, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

R. A. GOULD should have noticed that the men then also looked like "bags.'

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Doll, Baradine, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE HOMECOMING

HOWEVER hard a man may try, he can't do a woman's job properly.

I learned this once again when my wife was away for a week in hospital.

On the day she came home—in much better health, I am glad to say—there was great rejoicing. The children put a blackboard at the gate with "Welcome Home" chalked on it in colors.

Entering the house, she was full of praise for its appearance.

"The floors are wonderful!" she said. I could claim no credit for that; they had been polished by a kind sister-in-law.

But a few minutes later my wife gave a frightened cry. She was looking into the wooden fruit bowl on the top of the refrigerator.

It was half full of grey fur, as if a small cat had gone to sleep there.

On investigating — and a most unpleasant investigation it was — I found the fur had grown on some peaches.

Why had I not looked in that bowl for a week, while she spotted it in a few minutes? Probably because I don't eat peaches much — they are too messy. Unfortunately they become messier if they are not eaten.

She was very pleased with the lawns. I had just mown them, and received her compliments with modest satisfaction.

But it was not long before she opened the refrigerator to get some milk. Again her voice had a note of alarm.

"What's this horrid little thing?" she asked. She was pointing to a crumpled piece of newspaper.

"It's a bit of cheese that was left. I wrapped it up like that," I said.

She smiled indulgently. "Oh, that's all right. It's just that I — well — I don't usually put things in newspaper in the fridge."

She remarked that the children were looking well. "You were very clever to give them such good meals," she said.

"Yes, they seem to thrive on chops and jelly," I said in a complacent tone.

I saw her take the baking-dish gingerly out of the oven and put it in the sink.

"I washed that dish last night," I said.

"Yes, it's quite all right — I just want to — er — give it a little touch-up," she replied.

"The kitchen is beautifully tidy, it really is," she added encouragingly.

Taking a broom from the cupboard, she pulled down a large cobweb from above the dining nook.

"By the way, do you know where my handkerchiefs are?" she asked.

There had been rather a mix-up of handkerchiefs from the wash while she was away. I took some to her in the hospital, and she seemed surprised because they were small ones with "Tom Tom the Piper's Son" and "Mary Had a Little Lamb" on them.

It took her a while to sort the handkerchiefs out.

But she did like the flowers. And I think she forgot the fur in the fruit bowl when she thought of the Welcome Home on the gate.

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The Rescuers

Our Children's Serial
By MARGERY SHARP

Part 3.

THE pretty white mouse, MISS BIANCA, turns out to be unexpectedly tough, much to the surprise of the Prisoners' Aid Society (mice banded together to help prisoners), and they give her a warm welcome when she returns from Norway with brave NILS, a Norwegian seafaring mouse. Nils has volunteered to go to the infamous Black Castle to rescue a poor Norwegian poet.

At the Society's meeting BERNARD, a pantry mouse, secretly in love with Miss Bianca, says he will join Nils, and then Miss Bianca (secretly in love with Bernard) agrees to go also. They set off on their long journey to the Black Castle hidden in an enormous horse-drawn waggon. NOW READ ON:

SOMETIMES fieldmice came to visit and then indeed was the peace of the waggon shattered. Whole villages swarmed up at a time — mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, and of course the children — all chattering and arguing and gossiping and passing remarks. They never stopped asking questions, and never waited for an answer.

"Where are you bound, and why?" chattered the fieldmice. "My goodness, what a quantity of sacks. Unbelievable! Where do they all come from? And what's in those boxes? I say, Amelia, look at this fellow's boots! What's he wearing boots for? And look at the lady's necklace! My word! Look at this other fellow's feet, why isn't he wearing boots, too? Couldn't he get any big enough? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pay no attention," said Miss Bianca to Bernard. "They are only simple country-folk, with no opportunity to learn manners." She didn't mean to be overheard, she spoke behind her fan, but fieldmice have very sharp hearing, and at once they all took umbrage.

"No manners, indeed!" they chorused. "Hear that, Amelia? The lady says we never learnt no manners! Hands up who goes to dancing-class! Hands up all who know strawfoot from hay-foot! My word, she should see one of our barndances! Come on, let's give one now!"

And they actually began dancing Sir Roger de Coverley there on the floor of the waggon — hands across, back-to-back, down-the-middle, and all the rest.

They began — but in half a minute they were all doing something else again; jumping on and off the cigar-boxes, nibbling at the sacks, sliding down the treacle-tins, and never for one moment ceasing their chatter.

"How strange! One always thinks of country-folk as being rather stolid," said Miss Bianca. "I think I shall lie down a little . . ."

Bernard had found her a delightful verandah between two of the upright slats that formed the waggon's sides, where she could rest in the afternoon and still look out at the changing landscape. It was considered Miss Bianca's private place, but she often invited the other two to share it, and Bernard at least never refused. Nils preferred a spot higher up, on what he called the poop. Miss Bianca and Bernard had many long conversations there and told each other all about their past lives.

"What you must have seen," marvelled Bernard, "of Courts and Embassies! I'm afraid my society must seem very dull to you."

"Not at all," said Miss Bianca. "There is nothing more tedious than a constant round of gaiety. What you have to tell of life in a pantry is far more interesting."

They talked in this way for hours, Miss Bianca describing things like musical evenings when the Embassy ballroom was decorated with six hundred pink roses, and Bernard describing things like Sports Day in the pantry. (The biggest race twice round the top china shelf, five points penalty if you touched china.)

They told each other their earliest recollections: Miss Bianca's of waking up on a pink silk pillow, and Bernard's of helping to roll home a walnut . . .

It was a happy time. By night songs and stories, by day agreeable conversation, and ever the beautiful landscape unfolding on either hand — it was a happy time indeed. If only it could have gone on for ever! But the days passed, the waggons rolled, and presently the country began to change.

"The country's changing," said Bernard uneasily.

"Aye," said Nils. "We're out of the Mediterranean."

Miss Bianca at least knew what he meant. Bare heath and crooked firs instead of fat farmland and scarlet maple — indeed they were approaching colder waters . . . She shivered a little and put her fan away in her valise.

That was on the eighth day out; on the tenth they entered The Barrens.

Here there were no trees at all, nor any sort of vegetation, only rocks and boulders strewing a great flat stony waste.

The waggon-trail still ran broad and plain, but the horses didn't like it; every mile or so they stopped and baulked at something white under their hoofs and the waggoners had to jump down and pull them past.

"What is it that alarms them so?" asked Miss Bianca curiously. Bernard didn't want to tell her, but she persisted and he had to. "Bones," said Bernard grimly. "The bones of the prisoners who died on the march to the Black Castle." Miss Bianca shuddered and asked no more. Some of the bones had fetters still upon them, for as a prisoner fell so he was left to lie. Then the crows came down and picked him clean.

Albert was the bravest horse, but even he trembled all over. His bells trembled, too, not jingling any more, but giving out a faint, mournful, funereal chime.

The fieldmice had vanished long since. In The Barrens there was no life at all.

At night the waggoners sounded like people singing to keep their spirits up. Nils and Bernard and Miss Bianca stayed in the waggon.

On the twelfth day the trail began to climb. The boulders closed their ranks until it was like driving between rocky

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"Run!" said Mamelouk, the Gaoler's cat, to Miss Bianca as she stood gracefully before him. "Run between my paws."

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walls; and then between rocky bluffs, and then between great cliffs. High as the trail climbed, these cliffs rose ever higher.

On the fourteenth day, quite suddenly, the summit was reached, and all dropped away before the one highest peak of all, which was the Black Castle itself. They had arrived.

As though the very mountain split, an enormous iron gate swung slowly open and the waggons rolled through.

It was an appalling moment and an appalling place.

Behind them was the huge buttressed gateway; on all other three sides of the courtyard great grim black walls, windowless, reared up quite out of sight. There wasn't a scrap of creeper or greenery upon them. Between the paving-stones underfoot not so much as a toadstool sprouted. All was iron-hard, iron-chill, and black as old iron.

In silence, as though the Black Castle awed even them, the waggoners began to unload their waggons.

The kind horses snickered and whinnied uneasily; but no human sound was to be heard save the coughing of the gaolers waiting to get at the cases of cough-cure.

"What do we do now?" whispered Miss Bianca. The three mice had run down at once and were now huddled together beside a wheel.

"Wait, then follow the best boots," muttered Nils.

There were boots stamping and shifting all round them — great cruel gaolers' boots, black as everything else in the Black Castle. Even Bernard turned a trifle pale.

They waited for what seemed like hours — Nils meanwhile scrutinising attentively each pair of feet that passed. All seamen have an eye for a boot; and even though these weren't the sort he was used to, he had soon made up his mind. When at last the waggons filed out again and the gaolers began to disperse —

"Follow me!" cried Nils unhesitatingly.

Miss Bianca cast one longing farewell glance towards the tailboard of the last waggon. How glad they were to be going! "And how glad I should be!" thought poor Miss Bianca.

She very nearly ran after them. The gates weren't yet quite closed. By running as fast as she could she might have just caught up; and have run up on board again and been carried back to safety and civilisation . . .

"Miss Bianca," called Bernard urgently, "do please hurry!"

She sighed; and followed duty's higher call.

. . . . . .

"See any hole?" muttered Nils.

"There, by the stove," whispered Bernard. (He was much cleverer than Nils indoors.) "Run in quick, Miss Bianca!"

A moment later they were all looking out, from at least temporary security, upon the Head Gaoler's sitting-room.

For that was where the best boots had led, before stamping out again — and how luckily! What Bernard had spotted was actually the only mouse-hole in the Black Castle. The walls of no single other apartment

Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

were wainscoted. From the dungeons below to the battlements above, all was either natural rock or bare granite blocks. Even the gaolers' bedrooms weren't so much as whitewashed.

As yet, of course, the mice didn't realise their good fortune; they barely glanced at the quarters they were in future to know so well, before examining the larger quarters outside.

"Oh, how pretty!" breathed Miss Bianca in surprise.

At first glance the Head Gaoler's sitting-room was pretty indeed. The upper part of each wall, above the wainscot, appeared to be hung with the most charming vari-colored paper — all reds and blues and browns and yellows. "Just like butterflies!" added Miss Bianca admiringly.

Then she shuddered. For when one looked closer they were butterflies, each cruelly impaled by a lethal pin. Very many, as their poor broken wings showed, hadn't even died in a killing-bottle. And they covered half of every wall! The Head Gaoler must have been collecting them and tormenting them for years.

He had evidently other horrid habits as well. Strewn all about the floor were cigar-butts and the wrappers off packets of chewing-gum: as though he couldn't live without something in his mouth and hadn't been brought up to tidy as he went along.

"I'm so sorry, but really I feel quite faint," said Miss Bianca.

"Go and lie down a bit," said Bernard kindly. "It looks quite clean inside. At least he's short-sighted, don't you think?" he added to Nils. "He didn't notice us under his heels?"

"He's too fat to see past his own stomach," said Nils crudely. "So far as he's concerned, I'd say we could run where we liked. But it's to be hoped he doesn't keep a cat . . ."

The words woke in Bernard a most uncomfortable recollection . . . of an old, old member at that meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Society when everything started. Hadn't he referred, quite positively, to the Head Gaoler's cat? "Twice natural size and four times as fierce."

"He keeps a cat all right," said Bernard gloomily.

At that very moment — for the Head Gaoler liked to leave his own door open — Mamelouk lounged into the room.

With splendid presence of mind Bernard yanked a cigar-butt across the entrance to the hole thus masking all mouse scent, and above this malodorous barricade he and Nils peered anxiously out.

The cat Mamelouk yawned, stretched, and finally leapt up into the Head Gaolers' armchair. He was an enormous black half-Persian with a coat like a thunder cloud and eyes like dirty emeralds. When veiled they were menacing; when wide open, hypnotic. Even for a cat his self-assurance was staggering. With the Head Gaoler under his thumb he was King of the Black Castle and well he knew it.

"Nasty customer, eh?" muttered Nils.

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"We must keep Miss Bianca out of his way," said Bernard.

"No more than a couple of mouthfuls," agreed Nils, "she'd make for him . . ."

It crossed their minds that neither of them would make more than a couple of mouthfuls either. They watched Mamelouk in silence for a few minutes longer and then thoughtfully rejoined Miss Bianca and warned her that she was never to go out of the hole alone.

. . . . . .

The hole was their home.

It had several disadvantages. Mamelouk was always liable to turn up in the sitting-room outside, and the necessary smell of cigar-butts at the entrance made Miss Bianca almost ill. But when Nils and Bernard after several daring reconnaissances discovered that there was absolutely no other accommodation available, they sensibly made the best of it, and at least it was a splendid listening post. .

"P-s-s-t, Mum, Dad's over here!"

They made it really very nice.

The entrance passage, which ran directly at right angles from the wainscot, was quite two-and-a-half inches long, and this was their lobby, where were kept Bernard's cudgel, Nils' sea-boots and cutlass, and Miss Bianca's valise.

Beyond, between the wainscot and the original granite, and from the stove to the outer wall, stretched a quite commodious apartment. Bernard cleverly divided it with matchboarding — the sitting-room floor was quite littered with empty matchboxes — to make Miss Bianca a bedroom by the stove, a slightly larger one for himself and Nils at the other end, and a parlor for general use in between.

There Miss Bianca took charge. She had always had a taste for interior decoration and the lack of professional assistance but sharpened her wits. Soon gay chewing-gum wrappers papered the walls, while upon the floor used postage stamps, nibbled off envelopes in the Head Gaoler's waste-paper basket, formed a homely but not unsuitable patchwork carpet. Miss Bianca with her own hands fashioned several flower-pieces — so essential to gracious living — from breadcrumbs dyed pink or blue with red or blue-black ink.

At least they had no need to economise where food was concerned: the Head Gaoler had all his meals sent up on trays and was a very untidy eater.

All heavy work was of course done by Nils and Bernard — the carpentry and paper-hanging and so on; Miss Bianca just had the ideas.

Naturally such an amount of work took time, but it was well they were kept busy, otherwise their spirits might have sunk unendurably low.

As it was they sank low enough.

One of the mice's first acts had of course been to constitute themselves into a subsection of the Prisoners' Aid Society, Black Castle Branch. Nils and Bernard voted Miss Bianca Madam Chairwoman, Bernard was Secretary, and they held a General Meeting once a week. As meeting succeeded meeting, however, these grew shorter and shorter and gloomier and gloomier; for the more information the mice gathered, the more hopeless their mission appeared.

As witness the following digest of several earlier Minutes.

Each prisoner occupied a separate dungeon deep down in the rock, and these dungeons were never opened. Food was let down (black bread and treacle) but once a day, each morning, through grids in the ceilings; and these grids were set in the floor of a long stone corridor itself cut off from the rest of the Castle by a locked iron door.

(Source: Instructions from Head Gaoler to new common sort of gaoler, in H.G.'s sitting-room: overheard by all Members.)

(Query: How were the prisoners got into their dungeons? The Members couldn't think.)

The door fitted too closely for even a mouse to run under.

(Source: Nils.)

Once a day, of course, it was unlocked by the gaoler with the food pans and then Nils was pretty certain he could have got in, too — if it hadn't been for Mamelouk the cat.

Mamelouk regularly accompanied the gaoler on his rounds. It was his horrible amusement to jump down into a dungeon, as soon as the grid was opened, and torment the prisoner by spitting at him while he ate, and then ..de up again on the food pan.

(Source: gossip of gaolers: overheard by Nils and Bernard.)

(Minority opinion: Perhaps Mamelouk was trying to cheer the prisoners? M.B.)

The gaoler mightn't notice Nils, but Mamelouk certainly would.

"One of these days I'll risk it all the same!" cried Nils desperately.

"Don't be an idiot," said Bernard, "you wouldn't stand a chance. There can't be an inch of cover down there: it's just one big trap."

As the whole Castle was an even bigger trap.

Except for the great gate, there was no way out at all. The waggons had approached from the south: on the northern side it was as though the mountain-range had been sliced clean away, the Castle rose straight up from the very verge of a tremendous cliff.

Below flowed the River, bridgeless as far as eye could see, and on the farther bank stretched the same sort of country as The Barrens. No wonder that side was never guarded. But indeed there seemed as little reason for the gaoler in the watchtower above the gate . . .

"Even suppose we could rescue him from his dungeon," said Bernard gloomily—"him" always meant the Norwegian prisoner — "how on earth would we get him out?"

This particular conversation took place not at a meeting but in the parlor, where they were all sitting round a fire of cedar-wood. (Cigar-boxes burn beautifully.) The leaping flames made it look very cosy, playing over the fresh wallpaper and the gay carpet and Miss Bianca's flower-pieces. No amount of physical comfort, however, can lighten the burden of responsibility to a truly conscientious mind.

"Cross that bridge when we come to it," said Nils shortly.

"You mean you can't think of anything," said Bernard. "I'm not blaming you; I can't either."

"What troubles me——" began Miss Bianca. She hesitated. What was in her mind was something so dreadful, she felt she really ought to keep it to herself. Then she felt she really couldn't. "What troubles me," whispered Miss Bianca, "is that we don't know . . . we have no means of knowing . . . whether he's even still alive!"

"We hoped you wouldn't think of it," said Bernard reluctantly.

"You mean you and Nils have?"

Nils nodded.

"Stands to reason," he said gravely. "Put me in a dungeon, I wouldn't last a week!"

"But we won't give up hope," said Bernard quickly. "We don't know one way or the other. Remember the luck of the mice!" he added cheerfully. "Hasn't it brought us all the way here—found us this splendid hole—kept us all fighting fit and ready for anything? Remember how beastly we thought the waggon-ride was going to be, and now jolly it turned out! And you, Nils, remember that chap Harald Fairhair you're always singing about, remember 'Up the Norwegians!' "

Nils reached across and grasped him by the hand; Miss Bianca slipped hers into his other. Whate'er befell, at least they were three united, loyal companions.

Poem by Miss Bianca, written in the Black Castle

"Black as the Castle press my mournful thoughts!
What ray of hope can e'er their gloom dispel?
Again, dear Boy, your Miss Bianca fond
Bids you a last, an ultimate farewell!"

M.B.

Actually this was the most depressing poem she ever wrote, but even at the time, because it so exactly expressed her feelings, she was rather cheered up by it. Poets have uncommon advantages—as will be seen later on.

. . . . . .

The pleasantest place in the Black Castle—or rather the least depressing—was a little stone ledge outside the Head Gaoler's window. It wasn't a proper window-sill, it couldn't have taken a plant-pot, but it was wide enough for a mouse to sit on.

Every afternoon, before setting out on his rounds, the Head Gaoler used to raise the sash a couple of inches—his was the only window in the Castle without bars—and as soon as his back was turned Nils and Bernard and Miss Bianca used to run up and sit outside. It was really quite nice, though one of them had always to keep cave for the Head Gaoler's return; he closed the window again immediately.

Like most wicked people, he hated fresh air; this was the only airing the room ever got. So the three mice had to be careful to regain their hole in time, otherwise they would have had to make a long, dangerous journey round by a corridor window and back through the sitting-room door.

Nils and Bernard took it in turn to watch—they took fair turns at everything — while the others looked at the view.

Far below ran the great River — sometimes angry, sometimes smooth: and when it was smooth huge rafts floated by, so stacked with logs they looked like floating wood-piles. In the stern of each was built a sort of hut or shelter made of reeds for the raft men to sleep in.

When it was rough they evidently tied up somewhere along the banks, for then not a craft was to be seen, and when they reappeared it was in bunches of six or seven.

"Where can they all be going?" marvelled Miss Bianca.

"Why, to the towns, o' course," said Nils, "with winter firing. Don't you use firewood in these parts?"

"At the Embassy, we used central heating," said she.

Nils laughed loudly.

"And where d'you suppose the heat comes from?"

"You forget," said Bernard quickly, "that Miss Bianca has never had to occupy herself with housekeeping."

Miss Bianca threw him a grateful look. But she was very anxious there should be no bickering.

"Nils can never get used to my incompetence," said she gently. "But it didn't stop him being very kind to me on shipboard!"

As a matter of fact, and to their great credit, their bickerings were very rare and never

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lasted more than a few moments. Just a touch of crossness now and again was inevitable, for they were frustrated and anxious indeed.

The thought of the poor prisoner was never far from their minds, and yet their anxiety to be doing something for him was coupled with such a complete inability to think what. Bernard relieved himself a little by digs at Madam Chairwoman (not of course referring to Miss Bianca); whenever Nils made his remark about crossing bridges — "I'd like to see Madam Chairwoman cross this one!" Bernard would mutter bitterly. Very much, however, was due to Miss Bianca, whose unfailing savoir-faire would have soothed the tempers of tigers.

Which was all the more creditable to her, since she in one respect was having the worst of things. By day, the three mice could support each other's spirits; Bernard and Nils, sharing a room, could talk to each other at night, too. Poor Miss Bianca was all alone.

Quite often she got up and crept into the parlor just to hear the sound of their voices. Although the things they talked about weren't particularly cheerful!

"I wouldn't last a week," she heard Nils mutter sleepily. "Not in a dungeon."

"I'd last a month," mumbled Bernard. "I'd last two months . . ."

Nils evidently woke up.

"Bet you you wouldn't!"

Bernard woke up, too.

"Bet you I would!"

"Bet you a double-six of dominoes," said Nils, "you'd be dead and gone and carried out feet first inside ONE WEEK."

"And I bet you," countered Bernard, "two potatoes and a walnut that I'd still be there to shout 'Up the Norwegians!' as they shovelled you under—having still ONE MONTH AND THREE WEEKS to go."

"I take you," said Nils.

"And I take you," said Bernard.

Miss Bianca shuddered. But in the morning, neither Nils nor Bernard said a word about it, and with a mixture of relief and irritation she concluded that they had just been playing a masculine game, like golf.

She still envied them. And how she envied them even more when the thunderstorms began!

Each year it seemed as winter approached, such unnatural storms buffeted the Castle unceasingly. All too soon the pattern became familiar: first an ominous stillness in the air, as though presaging snow — not a sound in all the Castle save the coughing of the gaolers — then a little stir of wind, the storm's outrider, then the first lightning-flash, and then — crash! — instead of snow the thunderbolts, banging like artillery-fire against the walls.

From watchtower to dungeons the whole place shook; and Miss Bianca, in bed, put her head under her pillow. Or else she got up and sat in the parlor — and once at least met Bernard, coming to see if she was all right.

"Are you all right, Miss Bianca?" asked Bernard anxiously.

Miss Bianca pulled herself together.

"Thunderstorms always have played havoc with my nerves!" she apologised. "Actually I just came to see the fire was out."

Bernard kicked at the hearth and said yes it was.

"Then I'll go back to bed," said Miss Bianca bravely. She paused a moment, however, and heaved a little sigh. "Oh, Bernard," she added wistfully, "how long ago it seems, that night we first met, in my Porcelain Pagoda!"

Indeed it seemed long; and indeed it was long — from full summer until almost midwinter. And without achieving anything! That was the hardest to bear of all. "If only something would happen!" they began to think . . .

Something did.

They had been in the Black Castle exactly two months and a day when a most terrible event occurred.

Bernard was sitting on the Ledge alone. Miss Bianca had one of her headaches, and since they never left her by herself, Nils was staying indoors, too. It was his turn. Bernard would have been the one gladly, but in any situation of danger it is always best to keep strictly to rules. Imagine his amazement, therefore, to wake from a light doze and see Nils beside him!

"Don't worry," said Nils easily. "Miss Bianca didn't want me, so I thought I'd join you for a breath of air."

Bernard was so horrified he nearly fell off the Ledge.

"But suppose Mamelouk comes in?" he cried.

"Even if he does —" began Nils.

At that very moment Mamelouk appeared inside.

Bernard dashed towards the window — too late! In that very moment an old sashcord irretrievably frayed and down the window slammed.

"Looks like we'll have to take the long passage round," said Nils, still unperturbed.

"And what about Miss Bianca?" shouted Bernard. "Alone in there with Mamelouk?"

"She's only to keep safe in the hole," said Nils reasonably.

> **If a man could make a single rose we should give him an empire; yet roses and flowers no less beautiful are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.**
>
> ***—Martin Luther***

"Stands to reason, she won't venture out —"

Bernard caught him by the scruff and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"You idiot!" he shouted. "You irresponsible idiot! 'Not venture out!' Don't you know that Miss Bianca isn't afraid of cats?"

They stared at each other in horror.

"Come quick!" gasped Bernard. "We can do nothing here — and I couldn't bear," he sobbed, "to watch!"

His fears were only too well founded. Scarcely had he and Nils rushed from the Ledge than Miss Bianca innocently walked forth into the very jaws of death!

And not because she didn't see Mamelouk; because she did see him.

She was feeling bored. Her headache was better and when she looked for Nils he had gone. Miss Bianca didn't particularly mind, she wasn't frightened, but all by herself she felt bored. If only she'd a book to read!

The Head Gaoler was practically illiterate, there was nothing to be borrowed from his shelves save one dog's-eared pamphlet entitled "Cut Your Own Corns," which Miss Bianca would have sooner died — O ominous phrase! — than look at.

She was bored, she had nothing to read: thus when a shadow fell across the entrance to the hole, she naturally put her head out.

About three feet away, big and black as a thunder cloud, crouched Mamelouk.

This was the first time Miss Bianca had ever seen him — Nils and Bernard being so careful to keep her out of his way — but she recognised him immediately from their description, and thought it a very unfair one. Indeed Mamelouk, except for color, was so like her old Persian friend, Miss Bianca was prejudiced in his favor at once.

Nils and Bernard said he had a horrible leer; Miss Bianca thought it a rather nice smile. It will be remembered, also, that though Mamelouk's tormenting of the prisoners, by leaping into their dungeons, was down in the Minutes in black and white, Miss Bianca had never been able to credit it, such was her misguided trust in feline chivalry. So she now looked out with no more than excitement!

As for Mamelouk, his whiskers fairly twitched in anticipation. He'd suspected for weeks past that there was something of interest in that hole beside the stove; now he promised himself a proper mouse tea — with a little game of cat-and-mouse first.

If only his prey could be lured from the safety of the hole!

"Little lady," purred Mamelouk suavely, "won't you come out and play with me?"

Miss Bianca advanced to the very threshold.

"Are you calling?" she asked hopefully.

"Certainly I'm calling!" purred Mamelouk.

"I'm sure it's very nice of you," said Miss Bianca; and to Mamelouk's surprise and joy tripped out into the room. "I should have been delighted to make your acquaintance sooner," she added, "but my friends are a little unsociable . . . How shall we play?"

"Like this!" grinned Mamelouk.

He flashed out a great black paw and touched her on the nape. Only a little more force and he would have broken her back — as he intended to break her back; but only after reducing her to helpless terror. Such was his horrible nature.

"Now run, little lady!" he ordered. "Run between my paws!"

"With pleasure," said Miss Bianca. She darted gracefully to and fro. "Touch and touch again!" she cried. "What shall we do next?"

Mamelouk looked at her with renewed astonishment. She was the first mouse he had seen in years, for he had come to the Castle when only half-grown — yet he couldn't believe his memory played him so false, that this was the usual way for a mouse to behave.

"A lady of spirit, I see!" he growled. "All the more sport, then, before the end! This is what we do next, my love!"

He flashed out his paw again and pinned Miss Bianca to the floor. She lay absolutely helpless, not an inch from his jaws, under a weight like a mattress stuffed with lead.

To be continued

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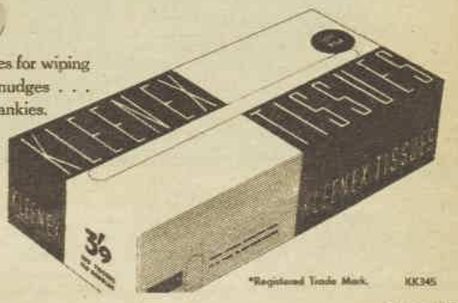

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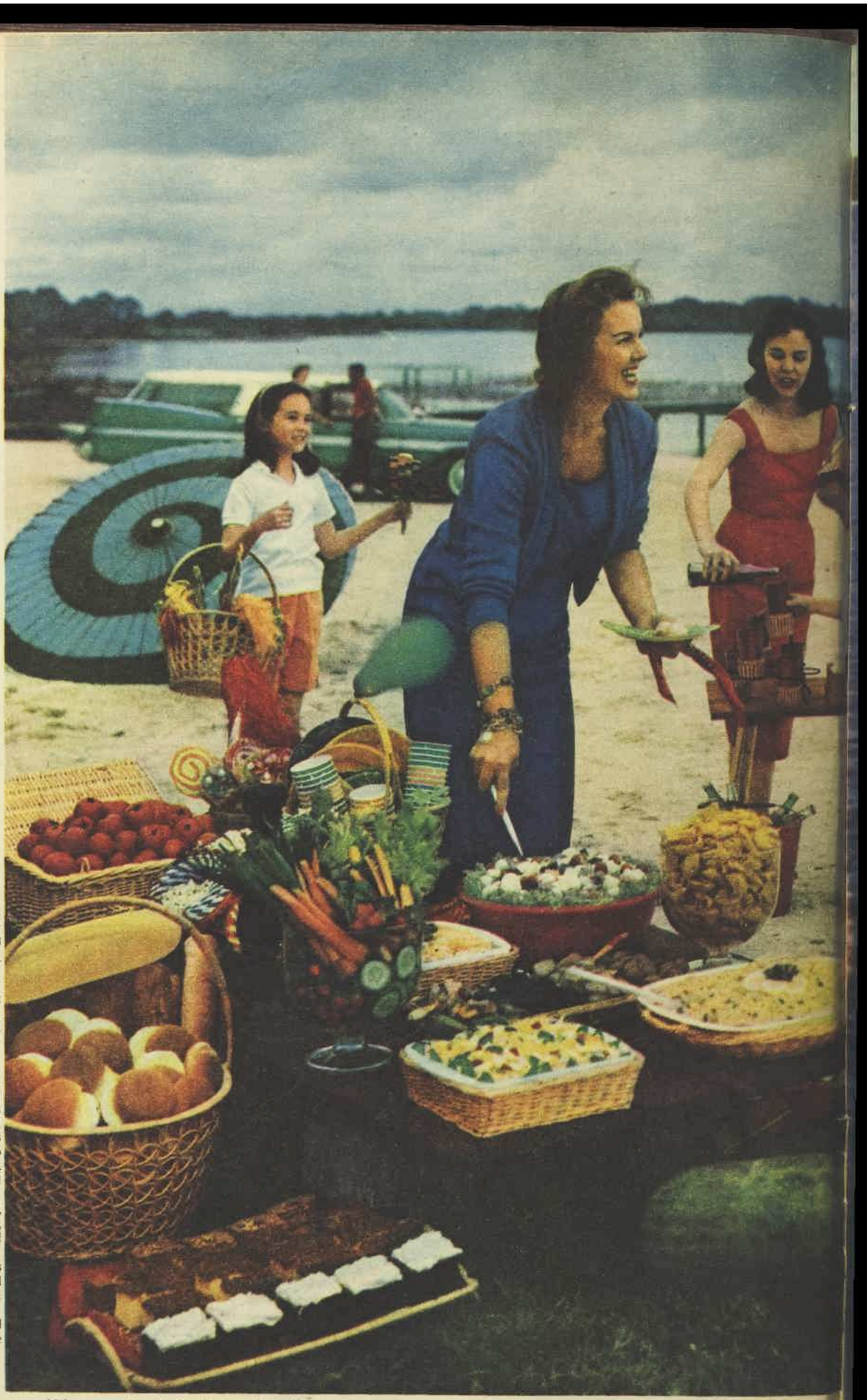
PLAN A BEACH PICNIC

● Arrange with your friends or neighbors to spend the day at the beach . . . and share the preparation of the picnic basket to make it a day to remember.



PROVIDING a large quantity of the one type of food for a picnic instead of family-sized amounts of a variety means much less preparation and cooking for the housewife. Plan beforehand and distribute the work among each family in the picnic group. One family can provide the meats and barbecue equipment, another the made-up dishes, and a third the cakes and fruit or extras.

Select foods that are easy to transport and do not deteriorate or spoil after being packed or left without refrigeration for an hour or two. Make full use of aluminium foil and plastic or alkathene wrappings for the various savory foods, with ice-blocks packed around if possible. Portable ice-chests (including the home-made type) are invaluable, especially to families who plan to have a lot of picnic meals in the summer. A variety of vacuum-type flasks for keeping foods hot or cold are also useful.

For the casserole-type foods that need to be re-heated, choose fireproof dishes, wrap all over with aluminium foil, and stand at the edge of the barbecue to heat. Move and turn dishes frequently for uniform heating.

To simplify further the picnic preparations, these recipes make good use of the great variety of tinned, packaged, and bottled foods of excellent quality available in Australian town and country areas.

Recipes are sufficient for 10 to 12 hearty servings. Level spoon measures are used and cup quantities refer to the standard 8-liquid-ounce measure.

MENU

Barbecue Medley

(Chops, steak, chicken, sausages)

Whole kernel corn — *Pasta Scallop*

Cabbage-pine Slaw — *Picnic potato salad*

Salad snippets

Cake tray

Cool drinks — *Watermelon*

BARBECUE MEDLEY

Chops, sausages, steak, chicken, barbecue sauce.

Choose any meats or poultry preferred, or have a mixture of any of them. Allow 2 chops (or sausages), 1 sausage (or chop) for each man and 1 chop and 1 sausage for each woman or child. Pieces of parboiled or steamed young chicken can be substituted for either chops or sausages. Alternatively, chops or sausages can be replaced by choice, thick cuts of steak such as rump, sirloin, or T-bone.

Prepare and cook meats or chicken in following way:

Sausages: Prick well, cover with water, bring slowly to boil. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes to remove excess fat. Drain and, when ready to cook, grill over steady heat, turning frequently.

Chops: Select thick short-loin chops, secure rolled tail with cocktail sticks, dust with salt, pepper. Cook over barbecue fire, turning, and brushing, if desired, with barbecue sauce.

Steak: Cook over glowing coals, turning, and brushing lightly with oil or melted butter. Allow 10 to 20 minutes cooking time, depending on thickness of steak, heat of fire, and personal taste.

Chicken: Brush prepared chicken pieces with butter or oil mixed with little lemon juice. Grill slowly until quite tender and lightly browned. Brush all over with barbecue sauce, continue grilling slowly until richly browned.

BARBECUE SAUCE

Two tablespoons good shortening, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 clove of garlic, 1 cup concentrated tomato soup, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 6, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

BOYS' FASHIONS
—Pages 6, 7

Supplement to
The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our cover: *Enjoying their summer holidays are Wendy Marr, 14, and her brother Peter, sailing a moth on Burraneer Bay, near Sydney. Photograph Bruce Brydson-Keig.*

No girls on these excursions

HOLIDAYS are here and my friends and I are going spear-fishing, swimming, hiking, prospecting, camping, and exploring old mines. No girls come with us on these excursions because they couldn't stand up to it. We would probably have to carry them home. We don't mind girls, but they are better for looking at than for anything else.—*Bob Gray (15), Ascot Park, S.A.*

What's a square?

WHAT is a square? I have often been called a square by my friends even though I love rock-'n-roll better than any other music. I dig Elvis and own most of his records. I have fun just like others, but if I say to someone, "My mother is expecting me home; I have to go now," they say to me: "Oh, what a square."—*Norma Jennings, Bexley, N.S.W.*

NORMA JENNINGS
. . . *"Am I a square?"*

No holiday fun

I ALWAYS thought holidays meant fun and relaxation, but to my dismay I have been proved wrong. So far the holidays have been taken up by sweeping, cleaning, etc. There should be no work to do during vacations. — *"Slave," Toowoomba, Qld.*

Gang courage

TODAY'S teenager has no courage at all. I don't mean physical courage, but the "guts" to do something by himself. That is the main reason teenagers go around in gangs. When a teenager is corrected by an adult, if he is alone he cowers away, but if in a gang he defies the adult only because of support from the others.—*R. Sark, Dandenong, Vic.*

Sport hated

SPORT should not be compulsory at school. Some people (like me) hate sport and would much rather read a book or just watch others play. However, teachers claim that sport keeps one healthy and helps to develop strength. Frankly, I don't want to look like a muscle-bound boxer or a robust swimmer. — *"Spoilt Sport," Canberra, A.C.T.*

Money talks

WHEN I told my parents I needed more pocket-money they told me to account for every penny I spent day to day for two months. On conclusion we went through it and arrived at a suitable increase of my monthly allowance. Since the discussion we have all been satisfied; I am no longer short of money and they are no longer pestered for extra shillings.—*"Satisfied Teenager," Kew, Vic.*

Lounge banned

MY mother does not let us use the lounge room. When I invite some friends in we have to go into my bedroom because she claims that we may untidy the lounge. Hardly any of our family is allowed to enter it. My friends are not noisy or untidy and I think that the lounge room should be a friendly room, shared by the whole family, not just a cold, dim room used only when adult visitors come. —*Diana Ball, Beresfield, N.S.W.*

Happy 15

AT 15 I am having the best time I ever had. I have just left high school (not that that makes very much difference) and I like collecting records and listening to the radio. Every Saturday afternoon I go to a platter party and occasionally I go to the pictures and to the big shows. I am very content with life and it is my parents I have to thank for all of this.—*Claudette Wheeler, East Brisbane.*

Sick of girls

BOY, have I had girls! I'm sick to death of them! What makes me laugh is the way they talk about boys being conceited. How about that? You should see my sister before the mirror; she spends more than half her days there, admiring herself. Girls talk about how immature and silly boys are. In fact, the opposite is the case. That girls think they're superior shows their immaturity. People talk about girls being in love. Ha, ha! Girls are never in love with anybody but themselves. The only reason they marry is to dominate the man or so they can ride in a nice sports car. Father is no longer the master of the house, and juvenile delinquency is growing. A coincidence? I don't think so. Father is seen in an apron washing up the dishes, saying "Yes, dear. No dear" to a nagging, domineering wife. This has a bad effect on the children. But, back to girls. They treat boys like something they can pick up for a while, then drop like an old shoe, somebody who just pays the expenses. They have no thought for anybody else but themselves. These are the reasons why I will never get hitched to one of those MONSTERS.—*R.G.M., Adelaide.*

Dye for boys

MANY girls use colored rinses and dyes in their hair, and it would be a good idea for boys to do the same. My boy-friend has light brown hair and I think he'd look terrific with blond hair, but he says hair-dyeing is for girls only—*"Blondie," Maroubra, N.S.W.*

Girls spoilt

ALL girls are spoilt. When they are children their parents look after them and when they are old enough some man takes over the job.—*"A Girl," Templestowe, Vic.*

BILL PICKERING
. . . *necessary knowledge.*

First-aid

WHY don't high schools adopt first-aid as a school subject? It is as necessary to the pupils as the water life-saving they teach. As an assistant Scoutmaster I was pleased to hear from one of our ex-Scouts whom I had helped through his first-aid tests that he had recently saved another boy's life from a snakebite. The increasing number of road fatalities could be cut down if someone who had the knoweldge was on the spot to help.—*Bill Pickering, Bondi, N.S.W.*

Lucky redhead

TO Jillian Meldrum (T.W., 2/12/59), who gets teased about her red hair. Do you know that when you grow older you'll be the envy of all the other girls? Your freckles will go, too, so don't worry about them. The loveliest bride I ever saw was dressed in white lace and with her red hair she looked, well, just out of this world. Don't forget that redheads are known for their luck.—*Elsie Clutterbuck, South Perth.*

One boy-friend—or more?

● "One-Boy Girl," of Moonah, Tasmania (T.W., 9/12/59), said her friends had many boy-friends, but she thought one was enough.

For . . .

I HAVE had my present boy-friend for 11 months now and I do not think I could have had more fun if I had been going out with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Would you rather have the respect of your boy-friend and the people who know you or would you rather get a reputation as a gadabout? If you think enough of your boy-friend you wouldn't even consider going out with any other boys.—*Marguerite Williams, Carrington, N.S.W.*

I COULD no more go out with many boys than fly. I would not be happy, I know, and is it not important to be happy while you're young?—*"Different," Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.*

ALL my friends believe in having many boy-friends, and at first I was a "big joke" because i'm a one-boy girl. However, now that I have been going out with one boy for 18 months we are both highly respected. Mostly those girls who have two or three boys are never satisfied. I think having one boy-friend gives one faith and understanding and helps one to grow up by being able to discuss problems. Most important, it gives one a feeling of security. —*"Margnel," Brisbane.*

RECENTLY a friend of mine had two boy-friends. She went out with one in the day and the other at night. Neither boy knew she went out with someone else. When they found out she was left with no boy-friend.—*Lois Rickert, Balgowlah, N.S.W.*

. . . and against

IF you can attract only one boy things must be tough. When you have three boy-friends and one leaves you, you still have the other two until you are over the shock. You have no broken hearts, no tears, no worries, a jolly good time, and a change of company.—*"Gert the Flirt," Mt. Pietchard, N.S.W.*

I AM 16 and have a steady boy-friend, but I often wish I was free to go out with other boys who have asked me. Remain a freelance as long as possible. — *"Wishful Thinking," Parkes, N.S.W.*

A FEW years ago I went steady with a wonderful boy. He was the only boy for me and I virtually cut myself off from my other male (and female) friends. We had a terrific time, but, like all things, our friendship had to end. After the heartache had gone I began to want the warmth and friendliness of company again. I received a shock. My friends had changed. I didn't seem to fit anywhere and the boys were afraid to invite me out in case I was still hiding a hurt behind laughter. I wasn't, but I couldn't convince my friends that. Now I'm back with my crowd again and I have many male and female friends. Sure I have a "special," but he doesn't stand on a pedestal, ruling my life. Surprisingly, we are terribly happy going in a crowd and respect each other more because we are just a little unattainable and have a lot of friends to steady our own friendship.—*Tracie Gilpin, Burnie, Tas.*

THERE is more fun all round if you have some nice boys as just friends to talk to and to be friends with your parents. If you have only one boy-friend he gets to think he owns you and wants to get serious. — *Denise Armstrong, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.*

Holiday snaps

● How are your holiday snaps coming along? Hundreds of entries in our Holiday Snap Contest are arriving each week — so don't delay.

THERE will be a first prize of £20, two prizes of £5 each, and £1/1/- for all other photographs published.

The conditions are simple:

- The contest is open to anyone under 20 years of age.
- Every print must have the name, age, and address of the photographer written on the back.
- Attach a description of the picture in no more than 50 words.
- All prints entered become the property of Australian Consolidated Press.
- Address all entries to "Snap Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- **CLOSING DATE: JANUARY 20, 1960.**

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I love R.G. Spencer

I took her to the movies and then we walked home, the long way, through the park.

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS

Part 3

By MAX SHULMAN

•

MY new girl's real name is Helen Spencer, but I call her R.G. That stands for Rotten Girl, which is exactly what she is. She's the rottenest girl in town, and I'm here to tell you that if there's one thing I know about, it's girls.

I've been going with girls for more than six years, which maybe doesn't seem very long to you, but it's pretty long when you only happen to be fifteen and a half years old, which is what I only happen to be.

When I first started going with girls, the guys in the gang called me a sissy and a pantywaist and like that, but I'm here to tell you they're singing a different tune now. Why, my best friend, Nate Gahagan, came up to me the other day and he said, "Dobie, I'm here to tell you that if I'd known girls were so great, I'd of started taking them out when you did."

Well, that's a proven fact — girls are great. I keep telling my brother Dan — he's ten — that he ought to start taking them out.

"Dan," I keep telling him, "you don't know what you're missing. Girls are the end — the living end!" But Dan won't pay any attention to me. He just keeps hanging around the gym all the time.

Not that I have anything against the gym. In fact, I'm all in favor of athletics and callisthenics and like that. I happen to have a very good built myself. I mean it's kind of a short built, but a good one.

I keep in shape with hand grips, which develop the flexor muscles, and dumbbells, which develop the biceps and triceps, and a set of 75-pound barbells, which develop the trapezius muscle and the latissimus dorsi muscle and the pectoralis major muscle. The bar-bells also develop the muscles of your leg. I don't know their names.

But to get back to girls, I'm here to tell you that there isn't much I don't know about them. I'm not trying to make out I'm a big operator or like that; I'm just telling you a proven fact.

I KNOW all about girls because I learned it the hard way. I made every mistake in the book. You should of seen some of the weird girls I used to take out. Talk about weird—wow!

Every year I got to know more and more what to look for in a girl, and after a while I knew exactly what kind of girl I wanted. Then I found her — R.G. Spencer, the rottenest girl in town.

It's a funny thing about R.G. Spencer. She's been living next door to me for almost a year — the Spencers moved in after the seagulls finally chased away Red Knees Baker and her family.

I think there's some pigeons mixed up with those gulls — carrier pigeons or may be stool pigeons — because the word is sure travelling about that flat roof. I mean lately there's been gulls bringing their clams from all over North America. In fact, Mr. Nankivell picked out a gull specimen the other day which has never been seen south of Greenland before.

Mr. Nankivell, I should explain, is the president of the Bird Watchers' Society. There's twenty-six members, all about a hundred years old, and what they do is they put on knickers and pack a box of lunch and come and sit on the Spencers' lawn every day when the gulls do their dive-bombing.

But to get back to the R.G. Spencer—she's been living next door to me for almost a year, but until a little while ago I hardly even noticed her.

It's like my mother says — you never notice what's right under your nose. My mother isn't too bright, but every now and then she gets off a good one.

R.G. is a real beauty. I mean when it comes to looks, she's the living end! The only thing wrong with her, her eyes are kind of small. I don't mean they're tiny or like that. I just mean they're not as big as some people's eyes.

As far as I'm concerned, I don't hardly notice them. Anyhow, she's only fourteen and her eyeballs are bound to get bigger.

SHE'S got a young sister, Clarissa, age of ten, also with small eyeballs. Clarissa's going to be a beauty, too. I keep telling my brother Dan — he's ten — to get next to Clarissa, but he won't listen to me. I wish I could get it through that kid's head what he's missing.

R.G.'s father is in the hardware game. He's not a bad guy and I guess R.G.'s mother isn't really bad either, but I'll tell you the truth — I wouldn't give you twenty-seven cents for her.

She's always putting on the dog — saying bahth and cahn't and dahnce and like that, and when they have company she gets a maid and candles and all that kind of jazz. You'd think she has solid gold kidneys or something, the way she dogs it all the time. But all the same, she's not a bad woman. I mean she's not rotten like R.G.

I better start at the beginning. I told you R.G. was my next-door neighbor. But I never really noticed her until this one night when I was sitting on the front porch with my family—we sit on the front porch quite a bit—but I looked next door and there was R.G. sitting on her front porch with her family — they sit on their front porch quite a bit, too.

No, that's not quite right. R.G. wasn't sitting on her porch when I first looked over there. She came out later. First there was only her father and mother

● To page 4

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The most beautiful girl in town

● From page 3

and her little sister, Clarissa. She's ten.

Over on our porch there was my father and mother and my brother Dan and me. Dan was pestering me like he always does to let him lift my bar-bells, which I won't because he is only ten.

My father — he's a doctor — told me Dan was too little for my bar-bells, but I knew it anyhow. You have to have a good build like mine to lift 75-pound bar-bells.

But that Dan, you can't tell him anything. "Aw, come on, Dobie," he kept saying.

"No," I said.

"Aw, come on, Dobie," he said.

"No," I said.

Then all of a sudden Mrs. Spencer, R.G.'s mother, called over and said, "Dan, why don't you take Clarissa down to the Sweet Shoppe for ice-cream? I'll treat."

Well, Dan looked up like he couldn't believe his ears, and me, too, because Mrs. Spencer liked Dan about as much as she liked a case of shingles. She'd been browned off at him ever since he dug up her tulip bulbs for kicks last spring.

After a minute the shock passed and Dan said, "I wouldn't be seen with that old Clarissa for all the ice-cream in the world."

"Here, now!" said my father, giving Dan a severe look, only my father doesn't give very good severe looks. He's a quiet mild man.

"Daniel, that wasn't very polite," said my mother, also giving Dan a severe look. She gives a different kind of severe look. She smiles when she does it, but it's a disappointed kind of smile, if you know what I mean.

"Ha, ha," said Clarissa to Dan. "I wouldn't go with you anyhow. You're always so sweaty!"

"Clarissa!" said Mrs. Spencer, giving her a severe look. Mrs. Spencer is the only one in our two families that really gives severe looks. I told you about my mother and father, and as for Mr. Spencer, he never gets severe. He just keeps saying, "Yes, dear," to Mrs. Spencer.

"Dan isn't a bit sweaty," said Mrs. Spencer. "I think he's a nice clean boy. Don't you, Rex?"

Rex is Mr. Spencer. "Yes, dear," he said.

NOW my mother and father gave each other a look because they knew that Mrs. Spencer was up to some hipky-dripky. "Alice," said my father — Alice is Mrs. Spencer—"do I detect an ulterior motive?"

Mrs. Spencer gave a sigh. "I might as well confess," she said. "I'm hoping to persuade Dan to go to dahncing school with Clarissa."

"Dahncing school!" yelled Dan, giving a big hoot. "Me put on white gloves and go to dahncing school and dahnce with girls? You fracture me!"

I got a theory that Dan isn't my real brother and they're keeping it a secret. I think he's a foundling left by a family of great apes.

"But, Alice," said my mother, "surely you can find a more likely prospect than Dan."

"No," said Mrs. Spencer, shaking her head like she was about to bust out bawling. "I've talked to every boy in town. Either they're already enrolled in dahncing school or they're like Dan — they just won't go."

"A girl must go to dahncing school!" said Mrs. Spencer, wringing her hands. "I don't know what I shall do!"

"Why don't you have her destroyed?" said Dan.

I was going to leave right there because if there's anything I hate to see it's a guy blowing a chance to get next to a girl. But at that moment R.G. happened to come out on her porch, and I'm here to tell you, that just stopped me cold!

I'VE got to try to write this down the way it hit me, but when something really hits you that's when it's hardest to put into words. Just the same, I have to try.

The tremendous things that happen to me are nearly always girls, but the result is the same as if they were miracles—which in a way they are. So now I'll try to describe this miracle, or girl to be exact.

I don't know why, but it was like I was seeing R.G. for the first time. I mean I'd seen her a million times before, but all of a sudden I really saw her.

I don't know what made her different; all I know is she was beautiful. She looked light and fresh and kind of glowy.

All of a sudden I felt like I wanted to run to my room and go through my dresser and find the thing I cared for the most and run over and give it to R.G.

I think I might of done it, too, only my folks were there and so were hers, and it would of looked pretty weird.

So instead I just said to her, "Hey, Helen—" this was before I found out she was rotten and started calling her R.G.—"Hey, Helen," I said, "there's been some talk about going down to the Sweet Shoppe for ice-cream, how about it?"

"Gee, I don't know," she said, putting her fingertip under her chin and cocking her head kind of thoughtfully. Girls are always doing that, but to tell you the truth, it had never bothered me before, one way or the other.

But when I saw R.G. do it, I flipped. I'm here to tell you I just plain flipped! I couldn't hardly wait to get her away from all our families so I could start making time with her.

"Aw, come on," I said, giving her a smile. I happen to have a very nice smile. I'm not bragging; it's just something I happen to have, just like I happen to have very large hands.

I mean I'm not trying to tell you I'm a Greek god or like that. I mean whoever heard of a Greek god my height?

"Well—" she said, and I could tell she was going to say yes, when all of a sudden Mrs. Spencer had to open her mouth. "All the children will go for ice-cream," she said, and before anybody could say no, she had us all going down the street together. You got to give her this: she's persistent.

Well, I wanted Dan and Clarissa along like I wanted a wart on my nose, but they didn't turn out to be too much trouble after all. They stayed behind us, sticking out their tongues at each other and like that, so R.G. and I had a little privacy anyway.

I walked real close to her and talked to her in this kind of soft voice that I use when I snow girls. Yes, I admit it. I started in to do a snow job on R.G.—just pour on the old con a mile a minute.

But the funny thing is: when I started to snow her, it turned out I was telling the truth! I meant every living word I said!

"Helen," I said to her, "you're the most beautiful girl in town."

"Oh, snow!" she said to me.

"No," I said. "Cross my heart. Except for your little eyes, you got the best features of any girl in town."

"Honest, Dobie?" she said. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Honest," I said and I took her hand.

She didn't try to take it back either, but my brother Dan saw it and he started making such a big hoo-ha that I let go of it.

"I think you're attractive too," she said. "You have a very nice smile."

(What did I tell you?)

"And," she said, "you have a good build."

"So do you," I said, and she really did.

"Can you go out at night?" I asked R.G.

"Till ten on Wednesdays and till eleven on Fridays and Saturdays," she said.

"Will you go out with me on Wednesday night?" I asked.

"Uh, huh," she said.

"And Friday?"

"Uh, huh."

"And Saturday?"

"Uh, huh."

We were getting close to the ice-cream store. "I love you," I said.

She didn't say anything and she didn't look at me.

We were right in front of the store now. "Do you love me?" I asked.

"I think so," she said, and we couldn't go into it any further because Dan and Clarissa were pushing us into the Sweet Shoppe.

We couldn't talk on the way home because my ape-man brother wanted to play leap-frog.

All the same, we didn't get a chance to talk. That had to wait till we went on our date Wednesday night. I took her to the movies and then we walked home, the long way, through the park.

I told her again that I loved her, which was the truth, and I asked her again did she love me.

"Well, I think so," she said for the second time, and frankly I got a little browned off.

"What kind of an answer is that?" I said, giving her a severe look. "Either you love me or you don't. Which is it?"

"Well, I think I do," she said, "but isn't it too early to tell? I mean shouldn't we talk for a while and find out what we have in common? After all, isn't love when you have a lot in common?"

"No, sir," I said, shaking my head real hard. "Love is when you flip!"

WELL, she admitted that I made her flip, but all the same she wanted to talk and find out what we had in common. So we talked. We talked that night, and we talked Friday night at the Hi-Y dance, and we talked Saturday night at the basketball game, and I'm here to tell you that in the whole history of the world there were never two people who had so much in common.

We agreed about everything—every single thing! We had the same favorite song and the same favorite movie star and television show. It was just the living end how we agreed.

Like I'd say to her, "What's your favorite sport?"

And she'd say, "Leapfrog."

And I'd say, "Me, too!"

Then she'd say, "What's your favorite disease?"

And I'd say, "Gout."

And she'd say, "Me, too!"

Then I'd say, "What's your favorite food?"

And she'd say, "Licorice."

And I'd say, "Me, too!"

And so on and on and on. So I said to her after we'd been agreeing about everything for three solid nights, "Well," I said, "now do you know if you love me?"

"I love you," she said.

I could hardly talk then, my throat was so full of something warm and lumpy, but I made a little speech anyhow. I said, "I love you and I always will. I think you're the living end, and I'll never go with any other girl."

Then she said, "I think you're the living end, too, and I'll never go with any other boy."

Then we kissed.

Three days later—three short days—that rotten girl was going with another boy.

Here's what happened. There's this house across the street that's been empty for a couple of months. Finally it got rented to some people named Armitage. They moved in on Monday morning—Mr. and Mrs. Armitage and their son Milton, age of fifteen.

Milton Armitage is the kind of guy that you only have to look at him once. I mean even my brother Dan—you know what a knot-head he is—he took one look at this Milton and he said, "Brother, there goes a creep." I mean it's that obvious.

But creep or not, he took my girl away from me. You know what he had? Now, in the second half of the twentieth century, in the Atomic Age, do you know what Milton Armitage had?

A bicycle built for two, for Pete's sake!

Big deal! A bicycle built for two! But when Milton wheeled it out of his driveway and started pedalling around and waving and giggling and simpering like somebody from the lower orders, I can tell you that R.G. flipped!

I was watching her from my porch, and I saw her get red and short of breath and like that, and, boy, I knew there was going to be trouble. I knew it in my bones.

SURE enough, when I came to get her for our date Wednesday night, all I got was the deep six. "You must be mistaken," she said to me, looking at her fingernails. "I have no recollection of making a date for tonight."

"Let me refreshen your memory," I said. "Do you have a recollection of saying you'd never go with any boy but me?"

"Mmm, let me think," she said and put her finger under her chin and cocked her head in that particular way that always makes me flip.

Right at that minute what I wanted to do most in the world was take her in my arms and give her forty thousand kisses. But I also wanted to give her a shot right in her little eyes.

"You know darn well you said it," I told her. "How can you talk like that to me and three days later go out with that creep Milton Armitage?"

"Milton happens to be a very nice boy," she said, giving me a severe look.

"I'll tell you what you happen to be," I said. I was good and sore now. "You happen to be a rotten girl, and that's what I'm going to call you from now on—R.G., for Rotten Girl."

But I'll tell you something.

Even on the night she left me for Milton Armitage, down deep I knew she was good, and if I could only spend some time with her—get her alone, talk to her, show her how much we had in common and how we made each other flip—I knew if I could do that, I'd get her back.

But the trick was to spend some time with her. Wednesday night she went pedalling off with Armitage. Friday night again. Saturday night, too.

Each night when they got home I hid in the bush by R.G.'s porch and listened to them giggle and whisper and like that. It's a good thing he didn't try to kiss her, because I would of leapt out of the bushes and wrapped that bicycle around his pointy head.

Well, I'm here to tell you that except maybe in famine areas and like that, you couldn't of found a more miserable person than me. It was just day after day of pure black misery, and I really shudder to think what might of happened if I hadn't of got this brilliant idea on Tuesday night.

I was sitting on my porch with my family. R.G. was sitting on her porch with her family. Across the street O.L. Armitage was sitting on the porch with his family.

That's what I was calling Milton by then—O.L., for Old Loathsome. R.G.

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The teenager—

What of 1960?

● *The 1950s saw the evolution of "The Teenager"—a live-wire phenomenon, an individual earnestly conforming to a group in an aim to be "different." For how long? What's happening on the 1960 teen scene?*

IN FRANCE . . .

by MARCELLE POIRIER

● **Here there are two trends developing fast—the girl-soldier look and the romantic look.**

THE girl-soldier look is adapted from Brigitte Bardot's latest film, "Babette Goes to War" . . . trenchcoats and berets, battle-bowler hats, and suits with pockets like those of an officer's uniform teamed up with a 1925 hair-style — a side parting, a quiff over the forehead, and a slide.

The 18- and 19-year-olds, however, have gone all out for romantic styles —centre partings, swathes of hair falling Bronte-style over the forehead and piled high and smooth at the back, fur-trimmed suits, and shirt-waist dresses with angora collars.

But the rock-'n-rollers and the jazz fans still like their trousered costumes for jam sessions.

In Paris we are practically beatnik immune.

The forerunners of the beat generation, the Existentialists, disappeared from the Paris scene at the beginning of the 'fifties, leaving behind only a costume — blue jeans, sloppy-joes, and long rat-tailed hair.

This costume was adopted by the under-twenties and in particular by students because it was comfortable and economical. Now it is only rarely seen outside the Quartier Latin, where it still lingers because it doesn't strain students' budgets.

For the past few years we have been through an acute film-star period, and Paris has teemed with false Bardots, imitation Pascale Petits, and ersatz Jean Sebergs.

When Bardot adopted gingham, gingham dresses flowered everywhere.

When Pascale Petit took to wearing antelope suits and motor coats, real and imitation antelope suits and motor jackets were everywhere.

When Jean Seberg adopted a wig, the chewed-off hairstyles of her Joan of Arc period disappeared.

In keeping with the romantic look, manners which for the past few years have been kept strictly for family and school use are now being aired as "the thing."

It has always been the fashion in good-class French homes to have girls bob a curtsy when greeting their elders, and the latest snobbism is to do this even when the parental eye is turned away.

Boys are beginning to kiss the hands of their romantically dressed girl-friends rather than greet them with a casual salute.

IN AMERICA . . .

by LARRY FOLEY

● **Whatever the reason, the American teenager is definitely cleaning up.**

GIRLS wear flowing box-pleated skirts instead of the tight and provocative skirts of yesteryear. Jeans are absolutely out.

Now girls favor well-tailored slacks with a neat, tapered look, in plaids or plain colors.

These are worn with a sweater, not a sloppy-joe, but a demure item with a "bateau" neck.

Another fashion is "The Chanel Look," which features a garment like a blazer jacket without lapels.

The ducktail is out for boys and the ponytail is out for girls. Only "beat" girls and kids under ten wear ponytails now.

Teenage boys now prefer crew-cuts, and teenage girls go in for the short, cropped style, which they think is more grown-up.

"If this trend keeps up," said a soured adult, "American teenagers could soon begin to look quite human."

IN BRITAIN . . .

by BRIAN GIBSON

● **This winter the American look has caught on with the British teenager.**

THAT sloppy, couldn't-care-less look which the beatniks brought with them from Paris is finished, just like the beatniks. Also out is the Italian look which made such an invasion among teenagers during the summer months.

Instead, the girls are favoring brightly colored sweaters and long woolly jackets. Knee-length socks are also becoming popular.

And on the average girl this kind of outfit looks a lot better than the drab black garb they wore during the beatnik craze.

Teenage boys are going for the college-boy look.

They like the Ivy League jackets and colored slacks and their hair-styles are taking on the crew-cut or Perry Como look.

A buyer in a large firm which specialises in teenager dress for both sexes said: "This change towards conventional dress probably comes from the fact that boys and girls now like to see each other dressing smartly."

The British teenager is also becoming more conventional in his leisure time. There's been a large drop in the sales of "pop" records while sales of classical film sound-tracks and softer ballads have been steadily mounting. Rock is still in, but it's becoming more subdued.

Teenagers are also taking an avid interest in keeping Britain's theatres alive by their attendance.

A manager of a provincial theatre said: "Teenagers have literally been keeping this place open during the bad period we've been going through.

"Perhaps, because they're constantly on the look-out for something new, they've suddenly 'adopted' the theatre."

IN AUSTRALIA . . .

by CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● **At first glance, the Australian teenager seems to have disappeared.**

THERE are no more black-stockinged beats; no more leather-jerkined and be-jeaned rock-'n-rollers. It's too darned hot. It's summer.

And that mass of brown bodies lying on the sand of a weekend, they could be any age.

But take a closer look.

That girl in the skimpy pink bikini, couldn't her two Italian-looking plaits have been the Brigitte Bardot hair-nest that we saw during the winter?

And the crew-cuts on that group of boys, just diving into the surf.

They're quick-drying for summer, but for winter that hair was probably long, dripping into side-boards after the Elvis tradition.

Yes. In dress and fashion, the teenager has become practical and, apart from the girls' long socks and bermuda shorts, looks no different from an adult!

In social behaviour, too, the teenager is conforming to his parents' pattern.

The party is no longer the rock-'n-roll do, it's the ubiquitous barbecue.

But listen closely. Above the roar of the surf, the ticking-over of the souped-up car, the clang of the beach-bound tram, isn't that the sound of music?

It is. The summer has driven our teenager out-of-doors, but he still has music wherever he goes. It comes from the pocket-sized transistor radio.

And it's tuned to rock-'n-roll of the new and wildest sort.

Here's where Australian teenagers differ from their French, British, and American counterparts, who are plugging for the quieter ballad with a beat.

Formerly our youngsters slavishly followed American and European trends.

But that was before Dig Richards, Johny O'Keefe, and Col Joye started to beat up the overseas idols and establish themselves firmly on the local market. Television has a lot to do with their popularity.

And Australian teenage idols on TV and disc still call the tune to rock-'n-roll.

So that's what we'll get again this year.

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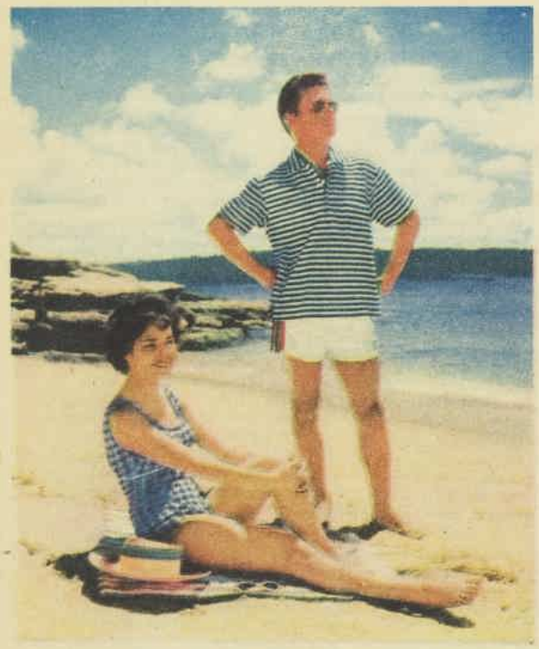
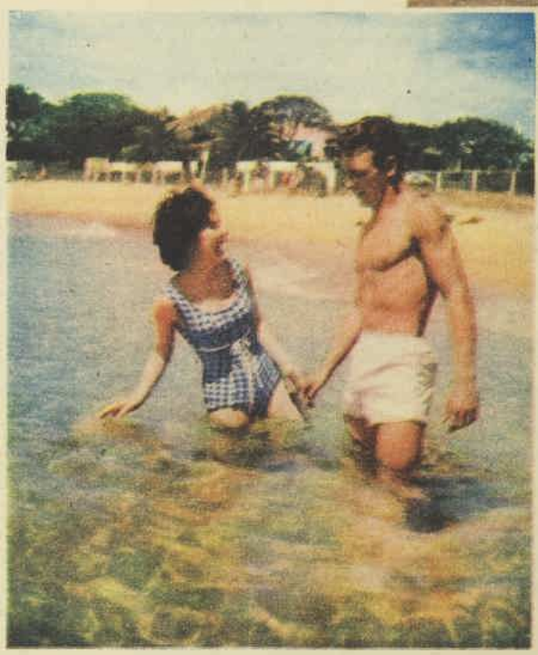
The "Latin look" for the

YOUNG MAN IN THE SUN

His new-season's casuals are cool, colorful and smart. The fashionable young man-about-town is sporting the latest Mediterranean-style clothes; his suntan is the perfect foil for the "Latin look." And SHE likes it.



BEACH BEAU Robert Smith chooses a towelling shirt that's really terrific. The beach belle is Reyna Cohen, of Sydney; her brother Barry supplied all these clothes.



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE. And that's reasonable, because Robert's quick-drying red-and-white-striped poplin swim shorts (for the beach, they're simply smart) are meant to get wet.

NOTE THAT NECKL fastening is newsworth made of loosely woven long-short sleeves. Th

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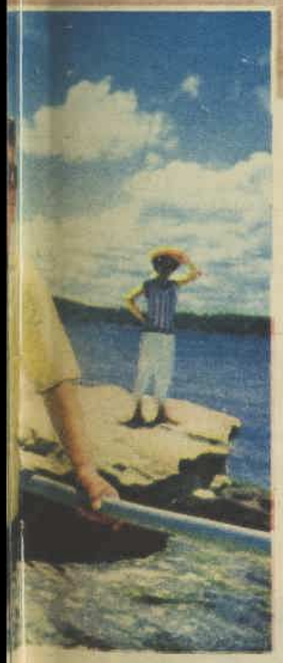
FEET FIRST into fashion: her admiring eyes are fixed on his soft suede shoes. And the color (mustard) is just right for our summer sun.



NE, because the lariat . So is Robert's shirt; it's otton with an easy fit and is sure to catch her eye.

VERY ITALIAN, NO? Yes, Peter Joseph's sports coat — with the new half-belt at the back — is as Italian as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Reyna likes that Continental look, too.

FREE AND EASY are the words to describe Peter's comfortable murky-green knitted cotton shirt. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Young people, starting their first jobs, are usually showered with good advice from all directions—family, friends, teachers, and employers all have a word to say on How to Get Ahead in Life. Sorting it all out can be a bit confusing, but here's something that everybody will agree on . . .

Wherever you're heading in life, whatever you want to do, up-to-date knowledge of what's going on in the world will help you. Make sure your mental horizons are as broad as you can make them by reading the Daily Telegraph regularly.

Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "the latest" in fashion and sport . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs . . . the Telegraph reflects, accurately and vividly, the world we live in. Don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!

Daily Telegraph

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Heartless 14

"EVERY morning I go to school with a boy of 14, whom I like very much. I am 14, too. Last month I introduced him to a girl in my class, who also likes him. She kept on sending him notes, and he finally got to like her, but the day after she succeeded in getting him off me she dropped him. He asked her out twice, but she refused him. She now hates him and thinks he is a bat, just because she saw his boyfriend, who is quite good-looking; she likes him now. She left the first boy out on a limb. Because of her behaviour towards him I have lost him, but I would very much like him back, because I love him. Do you think I could get him back, and will I tell the girl off, or just let it be?"

G.S., S.A.

You are so wise when you ask if you will just let it be. That is just what you should do.

You haven't a hope of getting him back if you try. The only hope you have is to keep quiet about the whole thing and let nature take its course. If you do this, it may turn out the way you want it to, it may not. I hope it doesn't for a couple of years—you are too young to get so worked up about a love affair.

Love behind bars

"I WAS going with a boy for six months until he went to prison 14 months ago. I write once a week and I am wondering if I should wait for him without going out with any other boys or enjoy myself until he comes out. He has got another 10 months to go, and this is his second time in. Do you think that this will be his last time in, because in his letters he seems to have improved and I like him a lot. I am only 16 and my mother thinks the world of him."

"Doubtful," W.A.

Your problem seems to me to be far too weighty for the slender shoulders of a sixteen-year-old. I really think you should go out with other boys while this boy is in prison. You'd be more sure of your feelings then when you see him again.

I don't know whether or not he'll change. I don't know enough about him. Officials try to help boys rehabilitate themselves while they are in prison, and are sometimes successful. But you'll have to make your own decision about what you are going to do.

All I have to say is don't get carried away with pity for him and with a picture of yourself as the only girl in the world who can help him. That sort of attitude would harm both you and him.

Good idea

"MY problem is that my father disagrees with me having a few mixed friends in the house. I am 16½, the only one in the family. Would this have anything to do with it? I have left school and am working in an office. My friends come from very good families, all of whom my parents know, and yet still my father will not let me entertain them. My mother agrees with me and thinks it is a very good idea. I live in a small town with only a few young people in it. This makes me think all the more that we should mix together. Also, do you think I am old enough to go to the pictures with a boy?"

Janet, N.S.W.

I think you must have asked your father's permission to have your friends at home at a bad time—some time when he was cranky with the whole world. But, as you have your mother on your side, I don't think it will be long before he gives his permission.

Having friends at home is just the nicest way to entertain, whether you live in the city or the country. And parents are generally flattered that you like them and your home well enough to want your friends around with them. I wouldn't press the point too hard with your father; get your mother to say a word for you quietly.

And yes, I do think you are old enough to go to the pictures with a boy.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

NEW YEAR resolutions are often gay nothings that you never intend to keep, born in a froth of excitement.

But what about a new New Year personality? Throw that old one with the nasty edges away and give everyone a surprise.

All you have to do is remember and practise that old kindergarten rule — if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all. It works wonders.

Soon you'll be known as the girl who never says anything nasty about anyone, which is the very nicest reputation any girl can have.

The reward for you is more friends, more parties, more fun. Worth it?

Young Dan comes to the rescue

● From page 4

and O.L. were grinning and waving their fingers at each other. I was just hunched in a chair wishing I was dead.

I'll tell you who else was miserable—Mrs. Spencer. She looked like somebody'd been hitting her with a mallet for six weeks.

"What's the matter, Alice?" said my mother to her. "Are the gulls getting you down?" My mother always gets real concerned when somebody looks bad. My father's a doctor, so he doesn't care.

"Oh, dear, it's not that," said Mrs. Spencer, more crying than talking. "I've looked everywhere and I cahn't find a boy who will go to dahncing school with Clarissa. Oh, what am I to do? A girl must have dahncing school!"

My mother looked at my brother Dan.

"No!" yelled Dan.

Mrs. Spencer looked at Dan.

"No!" he yelled. "No, sir! I'll kill myself if you try to send me to dancing school!"

THAT'S when I got this brilliant idea.

"Dan," I said, "come here. I want to talk to you." I took him inside where nobody could hear us. "Dan," I said, "how would you like to work out with my bar-bells?"

"What?" he said, standing there with his mouth open.

"I mean it," I said. "You can work out every day."

"Dad won't let me," he said.

"We won't tell him," I said.

"What do I have to do?" he said.

"Go to dancing school with Clarissa," I said.

"No," he said.

"That's the deal," I said. "Take it or leave it."

Dan thought for a minute and then he got a kind of a shrewd look. I was surprised, because I'd never seen him before with a shrewd look. "That's not the whole deal," he said. "There's a little blackmail, too, isn't there?"

To tell you the truth, I was so pleased to see Dan smartening up that I didn't even deny it. "Sure," I said. "If R.G. doesn't give up Armitage and come back to me, then you don't take Clarissa to dancing school. It's a package deal, see?"

"I see," said Dan. "You get R.G. and I get the bar-bells."

"Deal?" I said.

"Deal," Dan said.

We shook hands and went back outside.

"Mrs. Spencer," I said to Mrs. Spencer, "do you think that if I could talk Dan into going to dancing school, you could talk R.G. into going out with me on Wednesday night?"

"I will not!" said R.G.

"But of course you will, dear," said Mrs. Spencer, giving her the severest look I ever saw her give anybody.

"How about Friday night, too?" I said.

"Mother—" said R.G.

"Shut up," said Mrs. Spencer. "She'll be glad to go out with you Friday night, Dobie."

"And Saturday?" I said. I figured three days would do it for sure.

"But of course," said Mrs. Spencer.

"Ah," I said and gave a big smile. "Dan," I said, "will you go to dancing school with Clarissa?"

"Sure," said Dan.

Our mother and father were giving us some pretty sharp looks, but Mrs. Spencer was practically off her rocker with joy. "Oh, this is mahvellous, mahvellous!" she kept saying. "I'm going in right now and make lemonade and cookies for everybody!"

Dan pulled me aside. "Hey," he said.

"Yeah?" I said.

"Let's go up to your room and work out on the bar-bells now," he said.

"Now?" I said. "But it's so late. Let's start tomorrow."

"Now," he said.

"But Mrs. Spencer's making lemonade," I said.

"Now," he said, "or the whole deal's off."

So I took him up to my room and pulled the shades and took my 75-pound knurled grip bar-bells out of the closet.

"The secret about lifting bar-bells is this," I said. "You got to use your whole body, not just your arms. Here, I will demonstrate the military press."

I DEMONSTRATED the military press.

"Gee!" said Dan. "Let me try it."

"All right," I said, "but be very careful."

"I will," said Dan and lifted the bar-bells and dropped them right on his foot and let out such a yell that the whole town must of heard it.

My father came running into the room with my mother and everybody right behind him. My father took off Dan's shoe and sock and examined his foot real carefully.

"Serious?" asked my mother, who was standing there looking real pasty and nervous.

My father kind of shrugged. "Fractured toe," he said. "Maybe two."

"Oh, my baby!" cried my mother, grabbing Dan to her bust. "Oh, my poor baby!"

"Can he dance?" I asked.

"What?" said my father, giving me a severe look.

I mean really a severe look. "Dance? Of course he can't dance!"

"How soon do you think he can?" I asked my father in a friendly way.

"Weeks. Maybe months," he said.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Spencer, biting her handkerchief.

Dan looked up at me. "I'm sorry, Dobie," he said and he really was.

I patted his shoulder. "It's okay, kid," I said. "I'm sorry about your foot."

Then I walked slowly out of the room, and out of the house and down the street, not knowing where I was going, and not caring either because nothing else mattered if I couldn't get R.G. back, which I knew now that I couldn't.

Well, I'm here to tell you I was wrong. I got R.G. back. I took her out Wednesday night and Friday and Saturday night, and, just like I thought, she found out again how much we had in common and how we made each other flip, and she gave up Old Loathsome Armitage and came back to me.

But I'm here to tell you that for a while it was touch and go. One little detail came close to lousing up the whole deal. I almost couldn't get a pair of white gloves to fit me. See, I have these very big hands. I don't mean they're freakish or like that; they're just very big. You know—manly. But I finally found some white gloves that fit.

What do I need with white gloves? Are you kidding? Who do you think is taking Clarissa to dancing school?

NEXT WEEK: The trouble with Truebloo d Eaton.

This series of stories is from Max Shulman's book "I Was a Teenage Dwarf," by arrangement with the publisher, Bernard Geis Associates.

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HAIR UNDER REPAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Going without a hat and a bathing cap in summer may be fun, but don't forget while you're doing it that the heat and salt water can make havoc of your hair.

FAIR hair bleaches to a soiled-looking beige and dark locks are apt to get dull and dry and become very hard to set.

What can be done to stop all this wear and tear?

Generally, give your hair more brushings and shampoos, and, if you still plan to spend a good deal of time outdoors, reasonable protection.

Unless you've discovered some magic cap that keeps your hair bone-dry even if you dive, always run some fresh water over your hair to remove any salt water before letting it dry. Then the actual shampoo can come later.

You can make your brushwork really brisk, sweeping the bristles (nylon is a bit harsh for dry hair) from the scalp down to the ends of the hair. This nudges lazy oil glands into action, and also cleans the hair of daily dust which gathers readily in hot weather, because you perspire more then.

MASSAGE is really beneficial when it's done correctly. After you've finished, your scalp should feel warm and glowing for quite a long time.

BRUSH. Bend over and roll the hairbrush into your hair smoothly, covering the full length of each strand until the whole head is done.

A few minutes of scalp massage, a wondrous thing whether or not the hair is out of kilter, should follow each brushing, but it's no good just rubbing the head and pretending to massage.

To do any good the scalp should be pressed lightly and firmly in all-over circular sweeps, using the pads of your fingers and the palms of your hands.

Bend the head down and begin at the nape of the neck. Work around the base of the ears, then straight up the back of the head to the crown, and finally all over the top of the head.

Make sure you lift your scalp and not simply your hands.

The treatment for sun in your hair is oil, oil, and more oil, and you need to get going with it right away. Simply make a parting in your hair and rub in a little warm olive oil on a piece of cottonwool. Then make another parting an inch away and do the same thing. Repeat all over your head.

Next wring out a towel in hot water and wrap it round your head to coax the oil into the scalp. Leave for 10 minutes, then massage your head with the fingertips, moving the scalp well, and shampoo in the ordinary way.

An alternative is to have a reconditioning treatment at a hairdresser's if you can run to the extra outlay.

SHAMPOO. Get your hair and scalp really clean and healthy by shampooing vigorously every seven or ten days in hot and humid weather.

LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

Crash Craddock

Tommy Sands

Local talent: Sydney baritone **Donald Wall** makes his disc debut with "Just For Today" (Festival LP), a selection of ten sacred and semi-sacred songs, with pipe organ accompaniment by **Tom Leah.** "Bless This House," "I'll Walk Beside You," The Lord's Prayer, and the 23rd Psalm.

IT'S a strict Victor Silvester tempo and no fooling about when veteran Wurlitzer organist **Wilbur Kentwell** returns to his earlier love, the piano, with "Get Rhythm In Your Feet" (Columbia LP). He very pleasantly runs through nearly 60 old favorites dating from the early 'twenties onwards.

Rock: Who's the big new rock sensation? Well, **Crash Craddock,** of course, with his double-sided hit disc "Boom Boom Baby"—"Don't Destroy Me" (Coronet 45). Crash (who used to be Bill) is 6ft. tall, got his name through his bulldozing tactics on the football field at school in Greensboro, North Carolina. Crash is 19, and already has a fan club here. Its president is Miss Kay Morgan, sister of Olympic swimmer Sandra Morgan. Address: 22 Viola St., Punchbowl, Sydney.

ANOTHER young man who can hardly fail to be a big name in the coming year is 16-year-old New York rocker **Johnny Restivo** (cousin of film star Anthony Franciosa). If you aren't personally acquainted, the remedy is an R.C.A. 45, with Johnny beating his way through "I Like Girls" and talking his way into your heart with "Dear Someone."

Pops: Due for release on January 1 is a **Sammy Davis Jnr.** Festival 45 of the old romantic favorite "The World Is Mine Tonight," from his album "Here's Lookin' At You," and a slow dream ballad, "The Nearness of You."

NEW U.S. balladist **Bob Beckham,** a former National Service paratrooper and Arthur Godfrey Show guitarist, proves to have a controlled, maturely robust voice and an appealing way with a song: "Just As Much As Ever"—"Your Sweet Love" (Festival 45). You'll be hearing more of him.

TOMMY SANDS, whom it is always a pleasure to listen to, is at his hard-to-top best on his latest Capitol 45. The romantic-plus oldie, "I'll Be Seeing You" — "That's the Way I Am." With Nelson Riddle's orchestra.

Classics: Bizet was only 17 when he composed his symphony "L'Arlesienne" as incidental music to "The Girl From Arles," a play by his French compatriot Daudet. But the music was not performed until 1935, 60 years after the composer's death. **Herbert von Karajan,** conducting the **Philharmonia Orchestra,** gives this delicate and sunny work a happy reading. Columbia LP.

Jazz: With the "Jazz Goes To College" man, **Dave Brubeck,** due for a four-State (and Newcastle) Australian tour in March, there's a timely LP release from Coronet—"Gone With the Wind," with the Brubeck quartet in fine spontaneous form playing a selection of old Southern tunes. Two versions of "Camptown Races" are included, one a first-take from the recording session, and the second featuring more of Joe Morello's West Indian drum rhythm.

Our pin-up:

LONNIE LEE

LONNIE LEE is one role ahead in the rock-'n-roll business. While other local singers are making their debut, Lonnie is making his comeback. At 19.

Lonnie had already tucked away a tidy slice of pop-singing in Sydney when two years ago he left his job as a bank clerk, took up his guitar and his real name — Laurie Rich — and went to work on his father's 6000-acre property near Moree.

When he recently returned to Sydney he remembered he'd once met the now-famous Johnny O'Keefe, and fortunately Johnny remembered Lonnie.

That was on a Thursday. On the Friday Lonnie Lee sang on the radio rock show "Rockville Junction." On the Saturday night he appeared on "6 O'clock Rock." And on the following Monday he made two recordings.

Then he appeared on the Big Show with Fabian. He HAD made a comeback.

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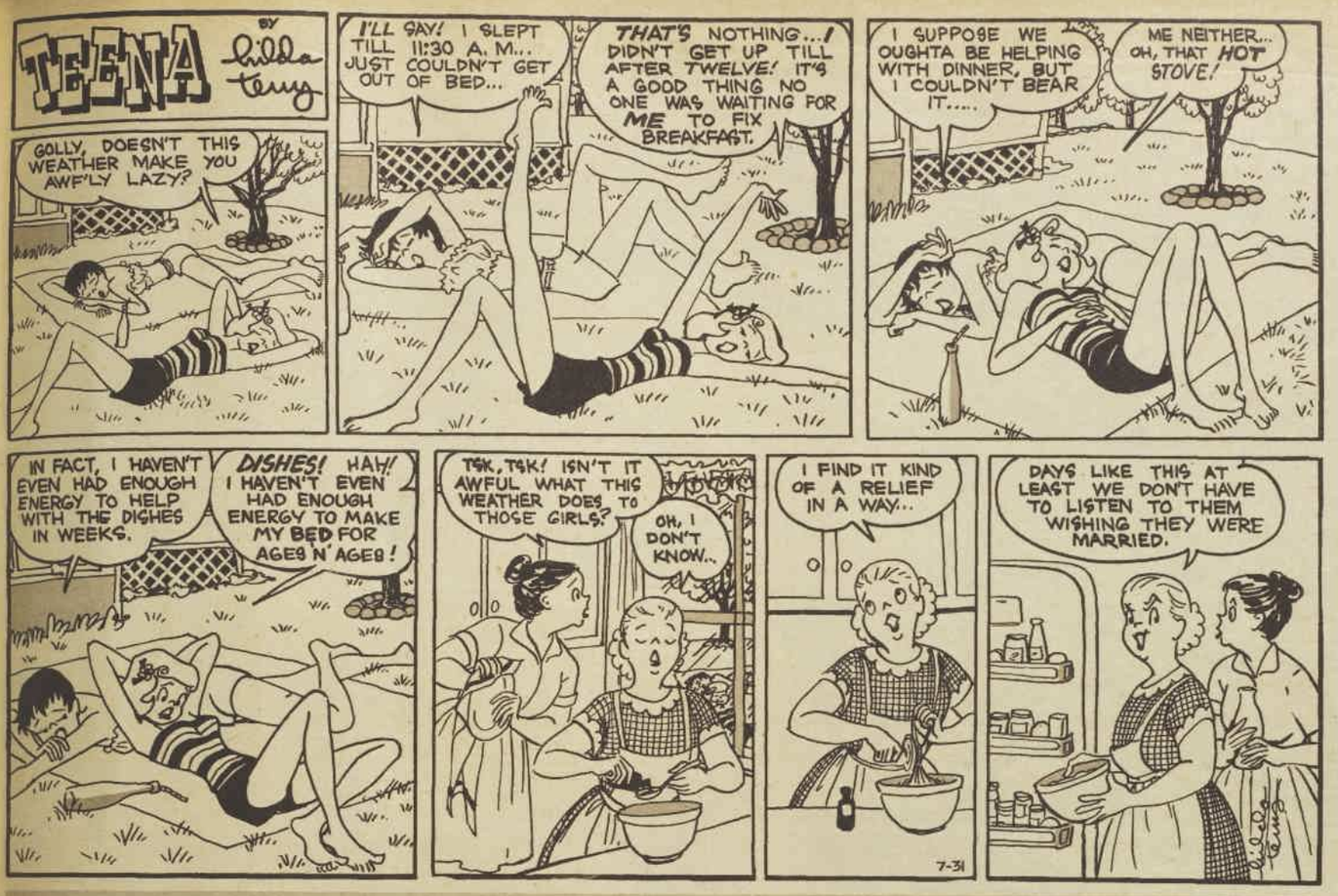

A GUY on 1960 dates lists some...

New DEAR resolutions!

● Ring out the old year, ring in the new — and ring out the ring-ins!

NO, I haven't got bats in my belfry—it's just that I've had bats in my **belle-fry!**

What I'm trying to say is that for my dates on dates in 1960 I'm going to try to pick and choose every chick I use.

That's the theme of my resolutions for dealings with my dears in the New Year. Yes, sir (and madam), the miss-takes I made dating in 1959 will be backdates.

Things will look up because that's just what I'm going to do with lasses who become prospective playmates — look up their character and background.

This behaviour is not as snooty as it may appear.

My research will also benefit the girls. For, of course, if I investigate a lass and find out that I'm probably not her type (I know it's crazy, but some girls **don't** like me) I'll make sure that never the twain shall meet, for her sake.

So, among other things, I resolve that there'll be no blind dates.

Actually, I've never seen eye to eye with the idea of a date partner being really an unknown quantity. (And I'm sure girls don't like it either.) For both parties the escort that eventuates is too often a horrible sight for sore eyes.

After all, a date, to succeed, requires a certain foreknowledge of each other's habits, likes, and dislikes. The blind date, in which the pair don't know each other from Adam (or Eve), obviously can lead both parties into a really blind alley.

So, for my money (and it's always my money, unless I strike a lass who's willing to go "Dutch!"), this year I'm going to beat off with a white stick all blind dates!

What I'll do is carry out a bit of "seeing-eye" dog-tracking on a proposed blind date. That's about the only way I can visualise myself seeing eye to eye with a sight-unseen colleen.

And just as some blokes resolve to give up smoking as a New Year idea, I'm going to give up a sort of smoking — **smoking out** reluctant dates!

The girl I refer to — and used to **defer** to — is the lass who plays so hard to get she becomes hard to take! She's the girl who always has to "think about" a date.

Well, I've figured out that, in years gone by, during the time I've spent waiting for this girl to make up her mind I could have gone out with half a dozen more quick-thinking lasses.

So no more procrastinating dating, if you please, girls. Or, as the old saying goes, don't put off until tomorrow what WE can do today!

Another date who was great for '58, fine for '59 — but who is now a creep dear for this Leap Year—is the lass who makes me wait for a date.

Look at it this way: time is passing me by (I'm a year older in February). I just can't afford to wait around for dates to show up.

So, because my time is precious, I'd like to spend as much of it as possible with my precious for the night.

I've sounded pretty tough, haven't I? But, of course, we all know I'll probably forget those resolutions just as quickly as my girls forget me.

And not just because it's traditional for everyone to forget his or her New Year's plans. I've got to **scrub** mine, really.

Why?

Simply because if I **did** get the perfect dates I've made a plea for there'd be nothing to write about in the columns for 1960. And no column, no pin-money — and no dates, not even imperfect ones.

So a happy New Year to you—just as you always have been.

—Robin Adair

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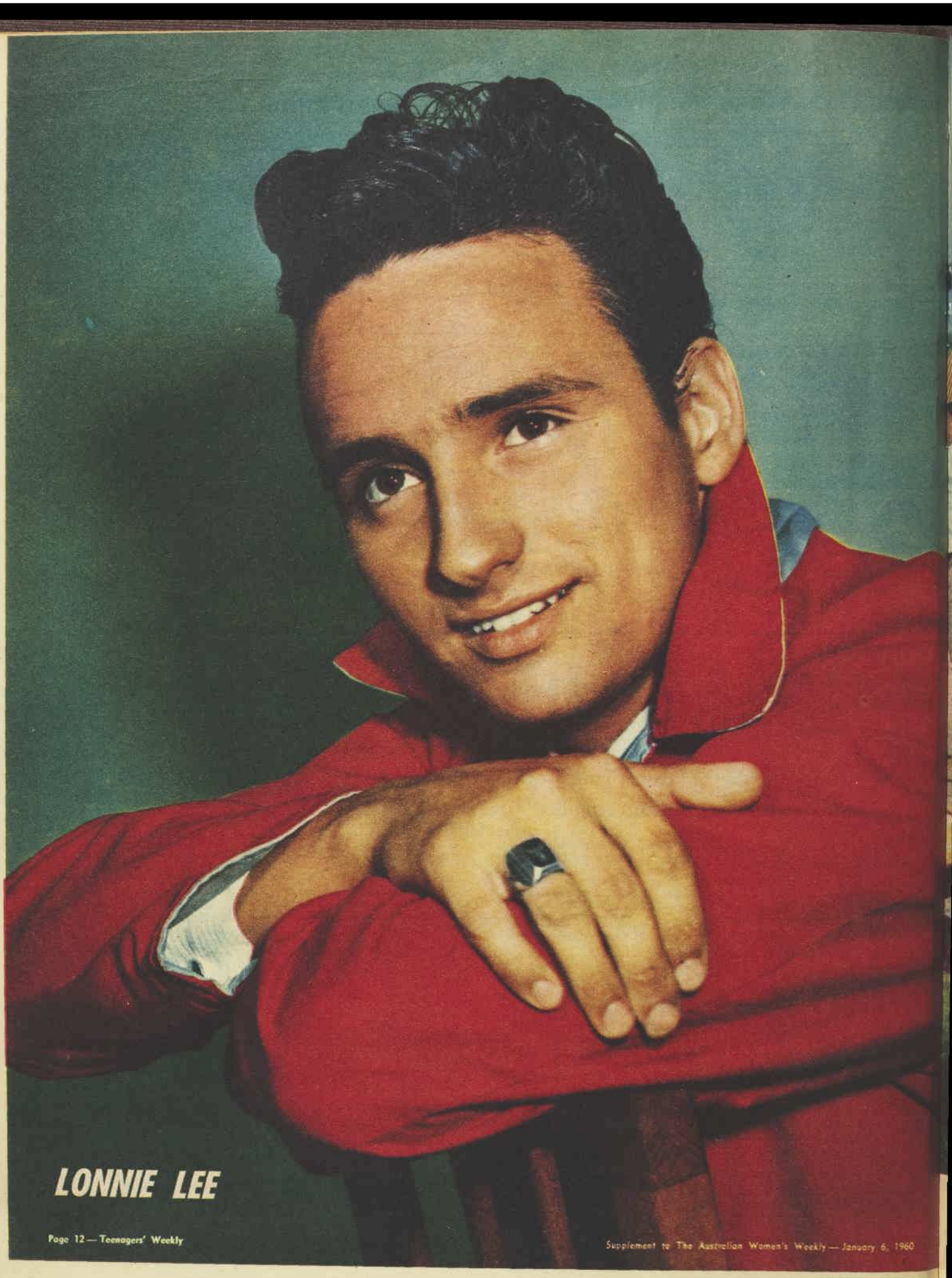

LONNIE LEE

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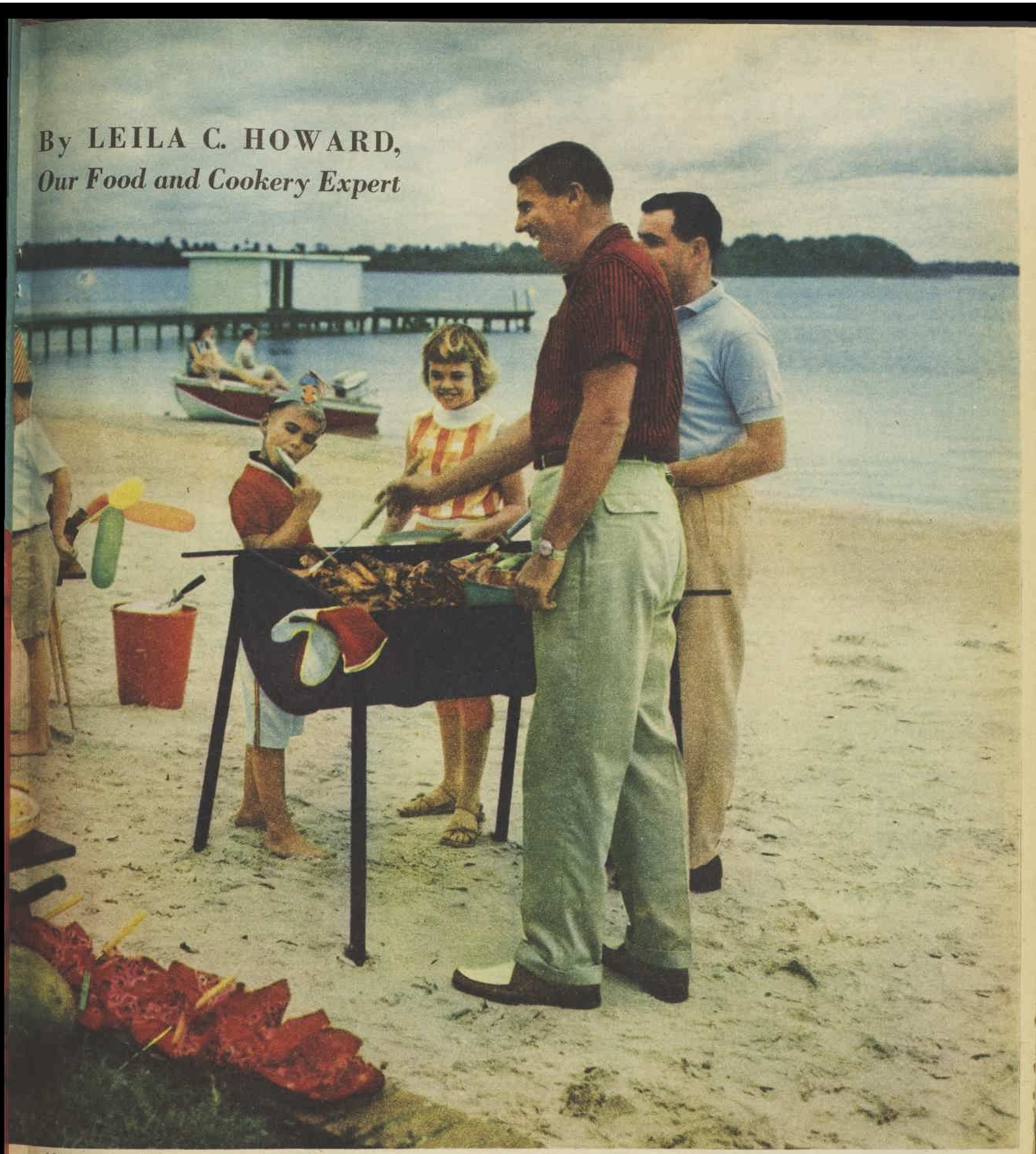

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Melt shortening, add chopped onion and crushed garlic. Cook until onion is lightly browned. Add soup, sauce, sugar, mustard, vinegar, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Rub through coarse strainer or strain before using.

WHOLE KERNEL CORN

Three or 4 large tins whole kernel corn, 2 tablespoons good shortening, salt and pepper (some cayenne pepper can be added for adults).

Open corn, heat in its own liquid, drain liquid off. Place corn in pan, add shortening, and toss over heat until shortening is melted and well mixed with corn. Season with salt and pepper.

CABBAGE-PINE SLAW

Six cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 cup finely chopped celery and green and red pepper mixed together, 2 cups shredded or chopped pineapple, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon dry mustard.

Combine cabbage, celery, red and green pepper, and pineapple. Toss well to mix. Sprinkle with sugar and salt, set aside in a cool place for 1 hour. Mix mayonnaise, lemon juice, and mustard. Pour over cabbage-pineapple mixture, stir or toss to mix. Carry in plastic container or covered dish.

MAGNIFIED OUTDOOR APPETITES can be satisfied by serving foods such as those illustrated above. Recipes for complete menu are given.

PICNIC-POTATO SALAD

Three pounds tiny new potatoes, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 4 medium-sized firm tomatoes, 2 cups chopped celery, 2 medium-sized white onions, 4 or 5 chopped hard-boiled eggs, salt, mayonnaise, lettuce.

Cover thoroughly washed potatoes with boiling salted water, cook until just tender. Drain, skin, cut in halves. Mix

Continued overleaf

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Savory cutlet recipe wins £5 main prize

● This week's main prizewinning recipe is an unusual veal cutlet dish served in an interesting flavored sauce.

THE small quantity of chocolate used in the prizewinning veal dish does not predominate, but gives a rich color and mellow flavor to the sauce.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for an old English style pork pie, a simple-to-make summer drink, and a crunchy-topped gooseberry pie.

Spoon measurements are level.

SPANISH VEAL CUTLETS

Eight veal cutlets, oil or fat for frying, 1 8oz. tin sliced mushrooms, 4oz. chopped ham, 1 chopped onion, 6 small tomatoes, ½oz. dark cooking chocolate, ¼ cup blanched chopped almonds, a pinch saffron (optional), 1 tablespoon boiling water, ¾ cup white wine, salt, pepper.

Fry cutlets in a small quantity heated oil until golden brown on both sides (about 10 minutes), then transfer them to a saucepan; cover with mushrooms and ham. Saute onions, add chopped skinned tomatoes and simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Mix grated chocolate, finely chopped almonds, and saffron with boiling water; add to onion and tomato mixture, mix well. Pour over cutlets in pan, stir in wine. Season with salt and pepper, cover with lid and simmer further 15 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. T. Acheson, Hospital, Katherine, Northern Territory.

50-50 CORDIAL

Eight pounds sugar, grated rind and juice of 6 oranges and 6 lemons, 2oz. epsom salts, 2oz. citric acid, 1oz. tartaric acid, 6 pints boiling water.

Place sugar in large saucepan, add grated fruit rinds and rub lightly through sugar with fingertips to mix thoroughly. Add salts, acids, strained fruit juices, and boiling water. Stir over heat until boiling. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When cold fill into clean jars, cover tops. Serve in tall glasses diluted with ice water or lemonade.

Note: This quantity is sufficient to fill 6 pint bottles.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Thornton, 45 Leon Road, Dalkeith, W.A.

SPANISH VEAL CUTLETS, which are simple to make and delicious to eat, make a satisfying main luncheon or dinner dish for family or guests. See this and other prizewinning recipes on this page.

OLD ENGLISH PORK PIE

Crust: One and a half pounds plain flour, 6oz. lard or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ pint milk or water.

Filling: One pig's trotter, 1 boned shoulder pork (about 2lb.), ½ teaspoon anchovy essence, 1 small grated onion, ½ teaspoon chopped fresh sage, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, jellied stock, egg-glazing.

To make jellied stock: Wash pig's trotter in hot water, place in large saucepan with bones from pork shoulder. Add 6 peppercorns, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 bay leaves, 2 crushed sage leaves, and 1 pint water. Simmer over low heat for 2 hours. Pour through fine strainer, add 1 teaspoon gelatine (dissolved in a little extra hot water), mix well. Stand aside until ready to use, but do not allow to set.

Prepare crust: Sift flour and salt into basin, make a well in centre. Heat lard and milk together until almost boiling, pour into centre of dry ingredients. Mix with a wooden spoon until dough is smooth. Allow to stand until cool enough to handle. Roll out sufficient dough to ¼in. thickness, line base and sides of deep pie-dish. Chop shoulder of pork and meat from trotter into small pieces, or mince coarsely. Add anchovy essence, onion, sage, parsley, salt and pepper. Fill into lined pie-dish. Moisten edges, cover with balance of dough to fit top. Decorate with leaves cut out from crust trimmings, make 2 or 3 slits in top. Brush top with egg-glazing, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes; reduce heat to moderate and bake further 1½ to 2 hours.

Remove pie from tin, place on oven-tray, return to oven to dry out crust. Cool slightly. Pour prepared stock through slits in top, allow to become quite cold. Serve sliced with salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Senior, Bunnerong Hostel, Bunnerong Road, Matraville, N.S.W.

GOOSEBERRY MACAROON PIE

Two cups stewed gooseberries, 1 cup strawberries or ripe cherries, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup plain cake crumbs, 1 cup desiccated coconut, sweetened condensed milk.

Place stewed sweetened gooseberries into a greased 9-inch tart plate. Top with a layer of stewed strawberries or cherries and sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine cake crumbs and coconut in a bowl, add enough condensed milk to hold together. Pile mixture roughly on top of pie and bake in a moderate oven until macaroon top is lightly browned. Serve hot or cold with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Bass, 205 Canning Highway, East Fremantle, W.A.

AVOIDING THE COMMON COLD

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our mothercraft nurse.

THE common cold is often prevalent among both adults and children in summer when the weather is likely to be changeable.

Preventive treatment is always the best, and good bodily resistance to cold should be built up early in children.

Good feeding is an important factor, and in the early months of a child's life, breast-feeding is the greatest safeguard. Fresh air, sunshine, exercise, cool daily baths, and correct clothing are other necessary factors.

A leaflet giving advice on treatment of the common cold can be obtained from our Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send a stamped addressed envelope for the leaflet, which is free.

FAMILY DISH

RASPBERRY-SPONGE dessert, this week's family dish, costs approximately 3/- (custard or cream is extra) and serves 4 or 5.

RASPBERRY-SPONGE DESSERT

Three eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 3 tablespoons hot milk, ½ cup raspberry jam, custard or cream.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until thick. Fold in egg-yolks, then sifted flour and salt. Lastly fold in shortening melted in the hot milk. Mix lightly and quickly. Divide mixture between two well-greased and lightly floured 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked, remove from tins; sandwich layers with raspberry jam, serve hot with boiled custard or cream.

How young do you feel — and look?

Be youthful and gay — fresh when you wake, sparkling with energy all through the day—take Bile Beans, the perfect laxative.

Bile Beans are recommended for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

Bile Beans are an ideal family laxative for the many common ailments arising from faulty digestion and faulty elimination. They promote inner well-being. 2/- and 4/-, all chemists.

BB4

PLAN A BEACH PICNIC

(Continued from previous page)

vinegar, sugar, and parsley, pour over potatoes. Chill. Add tomatoes cut into chunky pieces, celery, finely chopped onions, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Toss lightly to mix, season with salt, add sufficient mayonnaise to bind. Pile into bowl lined with lettuce.

COCONUT ORANGE SLICES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, good ½ cup milk.

Topping: Half cup coconut, 3 tablespoons apricot jam (or use the smooth jelly part of orange jam), 1 cup cornflakes.

Cream butter thoroughly with sugar and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased slab-tin. Prepare topping by mixing coconut, jam, and crushed cornflakes. Spread over top of uncooked cake. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn carefully on to clean tea-towel on cake-cooler or leave in tin.

CARAMEL SQUARES

Half cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour (or use 1½ cups plain flour and 1 teaspoon baking-powder), ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup mixed dried fruit, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Sift dry ingredients, add salt, sugar, fruit, and nuts. Add beaten eggs and vanilla mixed with melted butter. Spread mixture into greased swiss-roll-tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until brown and firm. Cut into blocks while hot, cool in tin.

COOL DRINKS

Honolulu Frost: One shredded pineapple, ¾ cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 2 bottles ginger ale, crushed ice if available.

Boil pineapple with sugar and water for 10 minutes. More sugar can be added if pineapple is not sweet and ripe. Add lemon and orange juices, chill. Just before serving, dilute with chilled ginger ale, and add crushed ice.

Picnic Punch: One cup sugar, ½ cup water, ½ cup strong tea, 1 cup fruit syrup, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup grated pineapple, 1 pint soda water, iced water, crushed ice.

Boil sugar and water until sugar is dissolved. Add tea, fruit syrup, lemon juice, and pineapple. Allow to stand 1 hour. Add sufficient iced water to make 2 to 2½ quarts. Just before serving add soda water and crushed ice if available.

PASTA SCALLOP

One 8oz. packet fine spaghetti or macaroni, 3 tablespoons good shortening, ½ cup chopped onion, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 2 or 3 chopped gherkins, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, extra shortening, 1 hard-boiled egg, parsley.

Drop unbroken spaghetti into large saucepan of boiling salted water. Cook until just tender, drain. Melt shortening, add onion, cook until soft and yellow but not brown. Stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add milk, stir until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne. Fold in peas, red pepper, gherkins, mayonnaise, and drained spaghetti. Fill into greased ovenware dish, top with breadcrumbs, dot generously with extra shortening. Bake in moderate oven about ½ hour or until lightly browned. Garnish top with sliced egg and parsley.

SALAD SNIPPETS

Small whole tomatoes, shallots, carrot sticks, radishes, unpeeled green cucumber slices, potato crisps, green olives, grapes.

Prepare above ingredients and carry in containers of plastic, alkathene, or glass.

CHOCMALLOW CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 2 small eggs, 1 scant teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in ¾ cup milk, 1½ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder (or use 1 cup self-raising flour and ½ cup plain flour), 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped raisins, chocolate icing, marshmallow topping.

Cream butter thoroughly with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and cocoa alternately with milk and soda, walnuts and raisins. Turn into greased slab-tin or 9in. square lamington-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool in tin. Ice with chocolate icing. When set, top with marshmallow.

Chocolate Icing: Sift 6oz. icing-sugar with 1 tablespoon cocoa. Gradually add 2 tablespoons hot water and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly with wooden spoon. Stir over very low heat for few seconds until icing softens to smooth-flowing consistency. Pour over cake, smooth quickly with knife blade, allow to set, top with marshmallow.

Marshmallow: Boil 1 cup water with 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, and 2 dessertspoons gelatine for 10 minutes, allow to cool. Add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat until white and thick, pour over iced cake, still in tin. Set before cutting into squares.

Note: 1 package chocolate-cake mix, made according to directions, can be substituted for above cake recipe if desired.

GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet ... Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 6/10

Curlypet

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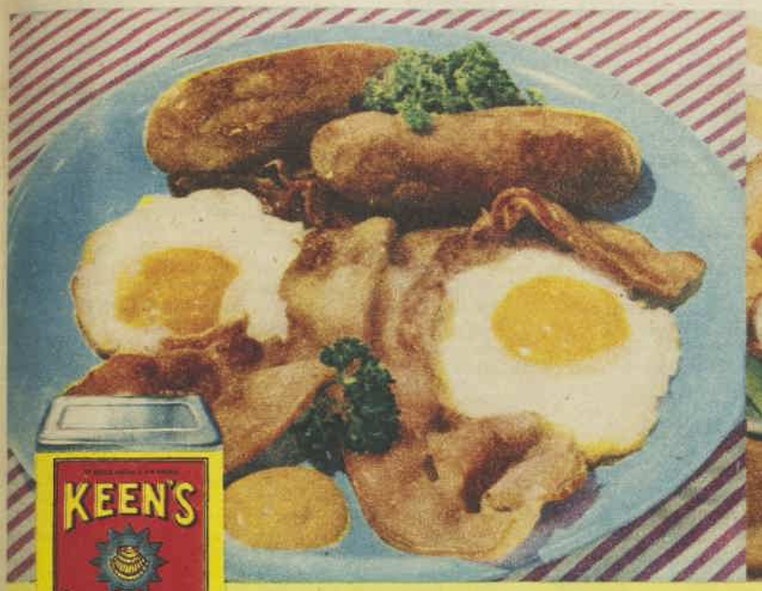
Flavour in a flash

with economical **Keen's Mustard**

ON FOOD OR IN FOOD Keen's Mustard makes every meal a taste treat. It gives a fresher more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, canapes, hot or cold meats, soups, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use Keen's Mustard in all your cooking — in food or on food!



BREAKFAST Keen's Mustard gives a wonderfully appetising flavour to breakfast food. Serve it with eggs and bacon, sausages, chops, steak, kidneys, and sprinkle it on liver or brains while cooking. The Lisette Mustard recipe given as a lunch suggestion is equally good with any meal. Always handy, always savoury, it is perfect for those who like their mustard with a milder taste.

LUNCH Make this jar of Lisette Mustard for that extra tangy taste to frankfurts, hamburgers, sandwiches or barbecues. Blend 1 tin Keen's with equal quantity plain flour. Stir in white vinegar mixing to a thick cream. Stick a peeled onion with cloves and place in wide-necked jar. Pour mixture over. Screw lid on and keep in refrigerator. Lisette Mustard keeps indefinitely.

DINNER Keen's Mustard is a "must"—either in food or on food. Try this Mustard Sauce made from Keen's on hot or cold meats. Melt 1 oz. butter in saucepan, mix to a paste with 2 tsp. Keen's Mustard, 1 dsp. flour, stir in a large cup of milk and water. Simmer 5 minutes and stir. Remove from stove, add 1 tsp. of vinegar. Stir in and serve.

Sandwiches are fabulous with Keen's Mustard!

Keen's Mustard makes the meal

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£1235 COOKERY CONTEST

Big prizes for mustard recipes

This week we begin a splendid new cookery contest for readers in which cash prizes totalling £1235 will be awarded for the best recipes containing a standard household mustard as a featured ingredient.

THE £1235 prizemoney includes a Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in the contest, and £100 first prize in each of the three sections of the contest.

Readers are invited to enter this grand new contest by sending in recipes in which mustard is a featured ingredient. Mustard used in the recipes must be a standard household mustard, dry or mixed, according to the contestant's own method.

The three sections of our Mustard Contest are:

Section 1: Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Section 2: Spreads, savories, and canapes.

Section 3: Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustards.

The Grand Champion Prize of £500 will be selected by our panel of judges as the best entered in the contest. It can come from any of the three sections.

Each section carries its own prizes, starting with a first prize of £100, second prize £50, third prize £25, and fourth prize £10. In addition to these prizes there will be 30 consolation prizes of £2 each.

Three progress prizes of £5 each will also be awarded weekly during the contest. The first of these progress prizes will appear in our issue dated January 27.

These weekly progress prizes will still be in the running for the big main prizes. They might win the £100 first prize in their section, or even the Grand Champion Prize of £500.

A list showing how the prizemoney will be allotted in each section is given in the panel on this page.

The contest will close at noon on March 9, and the last progress prizewinners will be published in our issue of the same date.

Contestants can enter as many recipes as they wish in any or all of the three sections.

But please remember that mustard must be used as an ingredient in the recipes, not as a mere pinch to give flavor.

This contest is a wonderful opportunity for readers to win big cash prizes that will be a nest-egg to start the new year.

Mustard is a spice that is familiar to most households and is served on the table either dry or mixed as a condiment, but many housewives know it is also a most important ingredient in the art of cooking. It has power to bring out and emphasise the true flavor of meats, vegetables, fish, eggs, cheese, and many other foods.

In savory or cocktail dishes, it gives a tang and zestful flavor that no other ingredient can achieve. Used with skill and imagination, it can transform everyday foods into dishes that are not only good to look at but delicious to eat.

It has medicinal value, too, because it aids health by promoting good digestion.

Mustard seeds have been used medicinally and as a spice for many hundreds of years, but it was not until the early 18th century that mustard was introduced as a household commodity in the dry, powdered form that is so familiar today.

Mustard sold on the Australian market is grown chiefly in Tasmania and Victoria, and is processed at Redfern, N.S.W., whence it is sent to all Australian States and to the Pacific Islands.

As the process of milling the seeds improved, so the quality was raised to the "double superfine" type that is sold today and is the standby of all good cooks for improving and enhancing a wide variety of dishes.

Why not try your skill in transforming a simple recipe by the imaginative use of mustard? It might win you a prize in our contest.

Or you might have a favorite old family recipe for a salad dressing, savory or meat dish, pickles, or chutney, in which mustard is used as an ingredient. This also could win you a prize.

For example, in Section 3 of our Mustard Contest, recipes for mixed mustards are eligible. This allows contestants wide scope in inventing a new type of mixed mustard by adding their own spices and other flavorings.

French and German mustards, which gourmets greatly appreciate, are merely mustard mixed with spices and other special ingredients to give them their distinctive and delicate flavors.

You can start sending in your recipes today.

To enter the contest, all you have to do is to write your recipe or recipes clearly, each recipe on a separate sheet or sheets of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe with the number of the section in which it is entered, and send it to:

MUSTARD CONTEST,
Box 5252,
G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

Please note that entries should carry the sender's full address, including the State.

All entries will be opened and the recipes judged by The Australian Women's Weekly panel of food and cookery experts. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more contestants enter an identical recipe, the first entry opened will be eligible for a prize.

To simplify judging and testing of recipes, please use Australian standard weight or cup measurements. Use level spoon measurements.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

£1235 PRIZE LIST

HERE is the list of prizes to be awarded in our Mustard Recipe Contest:

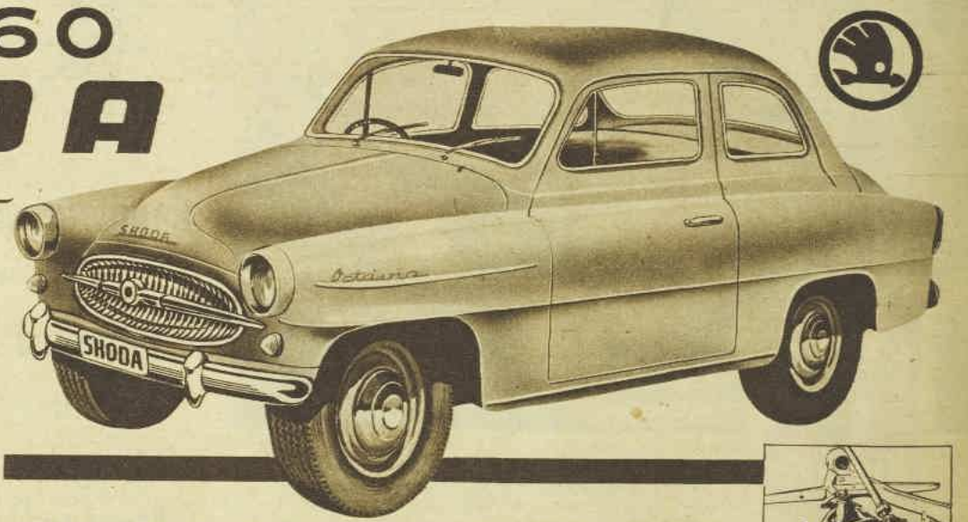
GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE (Best recipe entered in the contest)	**£500**
FIRST PRIZE in each of three sections	**£100**
SECOND PRIZE in each section	**£50**
THIRD PRIZE in each section	**£25**
FOURTH PRIZE in each section	**£10**

Thirty consolation prizes of £2 each will be awarded. In addition, three progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly.

IT'S HERE 1960

ŠKODA

SUPER Octavia



ŠKODA .... A CAR WITH AGILITY.

Ambling through traffic at 12 m.p.h. in top gear or covering the open road at an effortless 80 m.p.h., cornering at speeds you thought impossible in any car, let alone a low priced, lavishly equipped saloon. You can feel the quality and 100 years of engineering know-how that has been built into Skoda **... and the fuel consumption? 37.7 miles per gallon and more!**

ŠKODA .... A CAR WITH GRACE.

Low, sleek Continental lines with the modern contemporary look—a car to make the connoisseur's heart beat faster—yet roomy and strictly functional in every detail and amazingly low priced.

ŠKODA .... A CAR WITH SUPERB SERVICE.

In addition to comprehensive instruction books every new Skoda is equipped with a maintenance handbook which lists all recommended routine maintenance for a normal 4 years driving. State distributors are currently developing and equipping a network of dealers throughout Australia to service and care for your new Skoda.

AND, YOU GET THESE FEATURES, AS WELL, IN SKODA SUPER OCTAVIA — TO GIVE YOU MORE FOR THE SAME MONEY.

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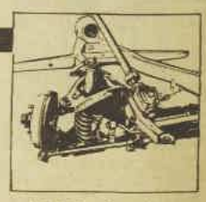

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● This belted one-piece with a soft scarf-collar is my design choice for a young reader who requested a style and pattern.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your fashion advice about a design for a navy-and-white woven cotton. I want something neat with a belt, but I don't like the shirt collars many frocks feature. My hips are very thin and I look best with a bit of skirt fullness."

The tailored one-piece (at right) includes the style points mentioned in your letter. You will find the soft scarf-collar and the unpressed pleats in the skirt extremely becoming. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

I hope this takes in your size, as you omitted to mention it in your letter. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"IS there any advice you could pass on to me about wardrobe planning? I never seem to have the right clothes and always seem to buy my frocks as they are about to go out of fashion. I have several sack frocks on my hands in perfect condition."

Buy classic styles. Despite the vagaries of fashion, the popularity of the shirtwaist dress and the front-buttoned sheath persists. Interpreted in a rich fabric, either design is suitable for a formal occasion. Try building your wardrobe round one basic color. For instance, make it a pink or blue summer and a brown or beige winter.

For the sack dresses, try belting them with a wide belt.

"WOULD it be possible to have some silk chiffon made into a fitted sheath frock? The frock is to wear for late afternoon."

A sheath dress made entirely of graduated tucks would look very effective in silk chiffon. The tucks to just above waist level should be approximately 2in. wide, and from this point to the hemline approximately 4in. wide. Have the bodice-top finished with a deep square neckline back and front, and tiny sleeves.

DS388.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"MY husband has bought me a gift of 5yds. of beautiful Eastern brocade, and as I have very little use for formal fashions I wondered if it would be correct for a suit."

Brocade would be an excellent choice for a late-day suit made with a slim skirt and boxy hip-tip jacket. Have the jacket finished with a small notched collar, double pocket flaps, and three-quarter sleeves.

"A FRIEND has brought me back from abroad a brown satin shirt-blouse. As it seems too dressy to wear with a suit, I wonder if you have any suggestions about its use."

Wear your brown satin shirt with a short white satin skirt. You will have a perfect outfit for late-day onwards. Brown on white is a new color twosome that looks terrifically new and chic.

YOUR BOOKSHELF

***"The Pink Hotel"* . . .**
Dorothy Erskine and Patrick Dennis (Shakespeare Head).

That "Auntie Mame" man (with collaborator Erskine) writes again. This time it's about a Florida hotel in the holiday season, where the doings of resident guests provide scope for satire. Light-hearted, it's easy to browse through.

***"The Australian Garden Book"* . . .**
Reg C. Edwards (Angus and Robertson).

Expert horticulturist Reg Edwards lays gardening lore on the line for professional as well as amateur dirt-diggers. Plenty you need to know (with pictures) about landscaping, trees, vegetables, flowers, and anything down the garden path.

***"The Tin Scratchers"* . . .**
Ion L. Idriess (Angus and Robertson).

Prolific author Idriess reminisces back half a century to the times when tin-fossickers crowded Cape York Peninsula in northern Queensland. From his own memories, Idriess provides accounts of outback characters who were individuals to a man.

***"A Bushman's Year"* . . .**
Jack Hyett (Cheshire).

Combining the graceful style of an essayist with facts on natural history, Hyett writes of the Australian bush and its creatures. Whether describing yabbies, tadpoles, or blue-tongued lizards, Hyett sustains interest for adult or juvenile readers.

Continuing . . . DEATH AND THE CHERRY TREE

from page 23

"I'm going home," he said.

He threw down his ash-stick and her eyes became immensely round and wet, a painful blue under pale, damp, almost invisible lashes.

"Don't go home yet," she said.

"You never play right," he said. "You always muck the whole thing up."

"I didn't muck it up when we played houses," she said. "There was a blackie and I thought it was you. I'll play right this time."

He made a slight upward gesture of his arms, suspending in mid-expression what seemed to be a great patient and difficult sigh.

"All right, this once," he said. "You wait till I get to the fence, then scream."

"Can I be in the house getting dinner?"

"All right, you be in the house getting dinner."

"What shall I get?" she said. "Steak and kidney and cauliflower with cheese on top like we had?"

"No. Lamb!" he said. "Steak and kidney, steak and kidney, steak and kidney — all I get is steak and kidney. How do you expect a man to live and work on that? I want lamb today — lamb with red gravy."

"I'll make mint sauce, too, shall I?" she said.

"Good-oh! Plenty of sauce and gravy," he said. "Well, I'll be going now — goodbye!"

"Goodbye, dear," she said.

In the house of bracken she cooked, on two bricks, a length of cherry-bough, making mint sauce of grass. From time to time she straightened the curtains at the windows of bracken and peered happily and delicately out, neat and efficient and no longer dreamy, to the world of woodland, and summer, and cherry trees.

The meal was almost cooked and she was waiting for the first groans of the wounded when she heard, from across the orchard, the laughing yell of another voice. Slowly she came out of the bracken house and saw, running down between the cherry trees, a girl in a red dress, with two red ribbons flying from dark brown plaited hair.

Excitedly the running girl began to wave her hands. The girl beside the small house of bracken did not answer. She watched in silence the running eager figure coming down through the cherry trees and then suddenly the air was nipped with the sound of a shot, again like the ting of a tuning fork.

The running girl gave a strange high cry and lifted her hands and then fell, a second later, dead under the cherry tree.

PRESENTLY the boy came nonchalantly out of the wood, the ash-gun under his arm, his lips big, spitting at air.

Casually he turned the red dress over and looked briefly down at the stark-eyed face.

"She's dead all right," he said. "I got her."

And then:

"Janey, you're dead."

"How can she speak if she's dead?" the fair-haired child said. "The lamb and mint sauce is ready."

He ignored lamb and mint sauce and put the toe of one shoe under the waist of the girl in the red dress, gently kicking her.

"She can if I say so. Janey! You're dead. You can get up now."

When Janey got up, smiling, her brown hair, with its dark firm plaits, gave her an air of confidence and certainty. It did not seem possible, as with the fairer, smaller child, to see her suddenly and lightly blown away.

"That was the most wonderful fall-down-dead I ever saw," the boy said.

"Shall we have dinner now?" the fair child said. "Let's have dinner."

"Did I do it right?"

"It was marvellously marvellously marvellous," he said.

"What are we playing?"

"We're going to have lamb and mint sauce and red gravy," the small child began to say, but the boy said:

"Ambushes. That's the ambush over there."

"Can I play? Can I be ambushed?"

"I think the meal will get cold if we don't have it," the small child said. "You know how lamb gets cold."

"I'm in the ambush and you come along the road here. You can fire back if you like. I fire just because I'm behind the ambush. Then you fire back and we have a battle."

"Do I get killed?"

"You get killed in the end," he said, "and I get wounded."

"I'm going to tear up my petticoat," the small child said.

But the boy was already running for the wood, making renewed and now more ferocious noises of savagery in his throat and turning at the fence to say:

"It's a Sten-gun now. Not an ordinary gun. It fires all the time."

"I'm going to tear up my petticoat," the small girl said.

● *Add evaporated milk to mashed potatoes. They will be deliciously creamy and it will save adding butter*

The dark girl gave a quick swing of her plaits. "They don't tear up petticoats now. It's old-fashioned. Sometimes they tear up sheets but not petticoats."

"Tom said petticoats."

"They don't tear up petticoats, do they, Tom?"

"No," he said. "That's daft."

"I'll be in the house," the small girl said. "I'll be keeping the lamb warm."

As she crouched down, hiding herself with quietness in the house of bracken, the red flash of dress and hair-bows ran up the slope of the orchard with a whine of jeep-sounds.

For a few moments the air was silent, only the breath of summer making a slow stir in high boughs of oak and cherry. The sky seemed to be filled with pale-blue milk and among the rising bracken the thistle-down head of the girl, not ruffled, was shining and white as silk in the sun.

Suddenly the jeep came down the slope and a second or two later the Sten-gun was firing with bright stutters from behind the hawthorn.

The scarlet dress rolled in the road, over and over, and then straightened on its face, muttering strenuous resistance, firing back. Sometimes the girl yelled in her excitement and once the boy shouted back:

"I give you one more chance. I'm giving you one more chance and then I use tear-gas," and for a second she lifted her head and before she could lower it again the Sten-gun beat her to pieces.

She was still dead in the road, eyes flat to the sky, when the boy came over and said:

"That was a trap, Janey. That's how I got you. When I said about the tear-gas it was a trap."

"I know," she said.

"I'll see if I can trap you again," he said. "Some other way."

"What about dinner?" the small child said. "Let's have dinner."

"We don't want dinner," the dark girl said. "You're always talking about dinner. Why don't you shut up about dinner? If you don't want to play go home."

"I was here first," the small one said. "I was here before you."

"What difference does that make?" she said. "It doesn't make any difference, does it, Tom?"

"No," he said.

"There you are—Tom says so."

"You don't even know how to fall down dead," Tom said.

THIS time, as the battle began, she did not go into the house of bracken, with its cooling lamb and mint sauce of grass and the cauliflower with cheese sauce on top that now looked, in its rusty tin, like nothing so much as squashed sprays of elder-flower.

She did not look much at the battle either. She knew it was a very good battle because the shots from the wood never stopped and once there was a bang, preceded by a long whistle, that was a bomb.

At the end of it the girl with the scarlet dress was dead again and she and Tom were lying together in the grass, rolling about, laughing excitedly.

"Come on, Again," Tom said. "I blew the jeep to bits. This time you're a convoy."

"No," she said. "This time I'll ambush you."

"No. I'm the ambush. I'm the man. I have to be the ambush."

"No," she said. "I want to be the ambush this time."

The boy seemed to hesitate. He seemed very slightly bewildered by the slow warm character of her smile.

"I'll let you kill me just the same," she said.

"Good-oh!" he said. "Come on."

"Aren't we going to play houses? With dinner?" the fair child said.

"No. Not now. We don't want to," he said. "You go home."

She did not speak. Presently she walked away up the slope of orchard, under the cherry trees, in a series of stops and starts, like a piece of slow-blown thistledown now and then gently stopped in its progress by blades of grass.

At the top of the slope she paused to look back. Under the cherry tree, where the house was, the sound of battle was dying away and she saw the girl climbing out of the ambush through the wires of the fence to the road, where the boy was standing with his arms held over his head, in surrender.

She stood staring at all this for some time longer. She had forgotten her shoes and now she dared not go back for them. Her eyes were big and colorless. One of her small stony lips was held tight above the other and it might have been that she wished, after all, that she too was dead.

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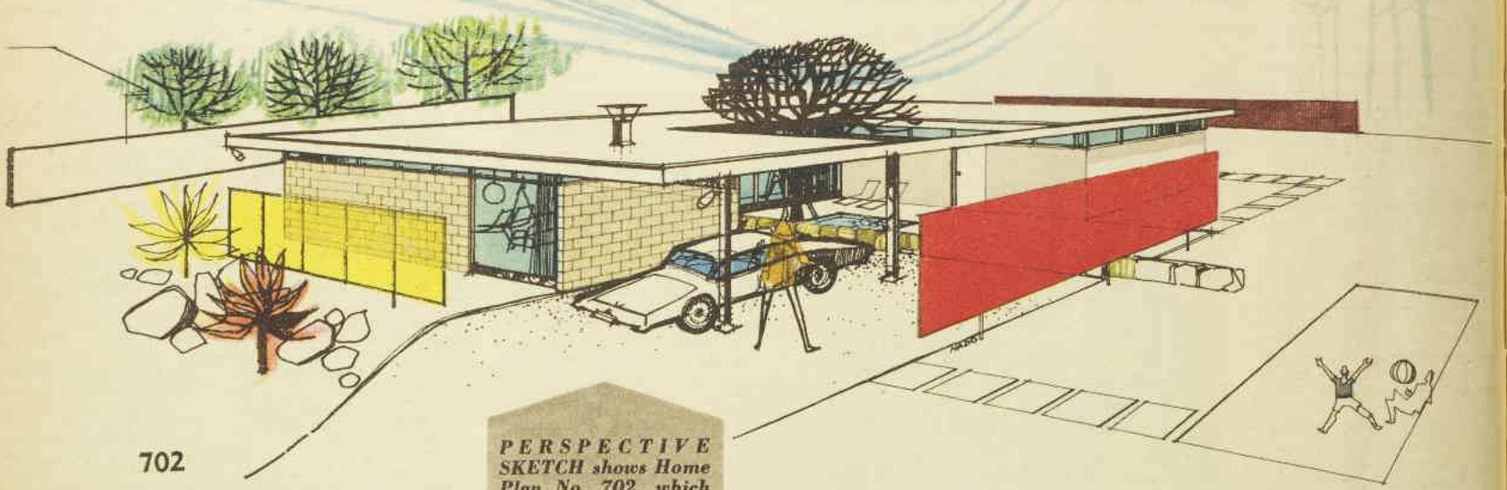
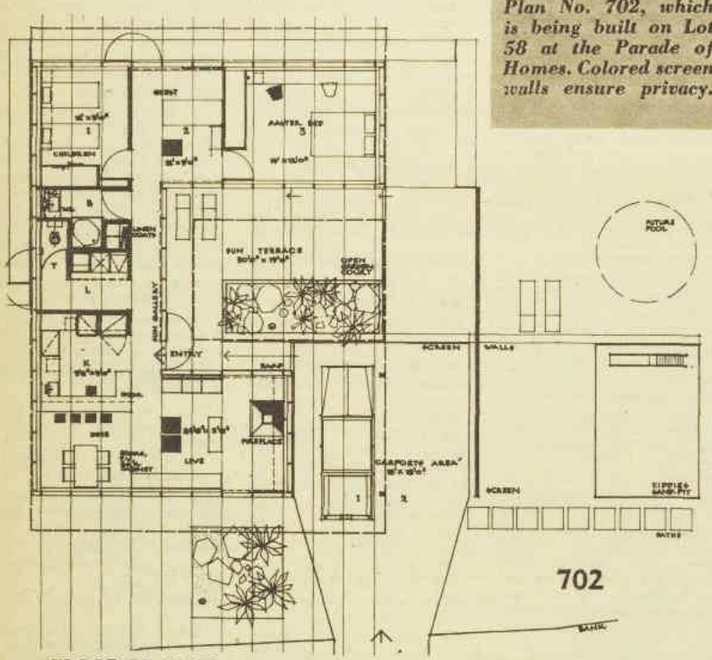
HOUSE WITH A BUILT-IN VIEW



702

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows Home Plan No. 702, which is being built on Lot 58 at the Parade of Homes. Colored screen walls ensure privacy.



FLOOR PLAN. The accent is on family living with an inner courtyard and spacious combined sitting and dining rooms. Guest-room can be adapted into a TV area, study or sewing or rumpus room.

● Here is another house which can be inspected at the Master Builders' Parade of Homes on Sydney's North Shore. It requires little maintenance because of the clever use of new and natural materials.

THIRTY-FIVE houses are being built at this unique homes exhibition, which is being promoted by the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W. and opens on January 21 for one month. All the houses will be fully furnished and their gardens will be landscaped. They will all be open for inspection by the public.

An exhibition of this type, which is the largest ever to be held in the Southern Hemisphere, makes home-buying as easy as everyday shopping. The houses are for sale or you can order similar designs on your own land.

The home we show on this page is also Home Plan No. 702 in our series. It has been designed by architect Mr. N. Milat and is being built at the Parade by Mr. L. W. H. Lawrence on Lot 58.

Home Plan

A complete set of the plans can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are given on right.

Mr. Milat has planned this house for the average Australian family with two to three children. The living area covers 11 squares and the total roof area is 14.5. Width, not including carport, is 42ft. and the depth is 30ft. An approximate price not including land, fences, etc., is £4500.

It is constructed with the new textured masonry wall blocks, which have an appeal similar to sandstone and are more economical than brick.

Exposed natural stained timber, roof rafters, roof deck, and ceiling give the home an appealing warm look derived from natural materials. Apart from being attractive, this is another economy note and avoids such things as messy plaster patching and damp spots.

Another advantage of this design is there is no costly maintenance. The attractive textured wall blocks need no painting, except for a clear silicone weather-proofing externally.

An effect of a floating timber ceiling throughout' has been created with high windows all round the home. They give roof, ceiling, and room ventilation as well as a feeling of spaciousness.

The internal sun-court or courtyard has been designed to suit Australian conditions; it has all-day sun, privacy, and if the site doesn't have a pleasant view it supplies one of its own.

There are three bedrooms, one of which is a guest's bedroom. It has been designed so it can be used alternatively as a TV room, a family room, a children's rumpus-room, a study, or a sewing-room.

A ramp leads from the carport to the front door.

Cooking, living, and dining areas are combined. A food bar, which is useful for quick meals and breakfasts, divides the cooking and dining sections.

A modern open fireplace is featured in the sitting-room.

There are two car areas, the covered carport and an additional area for a guest's car. The extra area is not only convenient but gives a feeling of width and spaciousness to the house and an attractive entry way.

The plan on the left shows a children's sandpit and site for a swimming pool, which are part of the future features proposed for Lot 58 at the Parade of Homes.

Light fittings which will be included in this exhibition home are Japanese "balloons" for efficient general lighting in the living area and dining section, simple swivel aluminium wall brackets, and plenty of extra table lamps.

Spotlights

For gardens, courtyard, and pathways there will be special waterproof spotlights. Above shaving cabinets, kitchen bars, and vanity tables there will be light tubes with new, simple clip-in devices which are safe to handle.

Plans for this house and all our other Standard Home Plans can be bought from any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated.

Standard plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land.

If you are ordering by mail, please give the number of the design and state the building material to be used.

Addresses of the Centres are:

HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

SPECIAL HOUSING BOOKLET

● In our January 20 issue there will be a special 32-page lift-out booklet giving full information about the interesting Parade of Homes arranged by the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W., to be opened on January 21 for one month.

THIRTY-FIVE houses will be built and displayed at this unusual exhibition, which will be held at the Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, on Sydney's North Shore. It will be the largest exhibition of its type to be held in the Southern Hemisphere.

The exhibition will offer a wonderful opportunity to intending home-buyers, who can go and shop for their ideal home. They can either buy the houses on view or order similar designs to be built on their own land.

The booklet contains descriptions of all the 35 houses, their approximate prices, and perspective sketch and plan for each one.

There is also a plan of the whole estate, information about the stands and exhibits, details of how to get to the Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, parking facilities, and the times the exhibition opens and closes.

If you are unable to visit the Parade you will find the compact information contained in this booklet doubly valuable.

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Continuing . . . KEEPING AN EYE ON BETSY

from page 22

The girl blinked slightly behind extraordinarily ugly glasses.

"I'm Betsy. And you must be Julian. Do come in."

She held out a hand that was as cool as her voice. She was dressed in a loosely fitting, completely characterless black dress of an inferior material. Her wide, serious mouth was innocent of lipstick, and her hair combed back with painful severity from her small white face.

"Well! So you're Betsy!" he said heartily.

"It was nice of you to bother about me," she said calmly. "I told you I hadn't anything to wear. Clothes don't interest me. I suppose you think that's heresy."

"Not at all. Everyone to his own taste." But he was rapidly revising his plans as to where they would eat. Not "Chez Andre!"

He was too well known there, and for his own prestige, and more important still, for the prestige of his business, he could not appear there with such a dowdy creature.

"I have tickets for the ballet," he said. "I hope you enjoy ballet."

"Yes, I do, thank you." She had taken him into an austere little sitting-room that reflected neither her personality nor anyone else's.

That was, of course, if Betsy had a personality. Julian was already planning the puzzled letter to his grandmother.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked primly.

"That's very kind of you, but I think if you're ready we ought to be leaving."

"Yes, of course. I am ready." She picked up a handbag and she really was ready; black dress, school-marm hair-do and all.

Beneath that shabby, inferior material she might have a shapely figure. She was tall. Her hair was fair. Julian tried to envisage Betsy wearing Pauline's yellow evening dress, called simply "Promise."

But that conjured up a vision of Pauline's magnificent beauty, and he remembered that really beautiful girls frightened him.

So in the taxi he sat a little nearer to his unusually plain companion, and began to feel genuinely friendly; because, poor creature, if she went about looking like this she was not going to make any friends.

In his quiet and shyly sincere way, Julian was very adept at drawing people out. Before they had reached Covent Garden theatre he had discovered Betsy's absorbed interest in her own field, architecture.

Clothes, new perfumes, and hairstyles left her cold, but she grew lyrical about Regency terraces and Byzantine cathedrals.

"I want to see old walled cities," she said, gazing at Julian through her large glasses, and seeing not him but ancient pillars and elegant doorways.

He decided that the evening was reasonably enjoyable. After all, the motley crowds at theatres nowadays took no notice of one more badly dressed woman, and in the dimly lighted little restaurant they visited afterwards it was impossible to see much at all.

The food was good, and it gave Julian pleasure to treat Betsy to a satisfying meal.

Nevertheless, he was still deeply puzzled.

"My grandmother tells me your mother is very beautiful."

"Oh, yes, she is. Very beautiful. You'd love to make clothes for her. She'd wear them like a dream. And she'd make you fall in love with her, too. Men always do, even now. She collects hearts."

She spoke in a calm, emotionless voice, as if she were stating an historical fact. Mary, Queen of Scots, enjoyed sweethearts, she might have been saying carelessly.

Later, on their return to her door, she extended her hand, and in a cool voice said:

"Thank you, Julian. It's been so nice." She didn't ask him in. Her small face had a macabre pallor in the street lighting. "Goodbye."

The starkness of her words and the coolness of her manner were so in contrast to the effusive goodnight farewells that Julian usually received from his feminine companions that the situation was provocative.

"Goodnight, not goodbye," he said gently.

"Oh, I don't expect we'll be seeing each other again."

"Why ever not?"

"But you've done your duty now, haven't you?"

She was not being gauche, or rude; she was simply being matter of fact. Julian had the wit to recognise that, and felt challenged by it in some way.

As he stood in the harsh street light at the door, he was suddenly stirred with interest.

"Of course I'll be seeing you again, Betsy. Soon, I hope. May I ring you?"

Sae had turned to go in, then she looked back with a fleeting expression that just might have been pleasure. He couldn't be sure. At least it wasn't scorn.

"You don't have to," she said childishly.

"Of course I don't have to. I want to."

But he didn't ring her for a week because he had several more immediate problems.

A number of his workroom staff went down with flu; materials, vital to the presentation of his collection, failed to arrive, and Pauline's mutinous behaviour had turned to sulks. Julian just did not know how to deal with an unco-operative model.

It was a bright, sunny day when he saw Betsy again. He had telephoned and suggested an hour's walk in the park, which she had been able to fit in between lectures.

As he waited for her he was in a state of pleasant anticipation, but when he saw her coming he winced with disappointment.

Why had he thought his memory of her might have been false, and that he had exaggerated her plainness and lack of style? The heavy shapeless jersey, the too-long tweed skirt, the brogues, the air of aloof disinterest were all there.

Yet, with his designer's sixth sense, he knew that the figure beneath the muffling clothing was good.

HOW could he tactfully bring about the metamorphosis of Betsy Anstruther?

That, he realised, constituted the challenge he had been conscious of. Interest stirred in him again, and it was almost with affection that he greeted her.

"Betsy! How nice to see you."

Betsy's shy smile flickered. "I haven't much time. I have a lecture at three."

"Then we must make the most of it. What shall we do? Walk, sit, eat, drink?"

"Walk, if you don't mind," she said. "I like looking at trees."

"And turning them into beams for houses?"

"You look at women in your way, too," she said quickly.

"Yes," said Julian, eyeing her keenly. "I do. What's your waist measurement, Betsy?"

"You can't possibly be interested in my waist!"

"I'm only guessing that you have one. Why do you hide it? And I've a hunch that you don't need those spectacles."

She had colored furiously. Instead of being angry, she looked guilty and near to tears.

"But this is me," she said vehemently. "I thought it was me you wanted to see."

He tucked her arm under his. He had been too sudden and clumsy, and he felt ashamed.

"So it is, my dear! Come, let's look at your trees."

The hour went by amazingly quickly. And later the same week Julian found himself cutting a business lunch to spend another similar hour.

Then, at the weekend, he called at Betsy's austere little flat, and took her a small china winged horse that he had seen and thought she would like.

She did like it, too. Her pale cheeks flushed with pleasure. And was it in his imagination that her hair was not dragged back quite so severely, that there was a suspicion of rouge on her lips?

She still wore the terrible little black dress, but perhaps she couldn't afford to buy another one.

He now knew what he wanted to see her wear. It seemed fantastic that she would do so, but he was content to have patience.

"Don't yell. You'll scare the fish."

The members of his staff recovered from flu, Pauline's hair regained its original color, and the last hectic days before the collection went reasonably well.

But the new girl, Dawn, who had been with him only a few weeks, complicated things by falling in love with him, and showing it in no uncertain way. She was an exquisite creature.

"I think you are nervous of me, Mr. Ritchie," she said, with her embarrassing lack of inhibitions.

"Nervous of you!"

"Well, you always rush off somewhere when I come in."

"At the moment I have an appointment," Julian said coldly, and on the spur of the moment went to see if Betsy was at home.

It was the first time he had gone to see her unexpectedly, and he saw her face light up with pleasure before she resumed her look of primness.

"Julian! Is something wrong?"

"Only the usual things. The salon seems more like a madhouse than ever, and I shouldn't be here. But I felt like a cup of tea and hoped you would join me."

"I'd love to," she answered softly. "But why not let me make tea, and we can have it here?"

"That would be wonderful," he said, with complete sincerity.

It was too much to hope that the showing of the collection would go without a hitch. One expected minor hitches, of course, but not catastrophe.

Pauline, the ravishing blonde due to wear the jewel of his collection, the soft yellow dress he had romantically named "Promise," was involved in a motor accident.

She wasn't seriously hurt, but as far as the showing of Julian's collection was concerned she might as well have been dead.

If he were to show the dress, Dawn would have to wear it.

Julian realised that to maintain his position as a promising young designer he had to be able to cope with these catastrophes.

But the chattering excited women, and in particular Dawn's definitely predatory behaviour, were beginning to affect his nerves and sanity.

Indeed, he didn't seem to have kept his sanity, for he found himself having an extraordinary telephone conversation with Betsy.

"What size is your waist?"

"Julian! Whatever's the matter with you?"

"An emergency. Can you see without those glasses of yours?"

"Yes," she said slowly.

"I thought so. Would you have your hair cut and set?"

"Julian!"

"For me?" he said implacably.

This had been the challenge she had represented to him. He realised it now, and he was terribly excited.

"But why?" Betsy queried.

"You walk beautifully. I've always noticed that. Your clothes have been a pretty effective disguise, but I was born with X-ray eyes. I think the dress will fit you perfectly."

"The dress? Julian, what are you talking about?"

"I want you to wear a dress in my show. Just one."

"Julian, I'm an architect!"

"So am I, in my way. My material's human. If you can turn a tree into a house, I can turn an architectural student into a model."

"All right, Julian. Since it's an emergency, I'll try."

"Thank you, Betsy," he murmured.

Julian didn't see Betsy when she arrived. He had told his head fitter that he had a new model coming in to try on the yellow dress, "Promise."

When she had it on, she was to walk out on to the dais.

He shut himself in his office, to escape not only numerous excited questions but the reproach in Dawn's eyes.

There was a tap on the door. Julian found he had his hands clenched.

"Come in."

Madame Blanche appeared. Her thin elderly face had an expression of disapproval, as with the privelege of her years she said: "You're mad, Julian, to let a completely inexperienced girl wear your most important dress. If it were the day dresses, or the suits, it wouldn't be so bad. But this ravishing gown."

"Is she quite impossible?"

Madame Blanche stood back.

"Go and see for yourself. Sit out in the front where the Press will be. Look at her as they will."

Julian obeyed, walking through the salon with its glittering chandeliers and deep carpets. He sat on the edge of one of the gilt chairs, lighted a cigarette, and waited.

THEN Betsy came out, very slowly, and not at all nervously. It was as if she were lost in a rapturous daydream.

The gorgeous dress flowed about her exquisite figure, her small head was lifted as if it were in the clouds. Her green eyes shone, her lips were full and red.

She was staggeringly beautiful.

Julian realised hazily that she was an inspired model. He had told no one of his interpretation of that particular dress, but she had uncannily sensed it. The dreamy promise that lifted her head into the clouds . . .

There was a little burst of clapping from several of the staff who had gathered to watch. Betsy appeared startled, as if she literally were waking from a dream, and stopped her slow walk.

She looked directly at Julian, questioningly. Moistening his suddenly dry lips, he murmured: "Betsy, you're wonderful. Quite wonderful."

"Oh, this isn't the first time I've done this. I took a modelling course once. Mummy thought it was a good idea. But frankly it bored me, and of course I never wore such a heavenly dress as this."

"Thank you," said Julian with sincerity.

"It's really out of this world," she added kindly.

"That seemed to me the way you wore it. I hope you'll do the same tomorrow."

Suddenly there was a glimpse of the old Betsy in the flushed, beautiful face before him.

"Must I?"

"Please!" Julian insisted. "You're an enormous success. I knew you would be."

"Did you—really?"

"Yes, really," he said, patting her hand.

But the gesture wasn't his old reassuring one to a plain dowdy girl crazy about architecture; it was the nervous one he gave to temperamental models.

Then he hurried away to his office and shut the door. Tomorrow promised to be the most successful yet in the spiralling career of the gifted young dress designer Julian Ritchie.

But the thought was oddly lacking in pleasure or even triumph. Indeed, he was conscious only of a perplexing sense of loss and loneliness.

"Temperamental, isn't she, that new girl," Madame Blanche commented.

"Why?" he asked sharply.

"She finished up in tears. Nerves, I expect. But I hope she gets over them by tomorrow."

"Oh," said Julian slowly. "Perhaps I'd better take her out for a drink or something. Give her a pep talk. Do you think that would be any help?"

"Don't ask me, Julian. You know how those girls lap up your every word!"

Julian phoned Betsy and said: "This calls for a celebration, don't you think so? How about coming out for a drink?"

Her voice sounded rather aloof: "Just for a little while, then. I have to study."

So she was still keeping up the role of the earnest architectural student. Didn't she realise she no longer deceived him?

In the pub on the corner he carried their drinks to a corner table where they just sat and looked at each other, for it was no longer easy to talk.

Betsy wore a sweater and skirt that showed the line of her lovely slim figure. Her hair was in its flyaway curls, and she wasn't wearing glasses.

She was no longer that aggressively plain and prim little travesty, whom he had so deplored, but was now a girl that any man would turn to look at again. And he felt suddenly shy.

"You were wonderful this afternoon," he said stiffly.

"Was I? I'm glad you thought so, Julian."

"Everyone did."

"I'm glad," she said again, but her voice was subdued and spiritless.

"But Madame Blanche said you were crying. Why was that?"

"Oh—reaction, I expect. It was silly of me."

Julian tried hard to get beneath her aloofness.

"Betsy, it's wonderful of you to do this for me."

"That's the only reason I'm doing it—for you."

Her voice had softened, and he caught the melting look in her eyes. Instinctively he recoiled. Shades of Pauline, of Dawn, of all those other beautiful girls!

But this was Betsy, his little gauche plain Betsy, he told himself feverishly. Betsy, who meant more than he had realised, in his life . . .

"Tell me," he said rapidly. "You wore that dress so beautifully, as if you were in a dream. What were you thinking of?"

She looked at him with a trace of her old shyness.

"I was imagining I was walking in a beech forest."

"The dress didn't mean anything to you?"

"I'm sorry, Julian. Not as much as trees. I feel more at home with them, somehow, carving out lovely stairways and doors and polished floors. Julian, what's wrong? Have I upset you?"

"No," he said excitedly. "No. But just for a minute then you looked almost as you did last week."

Betsy dragged back her hair with a sudden, defiant gesture.

"Like this?"

He nodded. "Only more so."

She rubbed at her lipstick.

"Like this?"

Julian gave a relieved sigh. "That's better."

"Julian." Her voice was so eager it trembled. "Are you telling me you don't like beautiful girls?"

"Frankly, they scare me."

"You mean you liked me better the way I was?"

"I'm crazy," Julian mumbled. "But much, much better."

"I can't believe it!" she cried. "It's too wonderful. You see, all my life I've watched so many men fall in love with my mother just because she's beautiful, not for what's beneath her beauty. And she isn't a happy woman, not at all.

"So I decided to make myself plain and dowdy, so that if ever a man looked at me twice it would be me, the real me, he was interested in. Not just a lovely face. It was me in here that you liked, wasn't it, Julian?"

"Not liked," said Julian clearly. "Loved. It was because I was in trouble that you did this for me today, wasn't it?

"You let me see through your disguise, and I realise now what an enormous sacrifice that was, because you might never have known which one of you I fell in love with. But you know now, don't you?"

She nodded, fumbling for a handkerchief.

"I'm awfully plain when I cry," she sobbed.

Without a hint of nervousness, Julian reached for her hand, and said lovingly: "I think you'd better put your glasses on, darling."

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ABOVE: "Gunnible," Gunnedah, with its vista of the Liverpool Plains. Below: A close-up of a section of the front of the 105-year-old homestead.

ON SUNLIT PLAINS

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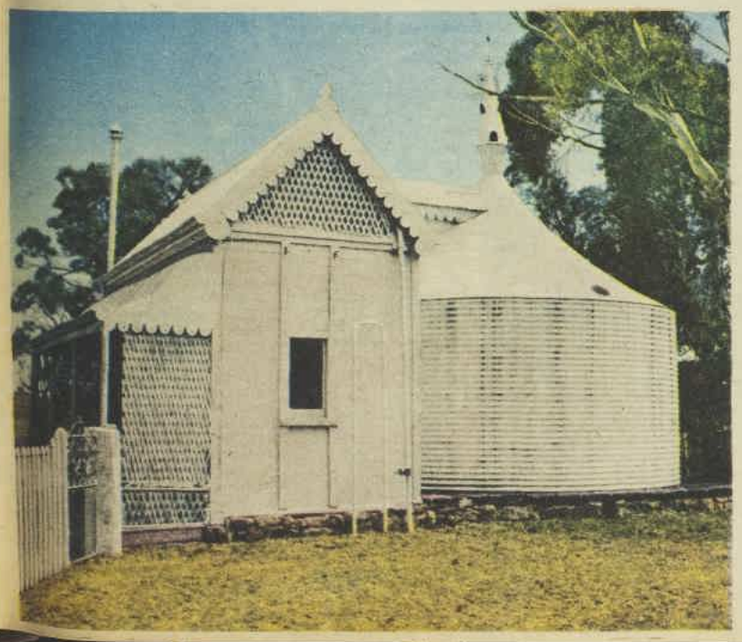
AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

RIGHT: The screened verandah at "Gunnible" continues half way around the house. Below: "Cocky," an old "Gunnible" identity, is reputed to be 54 years old.

● "Gunnible," Gunnedah, one of the oldest properties in the north-west of New South Wales, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses. The homestead of "Gunnible," the aboriginal name for "place of the wild turkey," was built 105 years ago by the late Thomas Polk Willsallen. The property was originally 160,000 acres. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Staughton, of Victoria, bought "Gunnible" in 1924 and lived there until Mr. Moses bought the property, then of 7400 acres, in 1936. Mr. Moses, a fifth generation Australian, breeds fat lambs and Hereford cattle, and grows wheat and lucerne on the property, now of 2800 acres.

ABOVE: A tall jacaranda and a silky oak tree in bloom in early summer overlook a portion of "Gunnible's" spacious and well-kept garden. Lawns surround the house.



LEFT: An indoor swimming-pool, part of the original homestead. These days the pool is used mainly by visiting children to cool off on the hot North-west summer days.

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Continuing . . .

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

from page 21

stood firmly at his shoulder and, firmly reaching across it, thrust all his papers into the open file.

"Darling, don't you know you've got to get some sleep?" demanded Stella Pollen. "D'you want a thrombosis, or whatever it is? Come to bed." And then, because she couldn't help it, added ridiculously. "Can you see me?"

He blinked. "Of course I can see you, my dear. Of course!"

"Obviously I take up space; you can't see through me—or can you?" demanded Stella, her tongue still out of her control.

"You're overtired," stated Edward Pollen mildly, "after the dinner party. And a day in London. You're the one who overdoes things. You ought to be in bed."

So Stella returned to her room.

To do her justice, that she was invisible to her husband at first disturbed her far more than that she had been invisible to four men in a railway carriage.

Yet when she reasoned with herself, she saw that this was wrong: husbands notoriously became so used to their wives' appearance, so notoriously failed to look at them, that the joke of the new dress unremarked was as old as the hills.

Edward could therefore be discounted. But couldn't also, in a different way, Freddy Blair be discounted, and Meg Braintree, and Dr. Wells? Together with old James the porter, and the old chauffeur?

Dimly, Stella perceived that perhaps the eye saw what it expected to see; there is such a thing as living on one's reputation. How long has Freddy been interested in me? wondered Stella uneasily. Was it two years, or three? Such thoughts as these were naturally upsetting; but she couldn't let them alone.

She began, in the days that followed, to experiment. So long as she kept to Beaconswood, all was well; she was visible not only to all her friends, but in every shop, every street. Butcher and baker, postman and policeman all knew pretty Mrs. Pollen. But in London, where the experiment was really conducted—

"Pardon me, I believe this other lady was first," once murmured a polite shop assistant.

The other lady was served first.

"One, madam? I believe this gentleman's just leaving," murmured a polite headwaiter.

The gentleman left. There was, indeed, regret in his eye—but he left.

And once in the train — again!

"Let me do it," offered a polite young man, hoisting Stella's parcels up to the rack; and thenceforward buried himself in a paper-back detective story.

Stella Pollen thus needed, urgently, every reassurance as to her visibility by the time her daughter, Patsy, came home.

"Darling!" cried Patsy, dropping her shocking old duffel coat, pulling off her disreputable woollen cap, and emerging like an advertisement for a beauty parlor.

"My darling child!" cried Stella Pollen. "Have you had a glorious time?"

"Glorious!" cried Patsy. "See my tan."

It was as smooth and even as the shell of a new brown egg. There wasn't even the mark of her sunglasses. Pretty, pretty Patsy!

"But how did you get here," asked Stella, "from London?"

Patsy grimaced. "Andy drove me."

"Andy?"

"He was in Switzerland. He's awful. He needn't come in."

Stella instantly realised the importance of this. It all lay before her, clear as a familiar map. For to compete with her own daughter would have been unthinkable — yet didn't this perfectly strange young man offer the perfect experiment, wouldn't he provide the best reassurance of all, added to her list of Freddies?

So, rapidly, Stella's thoughts shot ahead, the brake once removed. Even though a moment earlier she wasn't aware there might be a brake, that a situation implying a brake existed. We're not so far from Oxford, thought Stella. He can take me to cricket matches — that sort of thing. He's so young. I can take him to concerts.

She refused for one instant to believe him as awful as Patsy proclaimed — but how fortunate that Patsy found him so!

"Nonsense, darling," said Stella severely. "If he's driven you all the way from London, of course he must come in. He must stay to dinner. Go and fetch him at once."

. . . . . .

"Dear Stella, isn't he a bit young?" murmured Freddy Blair.

Stella instinctively glanced across the room to where Andrew was talking to her husband. How he'd improved, in six months!

He was still, inevitably, slight and sandy-haired, he still, unfortunately, had to wear pebble lenses — but how much better he held himself, and how amusing he could be, now that she'd given him self-confidence!

"Your undergraduate chum," added Freddy unnecessarily.

"He isn't an undergraduate any more," said Stella. "He got his degree last term. Now he's in a very good job."

"Poor Boy Makes Good," murmured Freddy.

"I'm quite sure he will. Edward says he's got brains," returned Stella serenely. "Edward likes him very much."

It was quite true. Everything had worked out quite perfectly. And I needn't have lifted a finger, thought Stella. I didn't lift a finger. Which if not strictly true was very nearly so.

Andrew had simply been so tongue-tied and awkward all through that first dinner she'd been forced, as a hostess, to sparkle a little at him, draw him out a little while Patsy talked to her father and occasionally yawned. And then next morning he'd telephoned to thank her for his dinner, and to ask if she'd care to go to a concert with him.

A concert! It fell in so pat with her own imaginings, for a moment she was quite unable to answer. "Or would it bore you to tears?" inquired Andrew anxiously. "Not a bit, I'd love to," said Stella, with proper detachment.

It didn't bother her in the least; it amused her that Patsy openly disapproved. It wasn't Andrew Patsy was proprietary of, it was her mother. "Really, Mother, how can you bear to be seen out with him," demanded Patsy.

"My darling, he's perfectly wholesome, and I happen to enjoy music," said Stella. "He's always blowing his nose," said Patsy distastefully. "He does it wetly. In Switzerland—I know it wasn't very subtle of us—but in Swizerland we all called him The Drip."

As it turned out, Andrew did indeed blow his nose rather unnecessarily. But it was no more than a nervous habit, and Stella, so much his senior, could quite kindly tell him to stop. (He made great efforts to please her in every way. He was delighted to put himself in her hands.)

It was only at the beginning, however, that she leaned on this disparity in age: soon she had slipped from being "Mrs. Pollen" into being "Stella," from being his mentor into being his gay companion—though he still consulted her earnestly about the color of his socks, the cloth of a new suit, how often he should get his hair cut.

There was the one almost tragic occasion when he experimented with contact lenses and had to admit defeat. "Anyway, I've got eyes like boiled gooseberries," muttered Andrew. "I can't look worse."

"You have very nice eyes," corrected Stella. "Take your glasses off when you don't actually need them, when you're just speaking to someone. You have witty eyes."

As no young girl could have done, she built up his self-esteem. Intellectually, Andrew was even a trifle arrogant, his degree with honors came as no surprise to him; his belief in his physical unattractiveness, on the other hand, was very largely its root.

Stella could praise him as frankly as a mother—but she wasn't his mother; and when her praise had done its work, could as easily switch to the receiving end herself.

Andrew's compliments were delightful. He took pains with them. He noticed everything Stella wore and, when he found he might, expressed a considered opinion. Sometimes it was adverse, and then Stella explained to him why he was wrong: a hat he didn't think suited her was nevertheless highly modish, and therefore at least to be put up with, till the mode changed.

"In any case, never dislike a new hat," instructed Stella. "Never?" repeated Andrew, as though whipping out an imaginary notebook. "It upsets a woman's self-confidence," explained Stella, "and if you do that, she'll hate you." "But if she asks for an honest criticism?" suggested Andrew—possibly remembering some painful experience. "Then lie!" said Stella, laughing.

After his last term at Oxford ended, she saw more of him than ever. How fortunate that Edward liked him! Stella had quite forgotten she was invisible to her husband, they were on their usual excellent terms—but Edward's not approving of Andy would have been awkward.

Quite the contrary; he enjoyed having the young man about at weekends to talk to after lunch; occasionally, before lunch, they played nine holes of golf together.

As for Patsy—when the long vacation brought her home, "Is he so awful now?" teased Stella. She was feeling extraordinarily lighthearted.

"Who, Andy? Really, I wouldn't know," said Patsy. "All I ask, Mother, is that you don't have him here this Saturday, because Adam and Derek happen to loathe him."

"I'm tapering off gradually."

How perfectly things had turned out! With a plain daughter Stella might have felt qualms, however much that plain daughter professed indifference. Patsy was as beleaguered by young men as her mother had been.

To the country-club dance, for example, she was taking not one partner but two. Both Adam and Derek, explained Patsy wearily, simply insisted.

If Stella was a trifle annoyed by this blindness to her goose-turned-swan, the compensations were overwhelming. And at least Edward appreciates him, thought Stella with no sense of inappropriateness; and that Edward's appreciation was balanced by Freddy's jealousy made the whole thing perfect.

It was one of the happiest periods of Stella's life. At forty, she had achieved an idyll.

There was nothing physical in her relation with Andrew. He adored without seeking to enjoy. He never so much as took her hand—not even during the Liebestod.

However solicitously he wrapped her stole, there was never a pressure on her shoulders, never the caress on her nape Freddy Blair would have attempted. (I let Freddy get almost out of hand, reflected Stella. How odd that Andrew should be teaching her!)

Andrew handled her like delicate porcelain, too precious for touching; all the while, however, growing more and more expert in verbal compliment. Stella's hair, he decided, was like the very pale gold thread in a certain medieval French tapestry. He'd been to a museum to check up. He took Stella there, to see for herself.

About her hats he was outrageous and brilliant.

"Of course it suits you—didn't you tell me to lie?" grinned Andrew. "But—shades of Picasso!—why not wear a fish head and be done with it?" "Whose hats should I wear then?" asked Stella, enthralled.

"Renoir's," said Andrew promptly. "Or perhaps Marie Laurencin's. Something romantic, my dear, you with your hair like gold thread."

Was ever woman so sweetly wooed? Without any physical demand? Let it be said at once, Stella didn't want any physical demand; temperamentally she was cold, what warmed her was admiration. (Once or twice the Freddy Blairs had complained of this, hinting that she cheated; but as Stella sensibly pointed out, they admired her at their own risk.)

The last thing she wanted was to be unfaithful to her husband; and that Andrew didn't want her to be either—indeed, such a thought, she was convinced, never entered his head—made their relation, as has been said, completely idyllic.

Dear Andrew, thought Stella quite often; several times a day.

"Dear Stella," said Andrew quite often, apropos of nothing, simply in an overflow of gratitude and devotion.

He made her the prettiest gifts, yet none of sufficient value to put her under an obligation. Stella had an expensive taste for marrons glaces; he produced just three or four at a time, nested in pieces of carnival china—yet how he must have searched, to find these so deliciously, so innocently inscribed: "Sweets to the Sweet" . . . "Remember Me" . . . "To the One I Love."

Dear Andrew, thought Stella. Dear, clever, undemanding Andrew.

"I thought you'd be wearing that fur; that's why I've these three small violets for you," said Andrew. But it wasn't he, it was Stella who pinned the tiny nosegay at her throat.

Idyllically, innocently yet satisfyingly, their relation developed. Stella had never felt more visible. Indeed, she forgot the horrid question altogether, being so constantly visible to Andrew. The last thing in the world she expected was to have trouble with him.

Then he kissed her.

It happened at another of the country club dances. Edward, as customarily, stayed at home; Patsy, as also was customary, bore with her regulation pair of partners. (Not, this time, Adam and Derek; Larry and Joe. "I can't help them coming, mother," apologised Patsy. "I mean, you wouldn't want me to be rude?")

Stella naturally didn't dance with Andrew all the time, though he was by now, having taken lessons, an extremely good performer; but he was the only partner she sat out with—in the winter garden.

The country club had once been a country house. Its redecorated ballroom opened upon an old conservatory now refurbished with the palms and flowering shrubs of its Edwardian prime.

Stella had permitted Andrew to lead her thither with an almost ogling glance—but a strictly Edwardian ogle; inviting him to share, so to speak, a semihistorical pleasure. "We must be discreet, my dear," smiled Stella. "Can't you feel the eyes of our grandmammas upon us?"

There were no other eyes upon them. Andrew glanced once swiftly round to make sure of this, whipped off his glasses, and kissed her squarely on the mouth.

Stella was at first so sheerly astonished that she could feel astonishment and nothing more. Then she felt a sweetness. Cold

To page 40

Fashion FROCKS

• *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"MONICA."—A neat and flattering dress-and-jacket ensemble for town or afternoon wear. Material is no-iron spotted poplin in navy-blue, red, teal-blue, and Swiss-blue, all with white spots.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/5/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/8/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/15/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/18/6.

Postage 4/6 extra.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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• *Left: Fairy roses by the inch. Perla d'alicanada (left), Twinkles, Lawranceana, and Baby Maskerade show a variety of these charming little roses.*

Dainty lilliputians

• Now is the time to buy fairy roses, those dainty lilliputians of the rose family, for your garden or window box.

SOME fairy roses are not more than six inches high in full flower.

They are obtainable as single, semi-double, true doubles, and climbers. They are ideal for miniature gardens, and also make fascinating borders to taller members of the rose family.

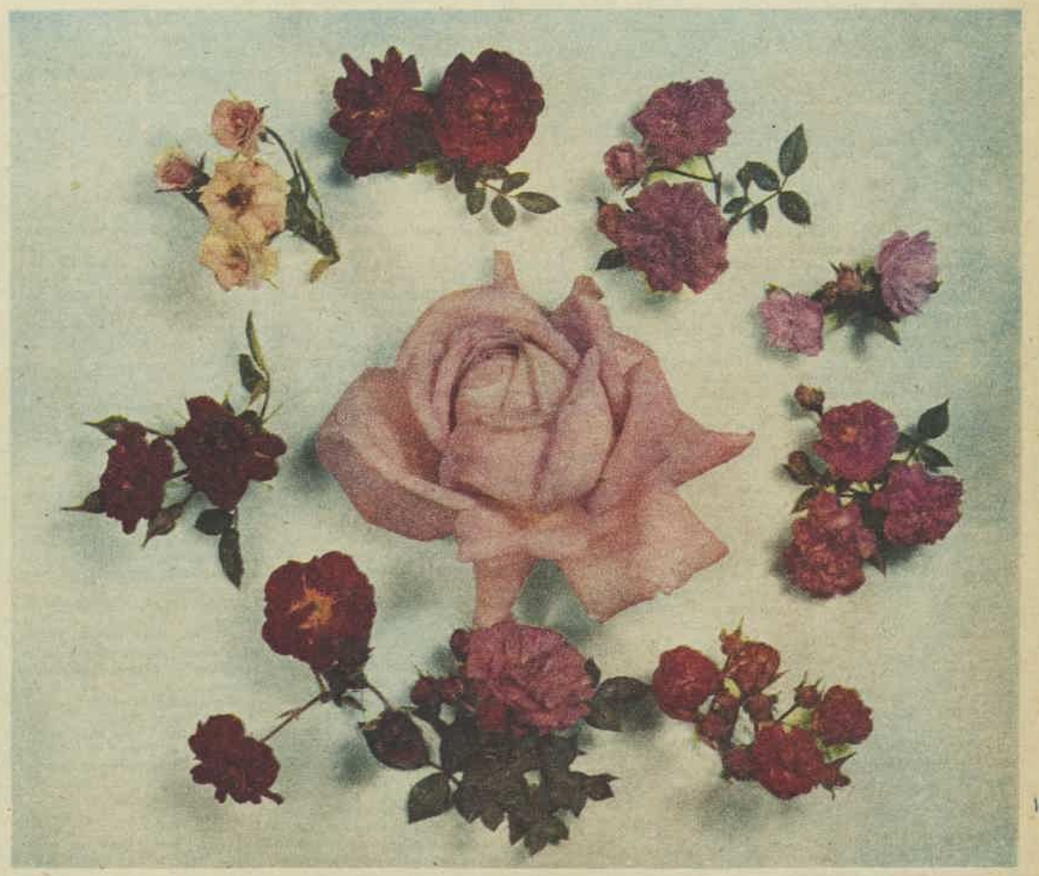
When in sandy loams or alluvial soils, they retain their dwarf habits year after year. As they flower profusely, fairy roses offer the joy of a rose garden to the flat dweller with only a few feet of soil in troughs or boxes, tubs or pots.

Miniature roses are not difficult to grow. They thrive in any soil which suits ordinary garden roses. They require very little attention apart from very occasional manuring, and fairly hard pruning in the dormant season.

Pictures by Keith Barlow, staff photographer. Roses supplied by Hazlewood Bros., Epping, N.S.W.

• *Nurseryman Mr. Stanley A. Jones, of West Ryde, N.S.W., studies a Rouletti Rosa. Below: Centre is Hybrid Tea-rose Margaret, then (clockwise from top) Coralin Superba, Simple Simon, Sweet Fairy, Midget, Red Head, Coralin, Tinkerbell, Zwergkonig, and Perla de Montserrat.*

• *Above: Perla Rosa, a pure pink miniature rose photographed in a cotton reel. Below: Hybrid Tea-rose Lady Huntingfield in contrast with fairy rose Zwekiconigin.*



• *Left: Thimbleful of tiny Coralin Superba roses. These roses are not dwarfs, but are genuine miniature species.*

• *Right: Ring around sixpence. Princessita (top right), then clockwise Perla de Montserrat, Rosina, Presumida, Perla Rosa.*

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Continuing . . . TOP-SECRET HUSBAND

from page 17

good fellowship that it was almost light enough in the room to read.

When Herb got home a couple of nights later she greeted him tenderly. Things might have gone along fine for quite a while if she hadn't remarked that she'd had Betty over for dinner and wasn't it fascinating that Betty was Herb's secretary only because she could read his handwriting?

"What do you mean, only because she can read my handwriting?" said Herb, taking fresh pyjamas from the bureau. "Betty can read my handwriting the way you read a newspaper, but that's the least part of her help to me. That girl was a physics major at Cal. She knows more about electricity than Steinmetz."

"Do you mean," Alice said quietly, "that Betty really understands what's going on at Aerolab?"

"Like a jet whiz," said Herb from the bathroom, through toothpaste. "Betty knows probably four times more about what's going on at Aerolab than I do. She's a great girl, isn't she?"

And two hours later he was still defending himself as best he could, when he honestly didn't know what the fight was about.

"Why," Alice persisted for the fortieth time, "would she come out here, eat my good dinner, look me right in the eye and lie to me like that."

"Alice, could we just go to sleep," Herb said, "and resume this in the morning? I've had about six hours' sleep in four nights."

Alice answered by switching on the light. "Herb," she said, "don't shout. You'll wake the children, and they need their sleep."

"They need their sleep," said Herb. "What do you think I need — more talk?"

"You can go to sleep any time you want to," said Alice. "Just answer one question: Why did Betty feel that she had to lie to me? Does she think I'm a spy?"

Herb raised up on one elbow and looked wearily across the gulf between the twin beds. "For the hundredth time, she did not lie to you."

"She didn't? Then what would you call it?"

"I'd call it what it was: doing her job. You're the one who was wrong, trying to worm your way in and induce my secretary to violate security."

"Worm my way in — with my own husband's secretary? Oh!"

ALICE hopped out of bed, sprinted into the bathroom, and began patting cold water on her forehead, every so often saying, "Oh!" again.

Herb sat up. "That's not how I meant it," he said, compounding the felony. "It's just that Betty has a blue badge . . ."

"Herb," said Alice, coming back into the room, "if you mention Betty's blue badge once more I think I'll lose my mind. I'd rather have you mention, a hidden birthmark."

"Now, Alice —"

"Good night," said Alice, "to you and your security-minded friend. I hope you'll be very happy together."

Alice didn't say anything at breakfast either. And when Herb called at noon she had the bags about packed. She wasn't leaving, technically. She'd just decided to pick up the children when they got out of school and drive down to Tucson and visit her Aunt Mary for a week or so.

Aunt Mary and Uncle Hoff had a dude ranch with some real trees and shade on it and had been wanting them to come down. It would give her a chance to think things through — and give Herb a chance to think things through, too.

But here was Herb on the phone. "Darling," he said — the way he said it meant that somebody important was in the office — "we're having a guest for dinner."

Is that so? thought Alice, looking around at the packed suitcases.

"Yes," Herb went on genially. "General Martin flew in this morning. He's here in the office with me now" — in husband talk this means for heaven's sake don't be difficult — "and as head of the Circuits Section it's my privilege to have him out for dinner. I assured him you'd be as pleased as I am."

"Is he the man who's responsible for the blue-badge rules?" asked Alice, perking up.

"Yes. He's boss of the whole shebang."

"In that case," said Alice, "I will be delighted to have him to dinner. I intend to poison him."

"That's my girl," said Herb with a hollow chuckle. "You'll have everything ready then? Nothing I need to bring?"

"No," said Alice, "I'll get it. But my advice to General Martin would be to eat in a restaurant. Say, why don't you bring Betty along? I could kill two birds with one rock!"

"That won't be necessary," said Herb at the other end. "Yes, I'm sure the general will like prime ribs. Okay, dear — see you at five-thirty." And he hung up.

Alice kicked the nearest bag so hard she nearly broke her foot. She knew that Herb knew that even if the heavens were falling in chunks, when he walked in with General Martin at five-thirty she and the children and the house would be at their natty best, with a dinner worthy of the Waldorf prepared.

The dinner was superb. It shot the budget and a sizzling afternoon, but it was superb: her own chilled consommé that took hours to make but tasted like ambrosia; prime ribs resplendent with asparagus hollandaise; a shimmering aspic; and then, since he was a general, apple pie.

The children were on their best behaviour, Alice made just the right amount of relaxed small talk, and General Martin was properly tall and distinguished and seemed to enjoy the dinner tremendously. The whole evening went off just beautifully.

> **It does not much signify whom one marries, as one is sure to find next morning that it is someone else.**
>
> *—Samuel Rogers*

But later, after General Martin had gone and they were getting ready for bed, Alice dawdled a long while in the bathroom brushing her hair. So it had gone all right. So what?

She'd prepared a decent dinner. She'd helped her husband entertain a general. And tomorrow morning she could head back to the harem with the wives of all the other secret scientists, and Herb and Betty could get on with the important stuff. The stuff that only they were trusted to know.

"Darling," Herb called from the bedroom, "are you going to stay in there all night?"

He'd called her darling and there was no one important in the office!

She opened the door and came out, still brushing idly at her hair. Herb had evidently lost his mind. With a shy grin he was standing at the bureau in his pyjamas, Chris' drum hanging from his neck.

"When you are going to make a military presentation," he said while she stared, "you have to have a drum roll. It's tradition."

And he did the best he could with the toy drumsticks. Brrrrrrrr. Alice remembered with a catch in her heart the pictures of him, a tall string-bean with a vacuous look, playing the snare drum in the high-school band.

No one would have thought he'd grow up to be a great scientist; in fact, no one would have thought he'd grow up to be allowed to walk the streets alone.

Then he took off the drum, picked up something from the bureau, and came over and pinned it on her nightgown. He kissed her *ceremoniously* on both cheeks and stepped back.

She looked down. It was a blue badge. It said "honorary" across it, but otherwise it was a genuine Aerolab blue badge. It even had her picture on it — a miniature copy of the one Herb had always carried in his wallet.

She looked up, her eyes swimming. "Golly," she said, "I'm in the club!"

"That is only part of the ceremony," he said.

He went over, unlocked the top bureau drawer, and took out the thin briefcase he never let out of his sight when he had it away from the office. Unzipping it, he came back to her.

"The reason General Martin came to dinner," he said, "is that promotion time is coming up, and without anybody's supposedly knowing what's going on, he's been making surprise visits to the homes of the different section heads to see how the wives are standing the strain.

"General Martin, as I've told you, is a great believer in the importance of a happy home front. You didn't know it, but he was weighing every word you said at dinner."

"Good heavens," said Alice.

"And since I knew you'd come through with flying colors, I had a couple of secret operatives of mine in the badge department spend most of the afternoon fixing up your own honorary blue badge. Sit down, General Boggs."

Wonderingly Alice sat down on the edge of the bed. Out of the briefcase Herb began handing her batches of official papers and reports, all stamped "Top Secret."

"In case you think your blue badge does not mean what it says, here are the contents of the safe. Here are some of our secret reports."

Alice hardly glanced at them. She suddenly realised it was in no way important that she know what was in Aerolab's secret reports. The important thing was that Herb had offered to show them to her. And even more important was that she should show Herb she deserved the trust; if she did, she wouldn't want him to violate security — even for her.

Her hands shaking a little, she gathered up the reports and handed them back to him as though they were wastepaper.

"Thank you," she said, "for boosting me up for a look into Vulcan's Forge. But I guess all I really wanted to know was that you still occasionally think of me and the children."

"The children!" cried Herb. "I should have got them up for the ceremony. At important ceremonies the whole family is supposed to be present."

Then he dropped on to the bed beside her and caught her to him. "I wonder sometimes if you have any idea how much I love you and how much I love my family."

"Herb," said Alice, "let's get those secret reports back into that locked drawer before you forget it."

"You see," said Herb happily, "what that blue badge does to you?"

And they didn't wake the children after all.

THE next morning Herb took the reports back to the office and gave them to Betty, and said, "You can dispose of these now. I just wanted to make sure there was nothing in them we'd want."

"I'm sure there isn't," said Betty, riffling through them. "This is the last batch of that old World War I stuff — all dead as a dodo. How in the world did they get marked 'Top Secret'?"

"I was just trying out my new rubber stamp," said Herb.

Proving that any husband, even a physicist, can get smart eventually . . .

About the same time, Alice was writing to her Aunt Mary in Tucson, to tell her they wouldn't be there. "Wasn't that sweet of Herb," she wrote, "bringing all that old World War I stuff to show me, just to make me feel better?

"There was the date—April 21, 1918 — right on the top one!

"Herb never was a very good liar, which is part of what makes him such a wonderful guy. You know, it doesn't seem nearly as hot here this morning . . ."

Wives of secret scientists need a few secrets, too.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

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as she was, she felt in that strong, gentle pressure a great sweetness.

Then she was very angry. But before she could let her anger loose, before she could decide whether to be pained rather—pained and indignant, and finally forgiving—Andrew spoke.

"Did I do that well?" asked Andrew eagerly.

Stella was surprised anew. There was something in his manner she didn't understand, something outside her experience. She nodded.

"Full marks?" persisted Andrew.

She nodded.

"Bless you," said Andrew. He put on his glasses again. "Now I feel I'm ready."

"Ready?" repeated Stella. "Ready for what?"

"To tackle Patsy," said Andrew simply.

STELLA sank down in one of the long wicker chairs. Andrew immediately fetched two extra cushions, one for her back, one for her feet, and then himself squatted beside her like a clever dog expecting praise.

"I can't begin to thank you," he said happily. "I only hope you've enjoyed teaching me as much as I've enjoyed learning. You can't have quite, of course; it was just your wonderful kindness.

"I thought you might help right from the beginning, when you were so kind at that first awful dinner. I thought perhaps Patsy'd tell you what was wrong with me. Did she?"

"She said you blew your nose too much," said Stella. She was still trying to sort her emotions; as yet she knew only that they were all painful.

"So that was why you were so down on it. I knew you'd help," rejoiced Andrew. "I had an instinct. And did I need helping! I'd never had time, you see, to learn much about girls; I've been too busy grinding.

"I had to grind, because I'll never have a penny beyond what I earn; but you see what a disadvantage it put me at with chaps like Larry and Adam, who've been taking girls out all their lives. I didn't know the first thing."

Some women might have found the confession touching. Stella sat frozen in self-pity.

"In fact, I needed a tutor," grinned Andrew wryly. "I had a good tutor at Oxford, but this was what you might call extra mural. And to tackle a wonderful girl like Patsy! So what I'll owe you," said Andrew, serious again, "I can never, never repay."

He spoke, however wryly, or seriously, with perfect assurance. And who had given him this new assurance? Stella had.

"Actually, when I phoned and asked you to that concert," said Andrew, "I nearly spilled the beans then. But Patsy was always wanting people to be subtle, so I thought, 'Hang it, I'll be subtle.' Was I?"

At least she could save a shred of pride. "Not quite subtle enough to deceive me."

"Well, I hardly expected to," admitted Andrew. "You'd had so much more experience." (Not, "You're so much older," Stella noticed. Was that a fruit of her training, too?) "But, anyway, you liked me enough to take all that trouble —I mean with my sentimental education—which meant you'd approve of me as a son-in-law. You would, wouldn't you?" demanded Andrew with assurance.

"And I've put in a lot of spade work with Mr. Pollen, too," he added blithely. "I'm in a prepared position. Now for Patsy!"

"I must still tell you," said Stella, "I don't believe Patsy cares for you at all. Really, not at all!"

"She noticed I blew my nose too much," said Andrew, with a rapt expression.

"Yes, and she hated it!" cried Stella.

"But now I've stopped. You stopped me," pointed out Andrew. "In fact, I'm no longer the drip I was. I shall now start courting Patsy in form—and let all other males beware! In fact, I think I'll start with the next rumba.

"If she's dancing it with Snake-Hips Larry, I shall cut in. If he objects, I shall lay him out with my secret judo throw. Tomorrow morning I shall send Patsy two apologetic rosebuds tied to that scent she likes. She will begin to notice me, don't you think?"

At last Stella managed to laugh. "My dear Andrew," she said, "I see I can't teach you anything more. But I don't believe I'll stay for the judo. I'm tired; I think I'll go home."

He didn't protest. He was nonetheless so truly grateful to her that he insisted on coming out and seeing her into the car, even though a rumba just then struck up.

"Tell me something," said Stella through the window. "How have you been thinking of me all this time? How have you seen me?"

"As Patsy's mother, of course," said Andrew readily—and through the window gave her a second, a quite different, an honest, smacking, son-in-law's kiss.

During the short drive home Stella let her tears run unchecked. She wasn't weeping, and was honest enough to admit it, for any blighted romance. If Andrew hadn't been in love with her, no more had she been in love with Andrew.

She wept, simply and bitterly, because prettiness at last loses its power, because after a certain time a pretty woman must become by her own standards invisible. And what then is left for her?

I *suppose* the clever ones find an answer, thought Stella. Only I'm not clever, I never have been. I've nothing left at all.

However distressed, she drove with expertness; expertly garaged the car. The spectacular crash, the poor, pretty body thence extricated, would have made a neater ending.

Stella's physical reactions were too good to allow it. I shall live on until I'm a hag, thought Stella. A hag and a grandmother.

She locked the garage doors.

Probably even Freddy doesn't really see me now, thought Stella. He's simply used to me; used to having some sort of focus for his silly affections.

She entered the house.

She would have gone straight upstairs if the door of the study hadn't opened. Stella saw it before her, rimmed with light, at the end of the hall as she came in, but she hadn't expected it to open.

"Who's that?" called Edward Pollen. He sounded like a man alone in the house. Cook and manservant no doubt snored overhead; Edward Pollen still sounded like a man alone in his house.

"I was tired; I came home," said Stella.

"Where's Patsy?"

"Andrew's bringing her," said Stella, without thinking.

She was so tired, indeed, that though she automatically went on into the study, she at once sat down in the nearest chair, the chair facing the desk—as though she'd been a client come to ask advice. And Edward as automatically resumed his own seat opposite.

"You've been crying," he stated.

"Yes," said Stella. She didn't even get out her powder compact. Where was the point?

"Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Stella.

"Anything I can put right?"

"No."

"Then you'd better go to bed," said Edward Pollen.

BUT he was looking at her. He had been looking at her, Stella suddenly realised, steadily and thoughtfully for a full minute. He was seeing her.

Not as a pretty woman, simply as a woman; as his wife. Behind his brusqueness she felt the weight of a deep, husbandly concern, an abiding care and responsibility, with which what she looked like had simply nothing whatever to do.

"But it isn't serious," said Stella uncertainly.

She was glimpsing a future not, after all, insupportable. It was as much as she could achieve, just at the moment. Gratitude and content lay still a long way ahead. But she glimpsed certain possibilities, and took a step forward to meet them. To assuage her husband's concern.

"It isn't really serious at all," said Stella, and went to bed.

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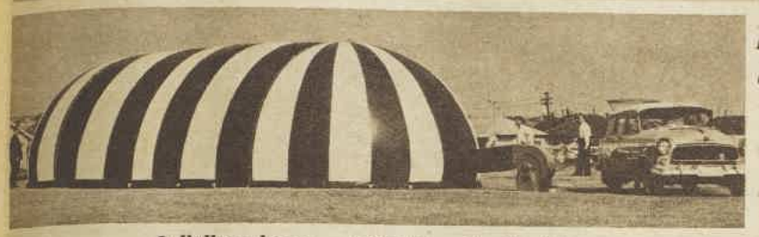

• *Balloon house — with hot and cold stripes.*

THIS blue-and-white striped mass was sprawled misshapen on the ground. Then it squirmed and whoofed upwards — we were watching Australia's first "balloon" house inflate.

Once up, the balloon was 40ft. long and 10ft. high at its highest point. It is useful, we were told, for storage or parties or just living in.

The whole thing was held up by "a large volume of low-pressure air."

Mr. John Human, general manager of the company that built the balloon, invited us inside.

"If you stand here," he said, "your voice echoes."

"Help!" we said. "Why don't you stand customers here? Then they'll hear you say it costs £700, £700—and you'll make a double profit.

"It'd be good for nagging husbands, too. They could hear themselves and reform."

Mr. Human led us outside. "Feel the stripes," he said.

The blue stripe was very warm; the white one was quite cold.

"There," said Mr. Human. "Now you've proved you're cooler in a pale dress than a dark one."

Balloon houses are so versatile.

SHE was a pretty blonde; he was an attractive man; we were eavesdropping. "I'd say sausages were my favorite food — if it wasn't mundane," said he. The blonde simpered. "But it's Thursday."

An all-over suntan . . .

IT'S been a heartbreaking problem. But we've solved it at last.

For YEARS we've been trying to acquire a suntan under our chin. All we've ever got is a large, pale patch.

Now we've found out what to do and, benevolent as always, we're only too happy to pass on the news.

All you need is a kidney-shaped reflector — you hold it under the offending chin (or chins) — the reflector catches the sun's rays and, voila! A suntan!

You can make a natty reflector by sticking silver foil on cardboard.

Chin, chin, everybody.

Don't be a tele-phony

SOUTH AFRICAN-BORN novelist William Plomer hasn't got a telephone in his house. "I can still work and play, eat, breathe, and sleep without it," he said in a B.B.C. talk.

He added that a phone was a pest and a time-waster. It caused unnecessary suspense when you had to wait for a call that didn't come (ask any girl); there were irritating wrong numbers.

"Have you never rushed dripping from the bath, or chewing from the table, or dazed from the bed — only to be told you are a wrong number?" Mr. P. asked.

"And even if you are strong-minded enough not to answer it, the idiotic bell goes on ringing and ringing."

Just then the broadcast came to an abrupt close.

There was — pauses and Mr. Plomer said, 'I have been told someone is waiting to talk to me on the telephone. I think I had better answer it. After all, it might be something important."

For moonstruck balletomanes

"HE flies to the moon on the back of a giant bird," said Mr. Paul Grinwis airily.

Mr. Grinwis, a principal dancer with the Borovansky Ballet Company, was telling us about the hero of his new ballet, a science-fiction fantasy called "Journey to the Moon."

It's about an 18th-century student of astronomy who dreams about space. And it should be one of the most ambitious ballet productions Australia has seen: the four acts are set in a laboratory, in China, in the stratosphere —and on the moon.

But to get back to this student who goes rushin' off to the moon like a primitive sputnik.

"How do you manage with the bird?" we asked. "What props . . ."

"Oh, that," said Mr. G. "It still has to be worked out."

We hate to leave you up in the air like this — but, for the solution, we'll just have to wait till the ballet's premiere in February during the company's Sydney season.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND of ours made a black silk dress the other day. It was chic and elegant (she thought).

But bitter disillusion was to come.

"What d'you think of it?" she asked, parading the new creation in front of her father.

"Mmm," he said. Pause. Then, "it's . . . DIGNIFIED."

THERE we were, standing in the middle of a city footpath—transfixed. We'd just seen in a shop window this freshly lettered sign: "Contemporary legs, 7/3 a pair." But don't worry—the future of cheesecake is safe.

Apart from the fact that the legs were knock-kneed, they were TABLE legs.

A game has to have a gimmick

MEN, please note! Paris says umbrellas are not just to keep off the rain—not any more, they aren't.

We've received some pictures of the very latest French umbrellas for men.

One stubby number (for sports wear) had a long strap attached. For a dog-lead.

Another had a cigarette lighter in the handle. There was a third with a whistle

• *Heavier with lighter?*

(for hailing taxis or saluting an elegant mademoiselle).

They look too chic for words. We showed the pictures to a couple of men. They snorted in stunned appreciation. We're sure it was appreciation. We're sure . . .

Don't lounge — do it yourself!

WALK into the sitting-room of Mrs. Douglas Batson's home at North Ryde, Sydney, and you'll see a couple of easy-chairs and a TV lounge.

It mightn't sound unusual, but it is. Mrs. Batson made the furniture herself.

The TV lounge, she told us, took about nine months. "I have five children," she explained, "so I couldn't keep at it all the time.

"I bought the frame and webbed it. Then I laced and tied down the springs, covered them with bagging, rubber, and padding, then upholstered it.

"The lounge materials cost about £70, but the lounge would have cost more than twice that much to buy."

Sea a purser on holiday

"I MUST go down to the sea again," quoth John Masefield.

Len Wyeth feels the same way. He's the purser on board the liner Strathnaver.

Right now he's on holiday. And is he going mountain-climbing; is he relishing the hustle of hometown Sydney?

No, ma'am. Mr. Wyeth and his family have gone off on a little sea trip to America and back aboard Arcadia.

"It'll be different, being a passenger for once — and I love passengers," said Mr. W., who's been travelling between Australia and England about three times a year since 1936.

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lift to his private office suite. The keynote of that suite was excellence. It was furnished (all by Rammell's, of course) in best Mayfair Chippendale and red morocco.

Only the other directors and one or two of the senior managers had ever been inside the room at all. That was because the ordinary day-by-day business of the shop was looked after by Mr. Preece, the general manager. Mr. Eric remained remote and invisible. Until eleven-fifteen that is, when he made his regular quick tour of the main departments.

Then, particularly to new members of the staff, he came as a bit of a disappointment. It was Mr. Rammell's stature that was against him. Only five-foot-four and, no getting away from it, he was tubby. And his coloring was bad. Too many shades of grey. Not enough pink or tan.

There was one drawer in the Chippendale bureau that was like a small chemist's shop. It was stocked solid with bismuth tablets, old-fashioned bicarb, and charcoal biscuits. That was because Mr. Eric nursed a raging volcano inside him. The threat of an ulcer had been hanging over him for years.

It was worry, sheer rush and worry, that had done it. That was why he was always promising himself a long sea holiday. A cruise. Somewhere into the sunshine. With no business correspondence. No telephone. No directors' meeting. And, above all, no Mrs. Rammell.

She was half his trouble, Mrs. Rammell. She spent her time feeding the volcano, shovelling in fresh coals just when the furnace seemed to be dying down a bit. That was because she was a born hostess. And a discoverer of talent.

There was a young Indian dancer, Swami Lal, whom she had just found. He was due to give a dance recital in Mr. Rammell's own drawing-room. And so far as Mr. Rammell was concerned, even the threat of young Swami was pure anthracite.

COMPARED with Mr. Eric Rammell, Mr. Preece, the general manager — one floor down and lodged in a room as bare and bleak as an operating theatre—led a life of placid and uneventful harmony. Home to Carshalton every evening, and back again to the surgical ward by eight forty-five next morning, Mr. Preece asked nothing more of life.

He was a thin, patient-looking man with rather beautiful hands. He had a memory like a comptometer, and slight catarrh that lasted from May until September, when his regular winter colds began. Acute anaemia seemed to be his trouble. But that couldn't really be the case. Because the blood was there all right. Once a year, when at the annual general meeting Mr. Eric referred to "the invaluable and selfless devotion shown by our general manager, Mr. Preece," up it came straight from the heart and Mr. Preece blushed a deep schoolgirl red.

Mrs. Preece, a soft, motherly woman with pale, dust-colored hair, felt that her husband ought to be made a director. And, particularly towards Christmas, when he didn't get home till nine o'clock or ten o'clock at night, she made a point of saying so.

But it would have made things much easier for both of them if only she could have held her tongue. Because the plain fact was that Mr. Preece was simply not director-grade—not for a house of Rammell's standing, that is.

Nor was Mrs. Preece right for a director's wife. Socially there was a chasm. When Mrs. Rammell did try the experiment of asking Mr. and Mrs. Preece to one of her recital evenings, Mrs. Preece nearly ruined everything by glancing anxiously at her watch all through the Scarlatti and then, with a lot of hissing, apologetic whispers, left right in the middle of a Chopin etude because she was afraid they would miss the eleven forty-three from Victoria.

At this moment Mr. Preece was addressing another senior member of staff, also tail-coated like Mr. Bloot. But a very different type of man. Practically a separate species.

You could never mistake this one for anything but a floor-walker. But rather a seedy one. That was because his tails were just a shade too large. But, in any case, he hadn't really got the figure for tails. He was not much taller than Mr. Eric. And without the girth. There was a slightness and triviality about him. A wispiness.

But he knew his stuff all right. He presided, two floors up, over the household china, bed linen, slumber kit, towels, motoring rugs, leather goods, radio and television. It was quite an empire for a man of his physique to have conquered, subdued, and now be ruling over.

In the presence of Mr. Preece, his whole attitude was one of respect and attention.

"Ah, Privett, Mr. Bloot tells me you want to get your daughter into the firm," Mr. Preece had just said in that precise, clipped voice of his.

"That's right, sir," he replied. "Very kind of you to take the trouble."

This was the moment that Mr. Privett had been waiting for, dreaming of, ever since his daughter's last year at school. But now that it had come he found himself embarrassed, confused somehow.

He felt that in some strange way he was actually letting her down, being insufficient. So he went on hurriedly.

"You'll find she's a good girl, sir," he said. "Quite inexperienced, of course. But . . . but a really good girl. She'll do us all credit."

He was rather surprised with himself as he said the words. He was very proud of his daughter, but he had never discussed her with strangers in this way before.

"Well, we must get her to come and see us," Mr. Preece replied in his smoothest office-velvet kind of voice. "Then if we can do anything we'll fix her up."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Of course, she'll only be a learner at first," Mr. Preece reminded him.

"Oh, naturally, sir. That's . . . that's all she'd expect."

BUT there was no time for any further conversation. Mr. Preece had already rung for his secretary. And he began dictating before the secretary had even got herself properly seated.

"Memo to staff supervisor. 'Please arrange to see Miss—you'll get the full name from Mr. Privett—of—Mr. Privet'll give you the address—with a view to filling one of the forthcoming learner vacancies. Kindly let me know the result of the interview.' That's all, thank you."

Mr. Preece gave a swift, colorless nod to the secretary and another in Mr. Privett's direction. That indicated that he had done all that could be done. Indeed, he had already gone rather too far. There was a waiting-list the length of a royal petition up in the appointments section.

And in any case it was a strict rule that everyone must write in. Rammell's believed in following the simple test of neat handwriting, orderly expression, and a proper knowledge of punctuation — as judged by the staff supervisor.

That was why Mr. Privett was so pleased with himself. No child of his could really have been expected to write. After all, he had been with Rammell's for nearly thirty years.

Mr. Privett was still so pleased when he got back to his own floor that for once he almost seemed to fill his tails. He looked a larger man altogether. And he was thinking of nothing but Irene. How excited she would be. How pleased. And how he would buy her some little starting-off gift—a new handbag, or something.

It was nearly eleven by now. And at eleven o'clock precisely he always slipped up to the staff canteen for a cup of coffee. That meant that he would be able to tell his news to Mr. Bloot. Mr. Privett and Mr. Bloot were old friends. Natural inseparables.

As would have been expected, Mr. Bloot took the lead in everything, and with every year that passed Mr. Privett's admiration for the larger man grew more complete and unquestioning. Nowadays, simply to be in Mr. Bloot's company gave Mr. Privett a delicious feeling of the fullness of life. Of being in the very centre of things. That was why eleven o'clock was so important. He and Mr. Bloot

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There ought to be a better word than "delicious"... just for

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Most people enjoy the **baffling** taste sensation of Kellogg's Corn Flakes — and most of them feel there ought to be a **better** word than "delicious" to describe it.

The **unmatched** flavour of those big, golden flakes of corn has won the hearts of young and old the world over.

More sustaining, too, because Kellogg's Corn Flakes are full of energy and goodness from the sun. Why not start your day with some?

"Mouth-watering?" "Tempting?" No — even those words are not good enough. But like you, he knows there ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it! Don't you agree?

Better-tasting... more sustaining because Kellogg's do wonders with corn

* Registered Trade Mark

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usually managed to fit in a few minutes together at eleven o'clock.

When Mr. Privett arrived, Mr. Bloot was already there, seated at his usual table. He had his cup in his hand, and he was leaning forward so that no drops should get on to his cravat.

He took tea-drinking seriously. Just to look at him with his eyebrows going up as his chin went down, you could see that he brought an impressive ardor and intensity to the whole process.

Mr. Privett was so excited that he went straight over to Mr. Bloot instead of taking his place in the service line.

"Mr. Preece spoke to me about Irene," he blurted out a little breathlessly.

"Yes?" Mr. Bloot said.

"They're going to see her."

Mr. Bloot finished his tea and put his cup down. He was naturally a heavy breather. And at that moment he seemed to be doing nothing else but breathe. But that was not so. Really he was thinking. And thinking was always rather a slow business with Mr. Bloot.

"I'll drop a word myself in the right quarter," he remarked at last.

There was a pause.

"Mum's going to be ever so pleased about this," Mr. Privett said suddenly.

Mr. Bloot turned graciously towards his friend.

"How is Eileen?" he inquired.

"Eileen's fine," Mr. Privett replied. "She's . . . she's been asking for you."

Mr. Bloot made no comment. Merely pursed his lips. And Mr. Privett did not press the point. Both men knew that Mrs. Privett did not like Mr. Bloot. And in a way Mrs. Privett's dislike was an additional bond between them.

But even if the tactless lie had upset Mr. Bloot, Mr. Privett was saved from any further embarrassment. Elevenses were now over. And he had missed his morning coffee altogether. He rose obediently and followed Mr. Bloot, who was marching slowly and majestically back towards the main shop.

Then Mr. Bloot spoke again.

"Irene's a lucky girl," he said, "coming into Rammell's. I wonder if she realises."

. . . . . .

Irene Privett herself was lying stretched out full length on the bed. Her chin was resting on her hands. And her feet were spread out across the pillow. Her two shoes had gone slithering across the floor when she kicked them off.

She was only seventeen. Still living in the full turmoil of adolescence. Life opened out in front of her down a long corridor of chaos and confusion. With Mrs. Privett following silently behind, picking up, smoothing out, putting away.

At the moment Irene was wearing simply the foundations of dress, the pale pink brassiere and pants which she had bought for herself, and of which Mrs. Privett had disapproved.

She had a good figure. Still only schoolgirlish, of course. Nothing mature or magnificent. But supple and healthy-looking.

The book open on the bed was paper-covered. It was a play—one of Christopher Fry's. For the whole of the past month she had been going round in a stupefied daze of Fry. She had the taste of his words in her mouth when she woke in the morning. And she kept going back to him for further doses between regular mealtimes.

From down below she heard the front door shut. That meant that her father had come home. She glanced for a moment at her wristwatch. It showed six-twenty. And as she looked at it she remembered dimly, as a kind of shadow from the unreal world, that she had

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

promised her mother to do something. Lay the table. Or light the gas. Or turn it out.

But, in any case, it was probably too late by now. Whatever it was, Mrs. Privett would have seen to it herself.

It was, indeed, only because her mother was dressmaking that Irene had been asked to attend to things at all. When Irene listened, however, there was complete silence in the room beneath her. That in itself showed that everything was all right.

If Mrs. Privett had still been working, there would have been the low, intermittent whining of the treadle machine, grinding away like a distant lawnmower. Consoled by the silence, Irene went on reading.

But not for long. It was Mrs. Privett's voice that called her.

"Irene."

Irene looked up. The voice somehow did not belong. There was no one in the whole of Mr. Fry's hag-ridden household who was called by that name.

Mrs. Privett called again.

"Irene. Your dad wants you."

"Coming, Mum."

It took Irene some time to get dressed. For no particular reason she did not like anything that she had been wearing. And she couldn't find what she wanted to wear instead. Then her hair needed doing. And at the sight of a nailfile lying on the dressing-table she began idly going round her nails.

It wasn't that she was deliberately keeping her father waiting. Merely that she was distracted. She had been interrupted while she was busy. And her mind was still knee-deep in Mr. Fry's world of words and witches.

"Irene, can you hear me? Your dad's got something to tell you."

Mrs. Privett's voice had risen by a semitone. It now had a sharp, rasplike edge to it.

Irene still did not hurry. She went across slowly and opened the door like a sleepwalker.

"What's the matter, Mum?" she asked with the purely mechanical part of her mind. "I heard you."

It struck Irene as soon as she got down to the kitchen that her father was looking unusually pleased about something. He seemed pinker than usual. And it struck Mr. Privett that Irene was looking unusually pretty. She was just the kind of daughter for whom any father would want to do little things.

Mrs. Privett looked across at her husband and gave a little nod.

"Well, Dad," she said. "You tell her. It's your news."

MR. PRIVETT straightened himself. He wished that Mr. Bloot could have been there. Mr. Bloot would have made the announcement sound so much better. There would have been real dignity and grandeur about it. Coming from him it would really have sounded like something.

"It's all fixed," he said smiling. "They're going to write to you. They said so this morning."

"Who did?"

"Why Rammell's, of course."

Mr. Privett opened his eyes wider in astonishment.

"What about?"

"About you."

The smile had almost left Mr. Privett's face by now. He had been looking forward all day to this moment when he got home. And somehow it wasn't turning out as he had expected.

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"What do Rammell's want to write to me for?"

"They want you to go and see them," he said, chasing up a smile again. "There may be a vacancy coming along. Nothing definite, of course. But this is your opportunity."

IRENE drew herself up sharply. "I don't want any Rammell vacancy, thank you," she said. "They can keep it."

There was silence. Then Mrs. Privett spoke.

"That's no way to speak to your father. And what's wrong with Rammell's I should like to know?"

They were the first words that Mrs. Privett had uttered. And having uttered them she stood there facing Irene with her mouth drawn in at the corners. The resemblance between mother and daughter

"Can I keep it, Mum? . . . Please. . . . Pleeeaase?

. . . Oh, thank you! . . . Thank you!"

was at that moment unusually striking.

"Don't be silly, Mum," Irene answered. "Nothing's wrong with it. You know I don't mean that. It's simply that I don't want to go there. I've told you so all along."

"And why not, pray? Isn't it good enough for you?"

Mrs. Privett had been a learner herself in Rammell's when she had first met Mr. Privett. And Rammell's in consequence was a good deal more than a source of living to her. It was life itself.

The polished avenues of the counters were sylvan groves where she and Mr. Privett had discreetly done their courting. The whole of that end of Bond Street still glittered in a mist of girlish and romantic memories. And she wasn't going to have her daughter spoiling any of it.

That was why it was so painful, so unthinkably wounding, when Irene answered back. It showed that suddenly the invisible cord between parent and child had snapped completely.

"No, it isn't, if you want to know," was Irene's reply. "It may be good enough for you. It isn't good enough for me. I'm not going to be a shopgirl. I've told you so before, and that's flat. I'm going to be . . ."

Irene checked herself. Her lips came together again just the way Mrs. Privett's had done. She had already said all that she intended to say. Had said too much, in fact.

But Mrs. Privett was merciless. She was exactly the same height as Irene and now she was clearly sparring for an opening.

"Going to be what?" she said bitterly. "An actress, I suppose!"

Irene braced herself. "Well, what if I am?" she demanded. "Is there anything so very terrible in that?"

It was Irene's first open declaration of her intentions. Up to now there had been nothing more serious than school theatricals. But this was the real thing. It was a contest between adults.

Seventeen, however, is a bad age for challenges. At that very moment Irene, conscious of being freer and older and more self-possessed than she had ever been before, behaved like a small child.

She burst into tears. And because she couldn't stand there like that in front of her parents she turned her back on them and slammed out of the room.

Mrs. Privett started to go after her, and then stopped. She turned and faced Mr. Privett. Neither of them spoke.

Then Mr. Privett swallowed. There was an audible choke somewhere in the back of his throat.

"You've made her cry, *mother*," he said *idiotically*.

Of the two, Mr. Privett's emotions were the simpler. He was merely sad and disappointed. But Mrs. Privett's were more complicated. She was sad for his sake. She knew what his piece of news had meant to him. And she couldn't forgive Irene for spoiling things. It was like being cruel to . . . to, yes, that was it, to a child.

Mrs. Privett wanted to throw her arms around her husband and tell him that at least one of his womenfolk still loved him. It was merely her upbringing that prevented her. She had been married for over twenty years, and never once had she given any sudden demonstration of affection. She despised women whose emotions were on the surface.

From upstairs there came the sound of a door opening.

"That'll be her ladyship," Mr. Privett said.

Mrs. Privett merely drew in her lips again.

"You leave her to me," she replied.

"Perhaps she's coming to say she's sorry," Mr. Privett suggested.

But Mrs. Privett was paying no attention to him.

"Irene!" she called.

"Yes, Mum."

It was a relief to Mr. Privett that Irene even answered. An absurd fear had suddenly flashed across his mind that Irene was running away, simply bolting from the house without another word to either of them.

"Where are you going?"

"Out, Mum."

Irene's voice certainly sounded steady and composed enough. There was no trace there of tantrums or hysterics. A deliberately casual and indifferent note seemed, indeed, to have crept into it.

"Where to?" Mrs. Privett asked.

The same note of coldness, of aloofness, was in her voice also.

"With Madge. Like I said."

"Don't be back la . . ."

But the end of Mrs. Privett's sentence was cut off by another loud explosion. It was the front door this time. The whole house recoiled from the violence of it. Then there was silence.

Mrs. Privett got up and began clearing the room.

"Why don't you go and do something with your boat?" she said to Mr. Privett.

It was at moments like this that Mrs. Privett was glad that her husband had a hobby to take his mind off things. At other times, even the mere recollection of the hobby faintly annoyed her.

One of the extraordinary things about all hobbies is that they should be exclusively male affairs. You don't find grown women flying model aeroplanes. Or even sticking-in stamps. Or arranging coins.

Openly confronted with her husband's hobby, there is hardly a woman who does not feel some embarrassment. And when the hobby is open and exhibitionist, like kite-flying or butterfly hunting, the wife tends to keep away from the front doorstep when her husband sets forth.

That is the way it was with Mrs. Privett. Model yachts were Mr. Privett's hobby. And in the whole range of hobbies there is nothing more open and unconcealable than a model yacht. It is bulky. Immediately *identifiable*. *Unfoldable*.

THERE are two *schools of thought about transporting* large boats through the streets. There is the perambulator school. And the bicycle school. Mere distance or the dimensions of the craft itself has little to do with it. It goes deeper. Rouses the old basic controversy of walking v. cycling.

Mr. Privett had never really been in doubt about the matter. He cycled. In one respect Mrs. Privett was glad about this. It meant that her husband's shameful passage to his playground was kept as brief as possible. But, in another way, she deplored it.

Bicycles are awkward things to have in the hall at all times. They take up room. They hurt ankles. They fall over. Mr. Privett's contraption cut off one whole section of the passage like a barricade. It was the first thing you noticed as you came in. The last thing you bumped against as the front door was opened for you as you went out.

Tonight, however, it seemed not to be without its uses. Mrs. Privett felt almost grateful for it.

"Well, why don't you?" she asked again.

Mr. Privett, however, only shook his head. His mind was turning naturally to his other solace, Mr. Bloot.

"Think I'll walk round and see if Gus is in," was all he said.

It was fortunate that Mr. Bloot lived so near. Within easy walking distance, that is. At the outside, fifteen minutes door to door. Or about twelve travelling hard if it's raining.

Admittedly, it was Mr. Bloot who knew the route even better than Mr. Privett did. That was because it was usually Mr. Bloot who came. Ever since poor Emmie had died, leaving Mr. Bloot a helpless, floundering widower, Mr. and Mrs. Privett had naturally both done what they could for him.

IT was Mr. Privett who had deliberately set out to prove that there was someone who still loved Mr. Bloot. Wanted him. Needed him. And it was Mr. Privett who had shown that there was someone ready to listen. Mr. Bloot wasn't the kind of man to be rushed in anything.

The recital of the last phase of poor Emmie's illness always took time. And it was Mrs. Privett who always made him the cup of tea that he needed at the end of it.

As usually happens at times of bereavement, the Privetts had probably piled it on a bit. It might have been Mafeking and not merely loneliness that they had been relieving. They had practically adopted Mr. Bloot.

In a sense, this had been their mistake. After the first month or so, even the most desolate of widowers can usually come to some sort of terms with life. There is, for example, always the wireless. But Mr. Bloot was not a radio fan. Cinemas weren't in his line, either.

That left only the public house. But Mr. Bloot was naturally a tea-drinker.

Indeed, if the Privetts hadn't insisted that Mr. Bloot should come round to Fewkes Road every Sunday, he would have been left entirely high and dry.

There were his budgerigars, of course. They had always meant a lot to him, those birds. And never more than since he had become a widower. But even prize budgerigars are not a full-time occupation.

There was no denying that Mrs. Privett's hospitality had done a great deal towards preserving Mr. Bloot's reason. Even his life, possibly. But life-saving can be very exhausting. Especially when it has gone on for nearly five years.

And, after all, it was Emmie Bloot, not Augustus, who had been Mrs. Privett's special friend. They had grown up professionally together, the two girls: first in a general draper's in Brixton, and then in Rammell's *itself*.

They had become bosom companions. There wasn't a thing they wouldn't have done for each other. And, more than once since the bereavement, as she washed up Mr. Bloot's teacup, Mrs. Privett had reminded herself that it was for Emmie's sake rather than

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Augustus' that she was still doing it.

Tonight, however, Mrs. Privett was spared the washing-up. Even spared Mr. Bloot. It was to be exclusively a men's evening.

That was why it was so bleakly disappointing when Mr. Privett got there to find that Mr. Bloot was out. And more than out. Had not even got home, in fact. It gave Mr. Privett a chilly feeling right down his spine to hear this piece of information. Because it confirmed Mr. Privett's fear that there was something fishy somewhere.

Mr. Bloot had been behaving strangely of late. Sometimes he was there. And sometimes he wasn't. He either came round on Sundays. Or he didn't. It was as simple and unpredictable as that. And it was the same with going up to the Ponds. No excuses afterwards. No apologies. No explanations. Just absence.

. . . . . .

Even though it was a real failure of a morning—black skies, dark pavements, and a wet sticky look to everything—Mr. Rammell was sitting in his car with a kind of private sunshine of his own seeping in through the windows. The fact that he didn't feel well no longer mattered. He had felt worse yesterday.

What really mattered was that he had got a particularly niggling little problem that had irritated him for days—something about soft furnishing discounts—all sorted out in his mind overnight. That was why he was glowing, while the rest of London just steamed.

Mr. Rammell carried this mood of well-being into the office with him. In consequence everything seemed just right. The peace and calm of the office itself was something straight out of paradise. His desk was exactly as he liked to see it.

The roses on the window table were something else that pleased him. They showed that the floral department had been up early doing some good buying.

But there was one thing better even than the roses. A glass of hot water with a thin slice of lemon in it had been brought through to him as soon as he sat down.

As usual, he had started work immediately on the complaints trays.

They were a particular pet of Mr. Rammell's, these complaints trays. He didn't, of course, attend to any of the complaints himself. At least, not at this stage.

But he always liked to know what the dissatisfied customers were saying. It was the quickest way of keeping his finger on the pulse of the business. Or rather on the pulse of a hundred different businesses.

And there was another advantage to be gained from glancing through the complaints trays. There was his personal stamp "Seen by the managing director" that his secretary, Miss Underhill, affixed afterwards. That stamp had a tonic effect on the entire store. It kept other people perpetually on their toes and up to scratch.

Mr. Rammell was more than halfway through the first trayful already. The letter that he had just read was from someone complaining that one of the springs of a new sun lounge had snapped clean in two the first time anyone had sat on it.

He never attempted to keep an exact record of what he read in the complaints tray. It was enough that he had seen it. It lit a tiny red lamp somewhere in his brain and reminded him that there had been two other complaints about sun lounges last month.

Either the buyer didn't know where to go for sun lounges or Birmingham had been letting down the buyer. Later on in the morning he would ask Mr. Preece which way round it was.

It was nine-thirty by now. There was no time for any more uninvestigated complaints. He pushed the tray from him and rang for Miss Underhill.

"Just stamp the rest," he said. "And let me have the Board of Trade papers. The carpet file."

There was a tap on the door and Mr. Rammell's other secretary, Miss Winters, stood there. She was a newcomer. A dark, intense kind of girl, who seemed to have been born for the delivery of bad news. She was still on probation, and Mr. Rammell was far from sure about her.

"A phone message from the chairman, sir," she said, speaking right past him and out into the auditorium. "Sir Harry is on his way round now, and wonders if he can see you straight away . . ."

Mr. Rammell felt the whole calm of the morning suddenly evaporating. Because it was an understood thing that his father never came into the office on Tuesdays. Thursday was his day. And then only for a couple of hours around lunchtime. After all, the old boy was nearly eighty.

But that wasn't the worst of it. He was somewhere in the teenage of his second childhood. And spry. Spryness was Sir Harry's chief failing.

Like most old people he didn't sleep very much. And some mornings he would have hatched up as many as a dozen different ideas, all revolutionary, all cockeyed, and all requiring endless work, research, figures, before the Board could quietly turn them down.

This morning, moreover, Sir Harry felt simply marvellous. Having ordered the car for nine-thirty, he sent it away again—and set out to walk from Piccadilly to Bond Street. And, in consequence, he kept Mr. Rammell waiting. From the moment of that first impetuous telephone call an air of suspense had hung over the office like a gale warning.

But even if Sir Harry was late he certainly got down to things as soon as he reached his room. He sent for his son straight away. And it was obvious from the start that he was right at the top of his form. He had his little notebook open on the desk by the time Mr. Rammell arrived, and he was poring over the mass of jottings that had been so clear to him when he had made them, and were now somehow so puzzling.

It was apparently the staff pensions fund that was exercising him most this morning. Some time during the night he had thought up a scheme for a vast new rest home somewhere on the South Coast outside Bognor Regis, and he wanted his son to hear. But why Bognor? Mr. Rammell kept asking. Why a new rest home at all?

The old man's mind darted back and forth across the conversation like an intoxicated butterfly. It was off again on another of its zig-zags. Why didn't they sell more billiard tables? Had the game gone out of favor, or was there something wrong with the department? Why were Jamaican cigars such a terrible price?

But this was only the small stuff, that had been passing through Sir Harry's mind. He was only now getting to the real point of this visit.

"I've been thinkin'," he began.

Mr. Rammel felt a new area of coldness developing inside his stomach.

"When's Tony comin' into the firm?" Sir Harry went on.

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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"Time the boy did somethin'. No good bein' soft with the lad."

Mr. Rammell did not reply immediately. The one subject that he did not want to discuss with anyone, least of all with his father, was Tony. The young man was altogether too mysterious. Too unaccountable. Too much like his mother. He seemed to have inherited none of the real Rammell qualities at all.

He was twenty-three. And he might have been born yesterday for all the sense of family responsibility that he showed. And what made it so particularly maddening that the old man should have chosen this moment to ask him about Tony was the fact that only last week he and Tony had had a real set-to about the same thing.

Apparently there were at least two people in London—Tony Rammell as well as Irene Privett—who didn't want to go into Bond Street on any terms.

But already Sir Harry was off again.

"Got to be someone to run the place," he said. "You and I aren't so young as we used to be."

Mr. Rammell raised his eyebrows, but said nothing.

"You don't look so good. Ought to give yourself a holiday," Sir Harry continued.

Mr. Rammell stirred uneasily.

"I'm all right," he answered. "Nothing wrong with me."

It was a particularly delicate point this, the subject of Mr. Rammell's health. He knew how bad his digestion was. And so did his doctor. There, however, so far as he was concerned, was where Mr. Rammell felt the matter should end. He wanted other people to make allowances for his weakness. Not refer to it.

"What does Tony say about it?" Sir Harry asked.

"He doesn't want to come into the firm," Mr. Rammell told him. "Says he won't, and that's that."

Sir Harry gave his son a wink.

"Leave him to me," he said. "I know how to handle him."

"It won't do any good . . ." Mr. Rammell began. But he was interrupted by the telephone.

"Mrs. Rammell to speak to you, sir."

Because his father was there, Mr. Rammell spoke into the instrument carefully, diplomatically.

"Yes, dear. Yes. What is it?"

Mrs. Rammell's own voice came through very loud and clear.

It was naturally a little high-pitched. Urgent-sounding. And on the telephone it was always singularly penetrating.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Am I interrupting? Is someone with you?"

"No, dear. No. Go on."

"Then why are you using your business voice?"

"I'm not, dear. Really, I'm not."

"Oh, yes, you are. But it doesn't matter. I only wanted to remind you about tonight," Mrs. Rammell went on. "It's not eight. It's seven-thirty. We'll have to eat afterwards."

"After what?" Mr. Rammell asked. He felt his strength ebbing away from him.

"After the concert," Mrs. Rammell told him. "You said you'd come. You can't let me down as late as this." Mrs. Rammell was fairly shrieking by now. "There's a box reserved for us. Constance'll be there . . ."

"All right, dear. I'll be back in good time, dear. Goodbye, dear. Goodbye."

As Mr. Rammell hung up the receiver he congratulated himself. There had been nothing for his father to get his teeth into from overhearing that conversation. Not a hint that he felt that he would go stark raving mad if he were ever dragged off to another concert anywhere.

"Been waiting long, sir?"

Last time it had been madrigals of all things. Part-songs and bleatings, like musical and demented sheep. His wife, Mr. Rammell realised gloomily, somehow belonged among such goings-on. And he didn't. That was the whole trouble. He didn't even look as though he belonged. Anyone seeing the pair of them sitting up there in the box would probably assume that it was the lady patroness being kind to the man who had landed the refreshments contract.

He looked up and caught his father's eye.

The old man winked again. Evidently Mrs. Rammell's voice had been louder than he realised.

"You singin' tonight?" Sir Harry asked.

. . . . . .

But Mr. Rammell wasn't the only person connected with the firm who was having a bad day. There was also Marcia. And even though it was getting on for midday the curtains of her little flat were still not drawn back.

For a member of Rammell's staff to be down under the bedclothes at this time was certainly a bit of an exception. Because among the whole of the one thousand and eleven employees there was only one—Staff No. 737—from whom such behaviour would have been tolerated.

ALL characters in the A. serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

That was because No. 737 was one of Rammell's big assets, their ambassadress. While there were five other mannequins in Rammell's, there was only one Marcia. Indeed, there was only one Marcia in the whole of England.

Other houses had their models. Those girls were trained. They emerged. They walked beautifully. They were photographed. They married stockbrokers or a friend of the chief buyer. They disappeared. But Marcia remained.

And with every year that passed her position became more firmly established. More unassailable. She went everywhere. And when she stayed away she was missed. Conscientiously bashing her way through an engagement diary that she dared not allow to grow empty. Her picture was in all the papers.

In consequence, seven-pounds-a-week typists learnt from Marcia the right way to drape themselves in two or three thousand pounds' worth of mink, so that there was an easy, almost nonchalant informality to the whole effect.

Mothers with young children, and all the ironing still to do, saw just how they should stand when they next found themselves up against the radiator of a big Rolls-Royce in front of Blenheim or of Chatsworth.

Wherever you looked, she was there. Superb. Serene. Indisputable. The steeply arched eyebrows. The long curve of the cheek. The deep, indecipherable eyes. The wide, gentle mouth. The face smiled imperturbably on the public from all sides. From boxes of face powder. From the shiny pages of expensive magazines.

That face, and the figure that went with it, represented everything that the race was always reaching out for. It was elegance. It was poise. It was correctness. But there was more to it than that. There was also an indefinable spiritual quality to it. A placidity. Even if it were a new strapless evening gown that she was displaying, or a Longchamps ensemble with a hat as flat and wide as a Chinese umbrella, there was still the same ethereal, faintly surprised air of a discreetly fashionable Madonna.

But even a face and a figure must have some kind of private life. And it was the private life that wasn't so good as the public one. Not nearly so good. A proper mess-up, in fact. To be honest, it was hardly worth living. She had known better, too. Much better.

At the time of her first marriage she had lived in the country. Quite a large house as she remembered it. With lawns and paths and shrubberies. And an awful lot of rain. But Marcia against a purely agricultural background had never made much sense. That was something that she had come to realise within the first few months of trying it.

And in the end, because her husband had refused to do the gentlemanly thing, she had allowed herself to be divorced for desertion. Had simply turned her back on the house, the stables, the kennels, the dove-cot, the awful rain, everything . . .

Then there had been the suite-in-Claridges period when she had married her American. But that, too, had proved a disappointment. He had moved out one night in a great flurry of fancy-looking suitcases, begging her to wake up just once before she was really dead. That had come as a great shock to her. She never had been able to understand the American way of putting things. But he had behaved very decently.

For a start, he was the sort of man who understood divorces. He had realised that a woman can't live on old memories. And the settlement had been generous. Even lavish. But his health had been shocking.

He had died suddenly in a dude-ranch somewhere outside Houston—taken his own life she learnt afterwards — just when the bottom had fallen clean out of his particular corner of the stock market. And because it had always been a hotel suite that they had lived in, there wasn't even a house and furniture that she could sell. For all the good it had done, that marriage might simply never have occurred.

Luckily, she had kept up her modelling. And it was round about this time that, always beautiful, she had suddenly assumed the Madonna expression. What's more, finding that it suited her, she had stuck to it.

She had been with Rammell's for nearly eleven years now.

That was what was so alarming. There aren't really that number of years in a model's life. And there certainly wouldn't be eleven more. Or ten. Or nine. Something more like three or four, probably.

And after that a steadily descending scale. The sunset period. Freelancing. Trips into the provinces. Autumn collections in the seaside towns. Going to places as one of the second best-dressed women. Or, worse still, not going at all because another brand-new Marcia had turned up from somewhere.

She had left it too late now to do any of the other things that had once been enticingly dangled before her. Films, for instance. Naturally, all the agents in turn had been after her. They could hardly afford to have neglected anybody who was so much photographed.

There had been screen tests. Conferences. Auditions. It was the auditions that had been the stumbling-block. Because at auditions you have to speak. And that was Marcia's weakest side. It was something that she had never properly got round to.

She had been too busy ever since she left school, getting married, being divorced, divorcing, standing in front of cameras, wearing clothes that didn't belong to her. There had been no time for amateur theatricals. Or verse reading. Or anything like that. No time even for ordinary elocution lessons.

And that was a pity. Because Marcia's was by no means the kind of voice that could be allowed to speak for itself. Apart from a slight huskiness that might once have been possibilities, there wasn't even anything to work on. In the pursuit of refinement she had gone over her vowels so frequently that she had trodden them quite flat. There was scarcely a breath left in one of them.

When she did speak, which was rarely, because Marcia couldn't usually find very much to say—it was like someone murmuring under an anaesthetic. Not that this was surprising. There was a distinctly coma-like quality to Marcia. She had been going about in an elegant daze for years.

She glanced at her watch. Eleven-fifteen. Time to be getting on with things. The first parade at Rammell's was at lunch. And there would have to be a big change in her appearance, a complete transformation of everything, by then.

Slowly, gracefully, in the smooth, undulating way in which she always moved, she slid out of bed. Then she drew her wrap around her, and went over to the dressing-table. Because it had been late when she had got back last night and because she had been tired, things had rather a messy, flung-about appearance this

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DELIGHTFUL SCENE from "Never So Few," a story that mixes war with romance. Sinatra is an American soldier who, in Calcutta, meets a beautiful Italian refugee — Gina.

Frankie and La Lollo

★ *Frank Sinatra and Gina Lollobrigida star together in M.G.M.'s "Never So Few," set in wartime Burma and Calcutta.*

FRANK SINATRA (left) as the film's central character. His hat isn't really A.I.F., but reminds that Digger-type turn-ups are sometimes worn by soldiers of other countries.

LOLLOBRIGIDA, as the Italian Carla, and Paul Henreid, as the notorious Nikko Regas, quarrel in his apartment (right). Also in cast are Peter Lawford and Brian Donlevy.

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The New Year's new TV shows

● New Year TV treats already announced show that TV channels are not yet quite certain what type of programme Australians prefer.

TeleVision Parade

By NAN MUSGROVE

IF Australians follow the Americans — and so far they always have — 1960 will show televiewers voting for Westerns in preference to any other type of show.

But Australians are unpredictable people, and Sydney's Channel 9 has acted in a thoroughly Australian way about the new programmes.

Having two bob each way on tastes, they're starting the New Year offerings with a Western, a domestic comedy, and a new private-eye job.

"Cheyenne" is the Western, coming back (Channel 9, 7.30 p.m., Saturdays, from January 2) in a new series with Clint Walker, that handsome hunk of man.

Clint is the acknowledged king of the TV pin-up boys, a real swoon job.

Three mentions during an early showing of "Cheyenne" that pictures were available of Clint drew a response from more than 100,000 viewers.

KING of the TV pin-ups, Clint Walker in the gym. Clint is 6ft. 5in. tall, weighs 16st. 11lb.

He looks larger than ever in the new series. He is still mad on sunflower seeds and gym workouts, and his contract still says he must take his shirt off in each episode.

Those "Maverick" Brothers will have some competition in the Saturday night 7.30 time spot when Clint gets back.

"Maverick" and "Cheyenne" come from the same stable, Warner Bros., who are also responsible for the New Year's first new private-eye show, "Hawaiian Eye" (Channel 9, 8.30, Saturdays, from Jan. 2).

Even if you're not a private-eye fan, "Hawaiian Eye" has something for you. It is filmed entirely in Hawaii, and the beauty of the island backgrounds is breathtaking.

In the first episode you'll see those tourist "musts," Diamond Head, Pearl Harbor, Waikiki Beach, and that fabulous hotel the Royal Hawaiian, as well as lots of other places far more beautiful.

And the first episode, called "The Second Day of Infamy," has as well as scenery a good story.

For those too young to remember, the day of infamy was the name given by America to December 7, 1941, the day of the dramatic Japanese attack on the American fleet in Pearl Harbor, that opened the Japanese offensive in World War II.

The central character is a Japanese who is a psychiatric case, committed to an institution in Hawaii.

After treatment, his mind slips back and he believes it is the day before the actual attack on Pearl Harbor, when he was a Japanese spy.

"HAWAIIAN EYE," first of the New Year's private-eye shows, has a central cast of three. From left, Robert Conrad, Anthony Eisley, and Connie Stevens.

He escapes from the institution, determined to do the demolition work he was entrusted with in 1941.

This is where the Hawaiian Eye comes in. He is employed by the authorities to find the patient before he does any serious damage.

The Head Eye is a newcomer named Anthony Eisley.

Harking back to pin-ups, I'm told his partner in the business, Robert Conrad, looks to be a contender for Clint Walker's crown.

Robert plays an Hawaiian-born American named Tom Lopaka. Like Clint, he is another bare-torso boy.

The third member of the company is a young blonde, name of Connie Stevens. When you see her you'll recognise her as an anonymous bit player you've often seen, but this is her first starring role.

I can't find out much about her, but she looks like a teenager. In "Hawaiian Eye" she is called Cricket Blake.

I've done intensive research —without any result—to find out whether she is called after the game or the insect.

The third of the shows, the domestic comedy, is "Fibber McGee and Molly" (Channel 9, 7 p.m., Tuesdays, from December 29).

It is the oldest (20 years) and most popular comedy on American radio. It is so popular that after all that time they've made it into a successful TV show.

Fibber and Molly are a middle-aged married couple. The story follows that well-known American pattern of the weak husband, who gets into all kinds of strife, and the strong wife who saves the day.

These three new shows are a good start for the New Year.

Frank talk on a hush-hush subject

Read this—and never be embarrassed by perspiration again!

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CM160

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GAY LIGHTS, big cars, and a well-dressed audience were features of the premiere of "On the Beach" in Melbourne last week.

★ ★ ★ Premiere of 'On the Beach'

● Seventeen world capitals saw the premiere of Stanley Kramer's drama "On The Beach" last Thursday night. But nowhere was the impact greater than it was in Melbourne.

FOR the glitteringly dressed gala audience at Melbourne's Regent Theatre were seeing a terrible and heartbreaking event unfold against the background of their own city.

This time last year, elaborate preparations were under way for Melbourne and its environs to be used for the exteriors of Stanley Kramer's screen version of the prophetic Nevil Shute book. The arrivals of stars Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins, and Donna Anderson had already created unusual excitement.

Last Thursday evening a black-tie audience saw Melbourne's crowded, Christmas-decorated streets presented as almost empty, untidy, with signs knocked askew, and abandoned motor-cars rusted and with doors swinging.

Doomed to die

The year of the story is 1964. A brief but terrible atomic war has killed all life in the Northern Hemisphere, and now the radioactivity is drifting down towards Melbourne. Australia's more northern cities have already been wiped out.

The people of Melbourne expect to live only another five months.

One of the city's most noble public buildings is being used as a distribution point for death-hastening pills provided by the Government; dockyards are deserted; the metropolis is no longer able to function.

It was unspeakably sad.

There has been a great deal of speculation since Nevil Shute announced through a solicitor's statement that he disapproved of Kramer's handling of his novel and would not attend the film premiere.

I know the book and cannot for the life of me see grounds for such strong exception being taken.

Stanley Kramer seems to have succeeded admirably in getting across most of the things that matter.

I took special note of the speech used, for so many people seem to be interested in the accent non-Australians use when playing Australians.

In general the accents in this film (except with those playing American parts) are cosmopolitan, with an occasional American speech-rhythm or intonation showing through. Ava, however, shows no sign of "American" speech. She has the authentic "international" accent.

For all producer-director Kramer's brilliant ability, he owes a lot to his three senior stars—Gardner, Peck, Astaire — and their vast experience.

There are five main characters in the story. An American submarine commander (Peck), who cannot forget his dead wife and children; a hard-drinking Australian girl (Ava Gardner), who loves him; a young married couple (Perkins and Donna Anderson); and a scientist with a passion for motor-racing (Astaire), the odd man out.

'Most impressive'

Ava Gardner has never given a more sincere and deeply felt performance. The fact that she now photographs as a hard-living ageing beauty actually helps her on this occasion.

Peck is the only member of the cast whom I found monotonous and a little aloof. Young Perkins, whose nervous mannerisms could easily develop into a fault, can be excused this time.

The scenes between him and his frightened young wife are the most touching thing in the film. Kramer's 18-year-old discovery Donna Anderson plays this role in a way fully justifying his faith in her.

But far and away the most impressive performance of all is Astaire's, in his first straight character part. His timing alone is a joy.

Strong, interesting photography (the sequence in the San Diego refinery is a gem) and an outstanding musical score are among the merits of a film with which Melbourne can be proud to have been associated.

The casting of Australians in a number of minor roles has turned out most satisfactorily. But it is Lola Brooks, as the loyal WRAN, who has made the most of her opportunities. Her slow, prolonged, and testing last scene is a triumph for this young Sydney actress.

Kramer might perhaps have slapped on the growing tension a little earlier in the piece, and the roistering "Waltzing Matilda" trout-fishing sequence is perhaps overdone.

He had too many extras (showing too little interest) in the big renunciation scene.

But I do not hesitate to give this memorable film a three-star (excellent) grading.

— Ainslie Baker

PLAYERS Richard Meikle, Donna Anderson, Fred Astaire, and Tony Perkins on location near Melbourne.

HOLLYWOOD'S Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck starred.

Film Reviews

★★ DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Naval comedy, with Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill, Diana Spencer, Mickey Shaughnessy, Robert Middleton. Prince Edward, Sydney.

JERRY LEWIS film stories are all zany, but this is zanier than most.

As a young lieutenant, Jerry is about to leave on his honeymoon when the Navy orders him to find Kornblatt—a destroyer escort he's accused of having "lost" after the war.

Desperate to find Kornblatt before his bride's waning ardor becomes a permanent freeze, Jerry complicates his life in an hilarious way.

Diana Spencer, a newcomer to the screen, is convincing as the impatient bride.

As Ensign Benson, Dina Merrill is assigned to give Jerry "psychological" assistance. Being an attractive woman, she also succeeds in leading him into further trouble.

But there's enough Lewis-lunacy to thrill his fans.—M.F.

In a word . . . CRAZY.

★★ THEY CAME TO CORDURA

Drama, with Gary Cooper, Rita Hayworth, Van Heflin, Tab Hunter. In color. State, Sydney.

SET during the U.S.-Mexican frontier skirmishes, this two-hour film begins with a fast cavalry charge followed by a drawn-out trek across arid country to the American cavalry base at Cordura.

Those on the perilous, realistic trek include a U.S. major (Gary Cooper), a lieutenant (Tab Hunter), a sergeant (Van Heflin), and an American prisoner (Rita Hayworth), who is to be tried for treason.

Rita, stripped of all glamor, proves a fine actress. Van Heflin's performance adds suspense to the drama.

Columbia's casting of Tab Hunter as the all-American cavalry officer, cracking under pressure, was sheer inspiration. Tab's weak face helped.

And Cooper is up to his "High Noon" standard.

Although the journey is too slow, the character study is excellent.—M.F.

In a word . . . EXHAUSTING.

★ OPERATION AMSTERDAM

War drama, with Peter Finch, Eva Bartok, Tony Britton. Embassy, Sydney.

WHEN Holland was about to fall to the Germans in 1940, an English major and two Dutch civilians entered Amsterdam, snatching ten million pounds worth of industrial diamonds for the Allies before the Germans got them.

Tony Britton as the Major, Finch and Alexander Knox as the two civilians re-enact this true episode, in which Eva Bartok stars as the girl Anna.

For acting, Bartok and Finch stand out.—H.F.

In a word . . . BATTLE.

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 44

morning. She had upset a powder-box when she put her bag down. The black velvet of the bag was now all smeared and grubby-looking.

It was to avoid that kind of thing that, she kept telling herself, she should have had a lady's maid. It was having had one once that had spoiled her. Because since she had lost her she had never really taken proper care of anything —unless, of course, it was something of Rammell's that she had on loan.

It was because she never remembered to put things away that she had to spend such an awful lot on herself. It wasn't that she was particularly extravagant. Or indulgent. Or even changeable in her tastes. It was simply that she couldn't manage. And all the time at the back of her mind there was that horrid shadow. The knowledge that the time would come when it wouldn't be so easy to go on like this.

She sat for some time in front of her mirror, turning her head this way and that like a canary in a cage. Not preening. Merely looking at herself. Sideways. Full-face. Sideways again. On the whole, the effect wasn't so bad as it might have been. Not nearly as ghastly as she had feared.

The new mud massage that the Rammell beauty parlor was providing had freshened her skin quite remarkably. It might have been the skin of a girl of twenty. The only thing that worried her was the fact that the full course was only six treatments. And she had taken five of them already. Apparently if anyone took more than six in a row it was the skin as well as the mud that came away afterwards as soon as the scraping began.

And she couldn't afford to go back to the old flat complexion with which she had been getting along for the past six months. It had been one of the fashionably sallow periods then. All pretty women had been looking slightly Asiatic. But that was over and done with now. The blood was being worn much closer to the skin this season.

Then her hair. It was the fineness of it that was the difficulty. Other girls—the phrase "other women" would have seemed all wrong to Marcia; she wouldn't have realised that she was included in the conversation at all—had hair like wire. The hairdresser's scissors could scarcely get through it.

But her own was as soft as floss. That was why it had to be soaked in oil so often. Otherwise it would get ruined every time a wave was put into it. It was dark hair. And she was wearing it at the moment in an interesting piled-up way, making her small head look slightly larger.

Dressing was always rather a slow business with Marcia. She examined everything carefully before she put it on. Compared with her manner at night-time, it might have been a different person who was handling her clothes in the morning.

She held out each garment at arm's length and went over it seam by seam, practically stitch by stitch, like a wardrobe mistress. But this was only to be expected. It was the public Marcia, the one who was going out, who was preparing herself.

And once in the street she felt better already. It was only in that poky little flat that she felt so awful. So suicidal. Out here life was going on all round her. And she was part of it. Contributing to it.

Before she had reached Knightsbridge she had felt herself being looked at. Recognised. Desired. Thought about. She became reconciled to life again. Happily conscious of being permanently twenty-three.

Then at the corner of Sloane Street she stopped suddenly. The Madonna expression faded. And a frown that belonged to a different kind of face altogether appeared beneath the veil. She felt for her handbag.

"Oh, heavens," she said. "Mum's postal order. I've forgotten all about it . . ."

Mum was another of Marcia's troubles.

They hadn't lived under the same roof for years. Not since Marcia was sixteen. Practically never saw each other nowadays. Didn't correspond very much, either. And never telephoned, because Marcia's mum wasn't on the phone. So it couldn't be said that Mum was a nuisance. Or even difficult. Just a drag.

And in a dim sort of way Marcia was still fond of her. Needed her at times. Would have liked to visit her. Take her out somewhere. But that was impossible. Their lives had grown too far apart. Old Mrs. Tutty in her back bed-sitter in Kilburn and Marcia in her flat off Cadogan Gardens didn't belong in the same world any longer. Simply couldn't be seen about out together.

That's where the tragedy lay. It was harder on Marcia than on most girls who have a poor widowed mum tucked away somewhere. Because other girls could always slip in during the week or pop across on Sundays. And Marcia couldn't. She hadn't got the right kind of clothes to wear.

The last time she had made the attempt and had gone toiling up the Edgware Road by bus all the way to Pitter Street it had been disastrous. It was a simple mink stole that she had on. And in those parts mink stoles, real or artificial, meant only one thing. People who passed her kept thinking terrible thoughts. In short, the gulf was too wide. It was unbridgeable.

In consequence, she had been reduced to show her love, her devotion, by sending little gifts. But even that was difficult. Because she didn't like giving Mum's address at Rammell's. Or at Fortnum's.

And Marcia wasn't the kind of girl who could buy the things and make them up in a parcel afterwards. Never had been any good with brown paper. And knots. And all that kind of thing. Cheques were no use, either. Mum had never had a private banking account.

So postal orders were really all that was left. And now Marcia had forgotten even that. All the week she had been reminding herself to send a couple of pounds. One for luck. And one because she had completely overlooked Mum's last birthday.

Not that there was anything that she could do about it. She had just got time to get along to Rammell's for the luncheon salon. It was lucky that the only food she ever allowed herself at midday was cinnamon toast and a cup of black coffee. Otherwise she would have been late even for the dress show.

. . . . . .

Sunday had come round at last. The weekly miracle had occurred. And London had died in the night. The city, from St. Paul's to Liverpool Street, was simply for archeologists. Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill might have been a deserted mountain pass.

Bond Street itself was a smooth, unencumbered stream —practically a lagoon—meandering past curtained windows. With only the cats and the caretakers peering out.

Like one vast flock of homing pigeons some two or three million Londoners, all simultaneously released and all urged forward by a common impulse, had popped out of their weekday imprisonment and made a bolt for their ancestral dovecots.

Some of them, moreover, were doing quite nicely in their new surroundings. Mr. Preece, for example. Wearing a pair of smartly pressed grey flannels and a sports coat obviously cut only for the mildest kinds of sport, he was sauntering round the garden feeling simple. Primitive. Bucolic. One of the Carshalton peasantry.

In his left hand he carried his secateurs, and in his right a tin of patent ejector insecticide with which he gave each rosebush a little friendly death blast as he passed by. He was in fact an entirely happy man. His new denture was bedding down at last exactly as the dentist had said it would. His eldest son had just won the school economics prize for an essay on Trade Balances.

"Harry seems really happy with the waterproof watch I gave him."

Mrs. Preece's new Swiss girl seemed positively to like washing-up. His petunias, after rather an anxious and uncertain start, were now safely established. He had done his exercises. And he had not thought about Rammell's once since breakfast, when he had jotted down two little entries, one about gloves and the other about travel vouchers, in the small leather notebook which he carried even in his sports coat. All in all, life seemed very nearly perfect.

Not so with Mr. Rammell. At this moment he was standing in the bathroom bending forward over the basin and peering into the mirror to inspect his tongue. It was horrible. And bundled up in his scarlet silk dressing-gown, with his hair still sticking up like feathers, the whole appearance that he presented to himself was obnoxious. This, the regular morning disillusionment, saddened him. And he stood gloomily reflecting.

For a start, he had not slept well. At one-thirty he had got up and mixed himself a dose of bismuth. Then, once awake, he had not been able to go to sleep again. He had lain there in his tall bedroom in Eaton Square thinking unquiet thoughts.

He kept remembering that last visit his father had paid him. Nearly two hours completely written off. If only he would finally agree to throw in the sponge and retire gracefully . . . But it wasn't only his father who had kept sleep away from him.

It was Mrs. Rammell as well. She was the prime cause of his dyspepsia. Not intentionally, of course. There was nothing deliberately malign about her slow-murder treatment. It was simply that she couldn't relax. Couldn't for one single moment ease up like other women. Simply had to go on and on tormenting him.

Last night, for example, she had invited two Hungarians to dinner. And, as though she were actually proud of it, she had explained that one of them was a sculptor who did flower pieces in stainless steel and the other a film director engaged exclusively on abstracts.

And in the stillness of the night, with the startling clarity of all-night thoughts, he realised suddenly how like his mother Tony really was. Artistic. Musical. Restless. The boy was completely indifferent to everything that went to make up responsible adult life. And more than indifferent. Openly hostile.

Mr. Rammell felt better when he had breakfasted. The coffee had been particularly good. And the toast was excellent. Of exactly the right thickness and a clear chrysanthemum bronze in color.

As he left the table with "The Sunday Times" neatly tucked under his arm he felt that life was reopening. Blandness enfolded him. And peace. He was, he realised, in exactly the right frame of mind for pondering on the future of his son . . . Not immediately, that is. But during the morning.

In the meantime he wanted to be alone. To finish reading the Sunday papers. To smoke a cigar. Even to doze, possibly. He was still thinking about Tony and the way he would have a fresh shot at putting things to him, even more quietly, more reasonably than last time, when he reached the library.

That was why it was so unfortunate that he should have found Tony himself already installed there. And the boy certainly looked comfortable. His legs were dangling over the arm of Mr. Rammell's own chair and a portable radio stood on the carpet beside him.

Mr. Rammell knew that radio set well. And he hated it. Ever since it had come into the house his son hadn't been alone with himself once. Wherever he went, he was followed by voices. Low, crooning voices. Husky, suggestive voices. Voices whispering in American accents of love and women's lips and the moon.

To Mr. Rammell's relief Tony turned off the set as soon as his father came into the room. But the relief was purely temporary.

"I say, Dad," Tony began brightly. "I've just had a brainwave. I've thought what to do with this awful room."

Mr. Rammell started. The cigar, his first of the day, remained unlit between his fingers. This room, the library, with its quiet dark panelling and its deep red carpet and its heavy tapestry curtains had come to be his one retreat. His refuge.

With the mahogany door closed behind him, he was safe alike from Mr. Preece and from Mrs. Rammell. Even his indigestion seemed to vanish as he entered.

But young Tony was still speaking.

"If we got rid of all that phony woodwork," he was saying, with the same kind of dreamy insistence that Mr. Rammell knew in his wife's voice when she was planning a concert, "we could scrap the curtains altogether and begin getting down to things."

Mr. Rammell tried hard to feel amused.

"What sort of things?" he asked indulgently.

"I should junk the books for a start," Tony continued. "It isn't as if you ever read them."

"And then?"

"Why not offer the furniture to a museum?" Tony asked him.

"And if I did, what should I sit on?"

"Plastic mostly," Tony told him. "Plastic. And moulded ply."

Mr. Rammell gave a little involuntary shudder.

"Any upholstery?" he asked.

Obviously there was nothing to be done to humor the boy. And, up to the present, Mr. Rammell had been congratulating himself on the way he was keeping things going just as though it were a normal conversation between two sane, healthy people. But Tony's absorption in the project was already beginning to alarm him.

"Foam latex," he replied. "Sprayed on. Choose your own color."

"That the lot?" he asked.

Tony paused.

"I've been wondering about the ceiling," he said. "With the chandelier down, it would make a rather nice expanse. Could be plain silver. Then you could throw the light up at it."

"And the walls? Don't forget you've stripped the panelling."

"Why not pink?" Tony asked. "Pink for the two sides. And apple-green for the ends. Then it wouldn't look so much like an undertaker's. You'd find yourself breathing again."

Mr. Rammell took up a position on the carpet in front of the fireplace. He was still calm. That was the great thing. Hadn't lost his temper yet. But he knew from long experience of talks with Tony that it was liable to go at any moment. And he particularly wanted to avoid any kind of upset this morning.

"I think I'll just keep things as they are for the time being," he said quietly. "If you want to go mucking about with the furniture why don't you start on your own room."

"I have," he said.

Mr. Rammell uttered a long, deep sigh.

"Does your mother know?" he asked.

Tony looked surprised.

"Oh, yes," he said. "She likes it. It was her idea about this study. That's why I came down here."

That was all that Mr. Rammell needed to hear. He could feel his temper, his carefully suppressed temper, suddenly boiling over inside him like a milk saucepan!

"Why the devil can't your mother leave things alone?" he demanded. "And you, too. When it isn't music, it's ballet. And when it isn't ballet it's some awful sculpture."

He paused for a moment. "Just listen to me, young man," he went on. "When I was your age I'd done nearly three years in the business. I knew enough to earn my own living. I could . . ."

But Tony was no longer listening. He had got up from

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

A PATTERN for a small girl's easy-to-launder sun-frock and a transfer design of Dutch figures are offered in this week's service to readers.

The girl's sun-frock requires 1¼ to 1¾yds. 36in. material and 4yds. edging. The pattern is available in sizes to fit a child of 2, 4, 6, or 8 years. Price 2/6.

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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the chair and was bending down to pick up the radio. Then he walked slowly across the room without even looking at his father. When he reached the door, however, he turned.

"Oh, heavens," he said. "No wonder mother gets sick of it."

. . . . . .

For Mr. Bloot it was being a very different kind of Sunday. A unique, exciting sort of day. Easily one of the most intriguing and stimulating Sundays he had ever known.

He had shaved once already. But being dissatisfied with a small scrubby patch that he had discovered beneath his chin he was now at it again.

This morning, when he came to put his collar back on, he noticed that his cravat was unworthy of him. Not exactly messy. And certainly not stained. Nevertheless, it was still too creased and rubbed in places to be suitable.

This itself was significant. Because in the ordinary way he usually let up a bit on Sundays. For years now he hadn't worn anything better than his second-best when off-duty.

This morning, too, he spent nearly ten minutes in bringing his shoes up to real Guardsman standard.

On a shelf above the sink stood a small white vase. And standing up in the vase was a tea-rose. It was saffron-yellow in color. And ingeniously wired by the florist so that it would die of sheer old age before it could open up beyond the bud state. Mr. Bloot had chosen it carefully for his buttonhole.

Mr. Bloot glanced at his watch, and compared it with the kitchen clock. Eleven-fifteen. Everything ready. And no matter how slowly he walked, or how long he was kept waiting for a bus it couldn't take him more than thirty minutes to get to Finsbury Park.

He was walking rather fast for him, with high springy steps like a scoutmaster. Even though there was no likelihood of rain, he was carrying his umbrella. And not merely carrying it. With his hand held loosely round the handle, he was swinging the umbrella round and round in circles.

His naturally florid complexion gleamed in the sunlight because of all that shaving. And, because he had been walking quickly for the past ten minutes, his nostrils were dilated. There was an air of conquest and adventure about him.

If anyone from Rammell's had seen him they would have been amazed, incredulous. But that was only because no one had ever seen him really jubilant before.

This was Mr. Bloot in love. He was courting.

. . . . . .

In a sense, it was all Mr. Bloot's fault. And, in a sense, it wasn't. He was perfectly entitled to live his own life. No one could deny him that. On the other hand, without him Mr. Privett was left lonely and unattached.

With no Mr. Bloot to keep him company, Mr. Privett simply stayed at home and moped. The thought of going up to the Highgate Ponds crossed his mind more than once. He felt rather guilty about not going. He knew that the others up there would be expecting him.

For years now a fair wind and fine sailing weather had found him there on Sunday mornings, taking his place on the bank along with the owners of the Sunbeams, Irises, Swallows, and the rest of the fleet. But somehow without Mr. Bloot to keep him company he hadn't the heart to set out.

Not that Mr. Bloot was anything of a model yachtsman. He didn't know a spinnaker from a jib. But he liked to take the fresh air. And he made an impressive figure simply standing there, waiting for the winner to come in.

This morning there wasn't even Irene for Mr. Privett to talk to. She had plunged out of the house just after nine-thirty as though on the way to an emergency. At one moment she was still in bed, obviously over-sleeping. At the next she was downstairs, dressed all in her tennis things and gulping down a cup of tea that was too hot for her. Then she had gone again. The one-gun salute from the front door was all that was left of her.

HER departure saddened Mr. Privett more than it did his wife. Mrs. Privett winced a little as the door shut, and then began clearing away the breakfast things. But Mr. Privett was left staring into space. It was this morning that he had set aside for a special talk with Irene.

He had promised himself that he would reason with her, gently and lovingly, about the Rammell's vacancy. Admittedly, the staff department hadn't actually written to Irene yet. But Mr. Privett had a strong psychic presentiment that there would be a letter in the morning. Then it would

"I'm just on my way out, Alice. Hang up and switch over to the walkie-talkie."

be necessary to strike. And strike instantly.

So long as Irene was merely being difficult within the family, it didn't really matter very much. But suppose she persisted in her attitude, and wrote back a snubbing offhand kind of note to the staff supervisor? That was what really alarmed Mr. Privett.

He put down the paper and called through to Mrs. Privett, who was washing-up in the scullery.

"You don't think we've done anything to upset Gus, do you?" he asked. "He didn't use to keep away like this."

But Mrs. Privett was busy.

"Why don't you go and sail your boat?" was all she said.

As it turned out, Mrs. Privett could hardly forgive herself. It seemed that only by a last-minute whim of Providence had she been saved from being her own husband's murderess. Because when she spoke to him, Mr. Privett was so thoroughly dispirited that without a word he went upstairs to get ready.

Not that the matter of getting dressed for model-yachting was ever simple. There was so much to be remembered. First there was the pair of old grey trousers, the warm ones. Then the pair of long rubber Wellingtons into which they fitted. They were practically compulsory, the Wellingtons. Part of the uniform.

And finally there was the blue, faintly nautical-looking jacket. The only thing that Mr. Privett drew a line at was the peaked cap.

Because Mrs. Privett was still washing up the breakfast things, Mr. Privett was left helpless and unaided in the difficult task of getting trailer or bicycle backwards out of the narrow hall.

Today it proved even more difficult than usual. The pedal of the bicycle was in the upright position and kept catching on things. It was one of the legs of the hat-stand that it finally got hold of. And having got hold it would not let go. In trying to shake it off, Mr. Privett very nearly brought the hat-stand down on top of himself.

It was the noise that brought Mrs. Privett out of the scullery.

"It's no good losing your temper like that," she said as she came forward. "You'll only smash something."

But she had spoken too late. The last jerk that Mr. Privett had given the bicycle dislodged the small potted palm that stood on the centre shelf of the hat-stand. It rolled along the floor, its leaves swishing.

"I'm sorry . . ." Mr. Privett began, and bent down to begin picking up the pieces.

But Mrs. Privett would have none of it.

"Don't you start trying to tidy up," she said, "or we'll have everything else smashed. I'll attend to this."

She pushed past while she was speaking, and held the front door open for him. Mr. Privett sidled carefully through, drawing the long, awkward trailer after him. Then when he had got safely over the doorstep he paused and looked back.

"If Gus should turn up, tell him I've gone on, will you?" he asked.

But there was no answer. Mrs. Privett simply slammed the door in his face.

That was at ten-thirty-five.

And less than half an hour later—at ten-fifty-seven to be precise—Mr. Privett had returned. He was on foot. He was torn. He was dusty. He was bloodstained. Beside him he supported a buckled bicycle. And in the partially demolished trailer behind rode the wrecked remains of "Daisy II."

At the sight of her husband, so badly damaged and so woebegone, Mrs. Privett's anger vanished instantly. She became wife, nurse, and mother. And Mr. Privett surrendered himself. Seated in the armchair in the kitchen and with his feet up on the fender he allowed her to bathe his poor bruised forehead, and tried manfully to tell her what had happened.

The facts were certainly terrifying enough. Death, it was clear, had been avoided by inches. Possibly by as little as one inch. As far as the end of Fewkes Road everything had been quiet and normal.

Admittedly, Mr. Privett may have been pedalling a shade too fast, because all the way he had been haunted by fears of lateness, of missing the first heats. The road, however, had been empty and deserted.

But there is a world of difference between the inner-suburban quietness of Fewkes Road and the arterial throb of the main thoroughfare that joins Camden Town to Highgate. The Kentish Town Road, though narrow, is important. The traffic in it is fast-flowing

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"We like it"

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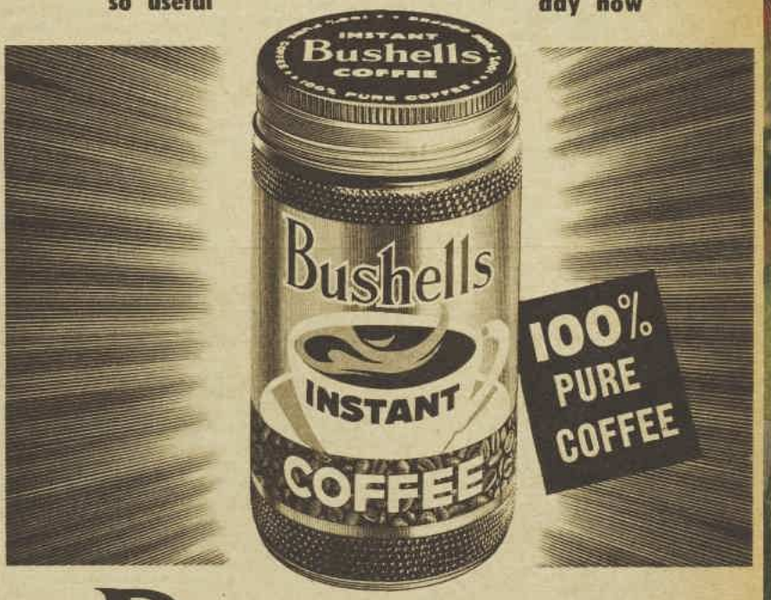

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 49

and imperious. Even on Sunday mornings there are motorcycles, cars, lorries, buses, trolley-buses, coaches. And it was a coach that had been Mr. Privett's undoing.

Mr. Privett had seen it coming. He had observed the lighthouse-like headlamps, the bizarre savagery of the frontal design, the driver perched high in his glass cubicle. Mr. Privett had seen all that. And there had still been time, he reckoned, to cut across. Nippiness in his view was what had been demanded of him. Nothing more . . .

Indeed, as he had explained to the policeman, was it likely that anyone in his senses would risk putting up a bicycle and trailer against something that looked as if it could successfully have rammed the Queen Elizabeth?

It was merely the nearside mudguard that had touched him. A mere nip. But it was enough. With a single flick it had ripped up the trailer, and sent Mr. Privett flying into the gutter, his bicycle on top of him.

The crowd that collected magically, as though by bush telegraph, had been visibly edified.

It was agreed that it was a miracle that Mr. Privett had not been killed. But by the time the driver of the coach had come back and someone had found a policeman the entire perspective of the episode had begun to alter.

Mr. Privett was still in the principal role. But the role itself had changed disturbingly. He was no longer the object of misery and compassion, the tragic victim of circumstances. He had become someone who was sinister and malign, a saboteur of immense coaches. The policeman had stationed himself close beside Mr. Privett as if to forestall lynching . . .

But Mrs. Privett could bear to hear no more. She told him not to exhaust himself further with conversation and helped him upstairs to the bedroom. Then, swift and masterful, she took off the nautical-type jacket. Stripped him right down. Popped him into bed. He was to stay there, she said, until she had fetched the doctor.

Mr. Privett felt better already. The anguish, the sense of shame, the pain even, had all ebbed out of him. In their place flowed in warmth, love, security. He felt at peace.

Then suddenly he remembered something. He jerked himself up in bed.

"Do you think somebody ought to go along and tell Gus?" he asked. "If he's up there waiting, he'll be wondering what has happened to me."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Privett had to ring up Rammell's on Monday to explain. A cycling accident was how she described it.

The doctor was dubious about the rest of the week as well. No man of Mr. Privett's age, he said, can run slap into a motor-coach and expect to feel the same afterwards. It was a wonder, he added, that no bones had been broken.

The accident brought out everything that was best in Irene. The sight of Mr. Privett lying there, pathetically small among the pillows, made her want to cry. She felt sorry that she had ever been beastly to her father.

And that was just as well. Because it was on that same Monday that Rammell's wrote to Irene.

Naturally, Mrs. Privett recognised the Rammell letter the instant she saw it. It was the embossed "R" on the back of the envelope that gave it away. And even before she had turned it over she was certain that it would be for Irene.

She realised suddenly that Mr. Privett's accident was a blessing. It could not have been timed more perfectly. Because up to that moment she hadn't quite known how Irene was going to take the letter. As it was, everything would be simple.

". . . and with your father in that state," she told her, "we can't do anything to upset him. He knows it has come. Just you open it. I want to know what it says."

But Irene was only half-awake, too. She was still flushed with sleep. And a bit sulky.

"Oh, you open it, Mum," she said. "I can't be bothered."

Mrs. Privett ripped it open. And having read it through once read it over again just to make sure that she hadn't missed anything.

It told Irene to present herself at the staff entrance in Hurst Place at three o'clock next Friday.

In addition to the appointment letter itself, Irene was asked to bring along her school-leaving certificate and a copy of the same certificate made out in her own handwriting for the Rammell files. The bit about the files was, however, only a half truth. It was the handwriting rather than the copy that Rammell's wanted. Rammell's had been caught out before by young ladies who couldn't for the life of them make out a bill that anyone in the counting-house was able to decipher.

Mrs. Privett suddenly stiffened. She had just remembered that Irene hadn't got anything that was suitable for a staff interview.

There was the plain blue dress that she had worn for the school-leaving party. But that was too simple. Then there was her flowered one with the short sleeves. But that was completely wrong. It would give the staff supervisor the impression that Irene wasn't really serious.

Of course, there was always Irene's brown. But Irene, heaven knows why, had never really liked it. And in any case it was old. That settled it. Because the one thing for which Mrs. Privett would never have forgiven herself would have been to send Irene along looking as if she actually needed the job.

There was clearly nothing for it, therefore, but to run up something. Nothing was ever made, or sewn, or stitched together in the Privett household. It was always run up. And Mrs. Privett was taking no chances.

THE dress she finally made for Irene was from an American pattern. Mrs. Privett was secretly very pleased with it. It had a certain discreet flair. Irene, however, disliked every single thing about it. In her view it was all too young-looking. It was distinctly teenage. But it was late on Thursday by now. There wasn't time to do anything about it.

And in any case mother and daughter were scarcely speaking to each other. Mrs. Privett had said twice already that next time Irene found herself in need of a new dress she had better try running one up for herself. And Irene had replied that every other girl she knew got hers ready-made.

That was the last straw. It was one of Mrs. Privett's proudest boasts that up to now nothing ready-made except winter overcoats had ever come into her house.

. . . . . .

Irene was a bit disappointed with the back view of Rammell's. Something seemed to have gone wrong somewhere. It was as though the firm had overspent itself badly on the Bond Street frontage. Been forced to cut down on everything, even essentials, by the time it got round to Hurst Place.

Compared with all the burnished copper and the embossed "Rs" of the main doorway, the staff entrance itself was no better than a gap in the brickwork.

And inside things weren't much better. At the top of a little flight of concrete steps stood the clocking-in machines. Then, again, the color scheme was all wrong. The dark green dado with the thick black line along the top of it had an unpleasant police-station sort of look. It might have led straight through to the cells instead of merely to the evening bags and the cosmetics.

IRENE suddenly felt sorry for her father to think that he had been coming in and out of such a doorway all his life. Whenever she had been to Rammell's before, she had gone in by the Bond Street entrance and straight up in the lift. And there had been her father dressed up in his tail-coat as if he were receiving guests at a wedding.

That was what she had imagined it was like everywhere inside Rammell's—all mirrors and satinwood panelling and rich carpets.

There was a notice marked "Inquiries" just in front of her. Below it was a sheet of plain glass that suggested the front of an aquarium. And as Irene went over to it the glass front silently slid back.

She almost expected a cascade of cold water and pondweed to come splashing down over her new stockings. But that must have been simply the effect of so much dark green paint and the subdued lighting.

And in a glass-eyed, fishy sort of way the man behind the desk tried his best to be friendly. As soon as he saw the official interview form, he pointed to the foot of a further flight of stairs. The stairs, Irene noticed, were plain concrete like the corridor.

Straight up to the third floor and knock on the door, he said. The name "Supervisor" was on the outside, and it was the third floor up. Three floors and she'd see the notice on the door. There'd be no mistaking it because it said "Supervisor" . . .

He went on saying it over and over again, and then withdrew into his aquarium, gasping visibly because of all the neat oxygen that he had just been inhaling.

The woman, who glanced up as soon as she came in and then ignored her after she had sat down, was like every headmistress that Irene had ever known.

Miss Townsend looked up with a smile that was perfect except that it gave the appearance of having been used too many times before.

"There is one question that we like to ask all our girls," she said. "What is it that made you decide on Rammell's? Had you always planned your life that way?"

And from the way Miss Townsend put the question it was obvious that nothing less than a complete nun-like sense of vocation was going to satisfy her.

"Well, you see," she began. "My father has always been here. So naturally . . ."

There was no need, however, for her to go on any further. By now the staff supervisor was fairly beaming. There wasn't even any trouble about the handwriting of the carefully copied-out certificate. In her present mood Miss Townsend would have been satisfied if Irene had chipped it out in cuneiform.

"Oh, I see," she said approvingly. "We write a very nice, neat little hand, don't we? Now, don't worry. You'll be hearing from us," Miss Townsend assured her. "It may take a little time, but that's quite all right. We know all about you now.'

Irene felt that she knew all about them, too. There was no escape now. She was practically on the staff already. It had all happened just the way Mr. and Mrs. Privett had always planned it. The doors of the prison-house . . .

. . . . . .

A new man had just come into Marcia's life. Thrust his way right in, in fact.

There was, indeed, no other way in which he could possibly have got there. He wasn't the sort of man that Marcia would ever have admitted on her own account. Really quite unthinkable. And so common, too. Common in the bluff, hearty way that she particularly disliked in men.

He had called her "sweetheart" the first time they had been introduced — at a Latin-American fashion night at Grosvenor House. She had, of course, ignored him. Had simply turned her long beautiful back, and moved slowly, undulatingly away, leaving him gaping after her.

But it had been impossible to be as cold as that the next time they met. And on the very next morning, too. Because by then he was going round arm in arm with Rammell's chief buyer, nudging him, winking at him, telling him little stories. And the chief buyer was treating him with all the indulgence that would have been shown to a visiting ambassador.

Not that Marcia at first had even recognised the man. He had been wearing tails and a white tie the last time she had seen him. And in tails every rather fattish man about fifty looks pretty much the same. It is as much a uniform as a bus conductor's. It is only by day that these white-tie people become individuals again.

For instance, the man whose arm was now linked through the chief buyer's was wearing a brown suit and a bow tie. He didn't look as if he could ever have worn tails in his life. There was something remorselessly provincial about him. Marcia had no recollection of ever having seen him before.

The barbarian, however, recognised Marcia immediately. He came forward. And he asked after her feet. His own were terrible, he said, because of all that dancing.

Then finding that she did not know who he was—and the simple fact of this seemed somehow to amuse him—he introduced himself. He was Neptune Swimsuits, he explained. Also Daffette Fabrics and Red Tag Nylons.

He just stood there reeling the names out, and watching what effect they had on her. Nor was he disappointed. Marcia was a sensible girl. She could see now that it didn't matter a bit his being so provincial.

There comes a point when success is the only thing that really matters. And this big, red-faced man with the dreadful spotted tie was obviously nothing if not successful. Besides, Marcia had always prided herself on not being a snob where manufacturers were concerned.

All the same, Mr. Bulping—she remembered now having seen the name all over the place—was a bit disconcerting. He was so breathtakingly prompt. He sent her a little tribute that same afternoon. Not that he could have been about much. Or he would have known that nobody ever sends orchids nowadays. The mere sight of so many of them made her feel terrible.

And they showed, too, that Mr. Bulping couldn't really be even the least bit sensitive. If he had been, he would have recognised that orchids went with a more flamboyant type altogether.

But having received such a token there was nothing to do but to say thank you. Accordingly, Marcia had written to Mr. Bulping in her big backward-sloping script.

From then on the phone calls were incessant. Simply incessant. They didn't even cease when Mr. Bulping was called away up north to look after Neptune and Daffette and Red Tag and all the rest of them. It was worse, in fact.

Because the farther away Mr. Bulping was from her the more unavoidable he became. He booked personal long-distance calls. And to make sure of catching her he put them through very late at night or early in the morning. At Marcia's end it was overwhelming. Like being courted by Mr. Bulping and the Postmaster-General both at the same time.

AND in the result she was finally trapped. Unable to resist the keen northern pressure any longer, she succumbed. She promised to have dinner with him when he was down on Tuesday.

Naturally, he had offered to pick her up at her flat. She was prepared for that. She refused.

There would have been something too horrible about it. Whereas there was nothing in the least horrible about arriving at The Chalice. The only thing that surprised her was that Mr. Bulping should ever have heard of The Chalice. Marcia always felt perfectly at home the moment she stepped on to the zebra-striped carpet between that long double row of mirrors.

Mr. Bulping was there waiting for her. And in a dinner jacket he looked considerably better again. The brown suit and bow tie faded from her memory. Looked at closely, too, she could see his face was really rather a fine one. There was strength in it. And purpose. He was the sort of a man who might just have bought a railway. She found herself wondering what he would have looked like without his moustache . . .

But even though his behaviour was quite good, it was still not perfect. For a start sitting up on the high stool in the discreet corner bar, he called the barman "Charley." There was something so frankly vulgar, so bank-holidayish about it that Marcia shivered. But what was worse, far worse, was the fact that he tried to patronise her.

"Best food in London here," he said.

Marcia smiled faintly. In this week's "Tatler" there was a picture of her sitting at her favorite table in the corner.

"A matter of fact I came to the opening," she said.

Mr. Bulping patted the back of her hand affectionately.

"Changed a lot since then," he told her. "Only place in London if you want a steak."

"I adore steak," Marcia replied politely.

But Mr. Bulping wasn't going to let it go at that.

"Don't have to have steak if you don't want it," he told her. "Plenty of other things. Better have a look down the menu before you make your mind up."

There was that quick, involuntary shiver again. She hoped that Mr. Bulping hadn't noticed. But really his pronunciation of the word was appalling. Simply appalling. It must be twenty years since she had last been out with anyone who called it "mcenu."

And she didn't like it any better when Emilio himself came over. He greeted her very politely, and there was a lot of rather professional Italian handshaking.

But it was clearly Mr. Bulping whom he was really pleased to see. And he seemed to know all about him, too. He asked after his golf, his fishing, his racehorses. He lit Mr. Bulping's cigarette for him. Then when Mr. Bulping had finished both drinks and had patted his chest to show how fine he was feeling Emilio paid them the last courtesy. Waving the manager, the headwaiter, the assistant headwaiter and the reception-waiter all to one side, he conducted them to their table himself.

"Your table, Mr. Bulping," he said.

It was the corner table that Marcia had always thought of as hers.

"Thanks, Emmy," Mr. Bulping said.

Marcia was rather silent during the meal. But Mr. Bulping did not seem at all put out by the fact. Having come out to enjoy himself, it was obvious that nothing was going to stop him. He was good company enough for two. He ordered champagne. He told funny stories. He insisted on caviare. He gave Marcia his views on price controls. He called the waiter over, and said: "Here, Charley, see what's 'appening to our steak. We 'aven't got all night, you know." He sent the toast back.

He promised Marcia that if she'd give him her measurements he'd send her a Neptune swimsuit that wouldn't be on the market until next year. He said that she ought to eat more. He mopped his forehead. He demanded crepes-suzettes. He asked what scent she was wearing. He mopped the back of his neck. He bought a packet of Turkish cigarettes and invited her to fill her case with them. He lit a cigar. He

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SPRAY NOW

CREPE MYRTLES are now budding up and may need some lime sulphur or karathane spray to check powdery mildew, which usually appears on the twigs, stems, and bud-clusters during January-February. Start early with the spray before the buds open and the disease, which can ruin the colorful trusses of bloom, should be checked. Remove any suckers that appear from these shrubs during summer.

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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began to tell her about his oldest boy . . .

Marcia wasn't really listening to him. She often withdrew into a dim, private world of her own while people were talking to her. But at least she was thinking about him. Thinking hard. There was a splendid self-confidence that she found rather stimulating.

Then came that awful shiver again. And really this was too frightful. Because Mr. Bulping was banging with his spoon on the side of his coffee cup.

"Check, Charley," he called out loudly.

Marcia had her thank-you-so - much - for - a-lovely-dinner speech all ready by the time they got to the door. But Mr. Bulping only laughed at her.

"What's the *matter?*" he asked. "Don't you like me?"

They were outside on the pavement by now, and Mr. Bulping's car came across the road to meet them. Marcia gathered her evening cloak around her. She stood there motionless, her hands clasped beneath her chin. It was one of her most beautiful attitudes.

But Mr. Bulping apparently hadn't noticed.

"Well, get in," he told her. "Let's go somewhere where we can dance."

It was as she climbed in that Marcia realised that she was lost. Nobody had ever really treated her like this before. She had come out, beautiful, distinguished, aloof, and now she was being rushed off her feet like a schoolgirl by this commercial gorilla from Wolverhampton. Either she was losing her grip or it was Destiny.

Marcia had never been to the Ivory Tower before. Out of the whole score of night-clubs where the manager would have come forward smiling, bowing from the hips, delighted to see her there again, Mr. Bulping had chosen the one place where she knew no one.

It was so humiliating that she could have cried.

But once they got there it was all right. The first person they met was a young peer who had taken her out once or twice himself. She felt her poise returning as she introduced him. But somehow Mr. Bulping didn't seem to be impressed. Hardly seemed to notice, in fact. He was talking over his shoulder to the waiter. "Usual table, Charley," he was saying. "And put a bottle in the bucket."

Not that they sat at the table very much. Mr. Bulping was a keen dancer. And a remarkably energetic one. When he got on to the floor he liked to remain there. They were right up against the band the first time it stopped, and Mr. Bulping looked up indignantly.

"Come along, Charley," he said to the bandleader. "What's the matter with you? Give us a number."

But the worst thing about the dancing was Mr. Bulping's heat. He seemed to be in a raging fever, as though she had caught up with him in the middle of a malaria bout. She suffered the sensation of being crushed to death in a tropic jungle. If the band had been armed with blowpipes instead of saxophones it could not have been more terrifying. Marcia felt herself swaying.

"Tired, dear?" Mr. Bulping said. "I'll take you home."

MR. BULPING looked larger than ever inside the tiny flat. And more possessive. It was like having the landlord to tea. But what she hadn't been prepared for was Mr. Bulping's pipe.

Without warning, without even having asked her permission, he suddeny brought it out, charred and sordid-looking, and was sitting there in her small boudoir chair, smoking as comfortably as if he had been in some bar-parlor in the Midlands. Not quite so comfortably perhaps. Because the chair was about two sizes too small for him.

And Marcia simply didn't know what to do with him. She had been prepared for, expecting, dreading, hoping for — she was tired, and her emotions were becoming a bit confused by now — something entirely uninhibited the moment the front door closed after them.

". . . mind you, there's no point in rushing it," he was saying as though she were a meeting of the Neptune Swimsuit board. "The law has got to take its time, and the case doesn't come up until next session. That's why I've got to be so careful. But after September it'll be different. I shall be a free man again. And it isn't as if I 'adn't got something to offer. I 'aven't been doing so badly lately . . ."

From the hearthrug Marcia looked up at him. This was another of her poses, hands folded in her lap and her head turned three-quarters away from the camera to show the neckline.

"I don't know why you're telling me all this, Mr. Bulping," she said quietly.

But that was where Mr. Bulping was so masterful and disarming. He didn't allow a girl even to have any nice feelings of her own. Extricating himself from the flimsy boudoir chair and putting his pipe down on the polished satinwood table alongside the Dresden Shepherdess, he came over to her.

"Yes, you do," he said. "You're not daft."

. . . . . .

Mr Privett was back at Rammell's again. But the doctor had been quite right. Three full days in bed. And then two more pottering round the house, simply sitting about in chairs and reading the paper. It meant one full week away from Bond Street. And what was so hurtful was that Mr. Bloot totally ignored him. Seemed unaware that anything had even happened to his friend.

That was why it felt so good, so reassuring, to be seated beside him again. Mr. Bloot was sympathetic but mysterious. Said he'd been busy and he hadn't heard. There, during the eleven o'clock break, Mr. Privett had to tell him everything.

When Mr. Privett had finished Mr. Bloot only frowned and shook his head.

"Doesn't do to get mixed up with the police. Not men in our position. Can't afford it. Bound to leak out in the long run."

Mr. Privett felt a small cold rivulet of fear running down his spine.

"But there hasn't been a summons or anything like that," he explained hurriedly. "They only took down a few particulars. It isn't as if anybody had been killed. I probably shan't never hear from them again. Never."

Mr. Bloot thrust out his nether lip.

"You'll hear all right," he said. "You mark my words. You'll hear."

Then came that ominous headshake once more.

"What you need," he said, prodding into Mr. Privett's side with his forefinger to emphasise the significance of the remark, "is a solicitor. But you'd better make some inquiries first," he went on. "What you need is an accident specialist. The others'd be worse than no one."

Another small icy drop ran down Mr. Privett's spine. It seemed that whichever way he turned he was faced by dangers.

"I don't want a solicitor," he said. "It's making too much of it."

But Mr. Bloot would allow none of that.

"What about your counter-claim?" he demanded.

"My what?"

Mr. Bloot pursed his lips. He was really at the top of his form by now. Immense. Knowledgeable. Majestic.

HE asked: "You want a new boat, don't you? Who do you think's going to pay for that? You or the motor-coach company? And how much do you think you'd get out of the motor-coach company if you wrote to them? Nothing. They probably wouldn't even answer. But if it's a solicitor. He'd take them in court if they didn't. And there's damages, too.

"Properly handled this ought to be worth hundreds to you. Literally hundreds. But only if your solicitor gets in first."

Mr. Privett was silent for a moment.

"You're quite right," he said at last. "I see that now. I'd better do something about it."

He was ashamed, bitterly ashamed, to think how he had misjudged Mr. Bloot. Mr. Privett saw now that he owed a duty to his family. It was Mr. Bloot who had opened his eyes for him.

Mr. Privett, however, was only half right. Because in point of fact Mr. Bloot had not been listening all the time. For the greater part of it, indeed, he had been thinking of someone else. It was his own love affair that was absorbing him. It now obliterated everything. It had become obsessional.

It had not been an instantaneous flare-up, a sudden and compulsive affair of passion. Mr. Bloot had known the lady for some time. What had begun as no more than an exchange of retail courtesies across a shop counter had gradually softened into something gentler, with Mr. Bloot lingering helplessly at the counter after the transaction was over.

It may, of course, have been Mr. Bloot's good looks that had done it. His good looks and the natural distinction of his manner. He was easily the most imposing customer to patronise the tiny tobacco shop. Because no matter what allowances you were ready to make for its central position—next door to the Underground and exactly opposite the bus stop — the shop was undeniably an extremely small one.

And what made the shop seem smaller still was the size of Hetty Florence herself. A large woman against any background, she seemed positively effulgent within the confines of this minute cubicle. Instead merely of occupying the shop, she seemed rather to be wearing it.

Mr. Bloot would have found it impossible to say what it was about Hetty Florence that had first overwhelmed him. Possibly the voice, or the perfume that she used, or her hair — jet black and worn long, wound round the top of her head in a braid.

It may, of course, have been simply that the natural charms of Hetty Florence were all accentuated by contrast. Because poor Emmie had been quite the other type — small, thinnish, practically Chinese, she was so flat-chested, and with hair that was mole-colored and rather thin.

Whatever it was about Hetty Florence, the effect was overwhelming. Mr. Bloot now spent whole evenings thinking about her. Even the simple fact of separation was now agony. That was why he had come to the helpless, but still daring, decision to see her tonight even though it was only Tuesday, and he had six of Monday's packet still left.

As it happened, he could not have chosen a worse night. The store had never been busier. And he seemed to be the nerve-centre, the information-desk, of the whole place.

When five-thirty came, he didn't stop to say goodnight to anybody. Simply marched to his locker, changed out of his tails, and snatched up his hat and umbrella. By the time he had reached the street he was walking level with everyone else. And that, for Mr. Bloot, was hurrying.

If he was to see Hetty at all he had got to be there in Tufnell Park by six sharp. He realised now that he ought to have asked Mr. Preece if he could have left a little early. Say a mere five minutes. Or ten, to be on the safe side. But he hadn't felt able to screw up the courage.

As it was, he looked like being in the Underground all night. There was the rush-hour at Bond Street to begin with. Then, at Tottenham Court Road, London Transport simply turned against him. First one Edgware train, and then another. By the time he had shoved his way into the train marked Barnet—and there was no old-world courtesy about him by now; he was barging and elbowing with the rest—the clock showed ten to six.

And when he got there it was all just as he had feared. The other half of Hetty's shop, the laundry collection office, was still open. Inside they were doing something with hampers. But on Hetty's side the shutters were already down. Mr. Bloot just stood there staring at them, his chest heaving. And then, even though he knew that it was useless, he started ringing at the bell.

IT was when he had rung it for the second time that he thought he heard some sort of movement inside. A noise too faint to be identified.

So he did a desperate thing. Forsaking all appearances, he went down on one knee and put his mouth up against the letter-box in the middle of the roller-shutter.

"You, there, Hetty?" he asked. "You all right? It's me, Gussie."

He must have shouted rather louder than he realised. Because when he got up again he saw that people were looking at him. But Mr. Bloot took no notice of any of them.

What was happening behind the roller-shutter was far too momentous for that. For the noises were quite definite by now. Quick, busy little noises. The sound of boxes being dragged along and then shoved away somewhere.

Then he heard footsteps. And the next moment there was the sound of a bolt being drawn back and the roller-shutter shot upwards. Hetty stood there.

She was flushed. And breathing rather hard, he noticed. But alive. But at first sight Hetty Florence didn't seem to be any too pleased to see him.

"Well, I must say, you are a one," she told him. "Coming here at this time of night, and scaring me like that."

Mr. Bloot looked down at his feet for a moment.

"I didn't mean to," he said quietly. "I . . . I only wanted to see you."

It was the fact that he was so humble, so contrite, that softened her. There didn't seem any point in going on being angry with him.

"Oh, well, you'd better come inside to say it," she said. "You're just making an exhibition of yourself."

As Mr. Boot stepped inside she banged the shutter down again.

"Well," she said.

"It's nothing important . . ."

"Isn't it?"

"Not really. I just thought . . ."

He broke off, unable to continue. He felt confused. Foolish. Ashamed. But he need not have worried. If only he had been looking at Hetty instead of down at his feet again, he would have seen that she was holding out her arms to him.

"Kiss me," she said quietly.

. . . . . .

Mr. Rammell's digestion was even worse than usual. The first symptoms—a kind of mild sea-sickness—began to show up before his car had got even as far as Hyde Park Corner. He reached out instinctively for the bottle of dyspepsia tablets that he kept in one of the side pockets. And he was still chewing away like a GI by the time they reached Bond Street.

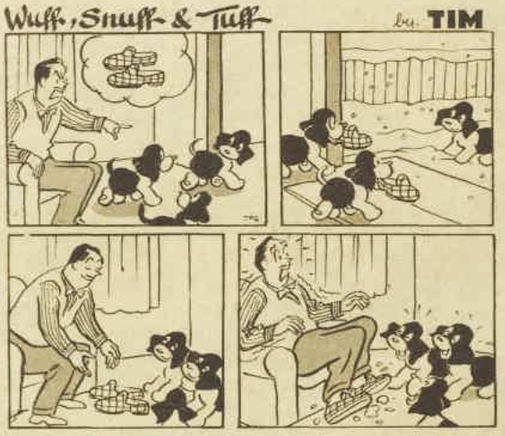
Then when he got there he found that there was no Miss Underhill. Only a telephone message to say that she was suffering from—of all things—a bilious attack. It was astonishing. To all appearances Miss Underhill had the innards of a goat. Indeed, before now, Mr. Rammell had frequently marvelled at her.

Most busy secretaries, he knew, are inclined to be nibblers. But Miss Underhill was in a class by herself. She was in the habit of producing mysterious little pieces of milk

To page 54

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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Smart maternity frock can be belted and used as a dress or housegown. Available cut out ready to sew in a woven check gingham in pink, blue, green, lemon, tan, black, and red, all with white. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 35/6; 36 to 38in. bust 37/9. Postage 3/- extra.

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F4215.—Smart casual bag to make to match or contrast an outfit. Requires ⅜yd. 36in. material and ⅜yd. waterproof lining. Price 2/6.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 4

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a new venture.

★ If you've just left school and are hunting your first job, the stars may give you a lucky break. If you've recently taken up a new sport your progress should encourage you. If on holidays you may decide to acquire a beach cottage or a boat. Whatever form your ambition takes, you can make life more varied, profitable, enjoyable.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck from a distance.

★ Either you or someone dear to you makes a journey. You may receive exciting news in a letter, welcome a traveller, go away to join your beloved, or obtain a gift from afar. A few, in the throes of a love affair, receive an offer of marriage through the post. Others on a journey find a profitable business transaction waiting at the end of it.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed. Luck in your judgment.

★ Your intuition, quick wits are likely to help you make a better decision than those trying to influence you. They may have axes to grind or hope to gain advantages. If quite young, don't let yourself be dragged into an adventure of which you disapprove socially. If older, this could be an unwise business investment or a scheme doomed to failure.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in sharing.

★ Share responsibilities but leave the initiative to others. Don't try to take command at present because emotions are in danger of ruling your commonsense. You may be willing to make a martyr of yourself; this could make everybody uncomfortable. Where alternative plans are possible, your own opinions, ideas should not be completely shelved.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in playing safe.

★ Routine activities bring mild pleasure. The people you know are good company; that good-looking stranger you've just met is an unknown quantity who may or may not be pure gold. Be content to stay in safe waters rather than swim beyond your depth. Care in regard to diet and handling food will prevent more than one upset.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in having fun.

★ Socially you'll be one of a happy group who readily find amusement. There may be a particular activity which holds you together. The out-of-doors has a special appeal for your sign. Beach parties, a barbecue in the garden should be successful. You may be able to contribute some novel ideas which add to the occasion. Love affairs flourish.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through an older person.

★ Someone in a position of authority may influence events in your favor. Practical advantages, such as exchange of services with a neighbor, make it possible for you to attend a number of social events. An older relative may be of financial help in connection with an enterprise close to your heart; in some way, elders play their part.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck through new acquaintance.

★ A person of your own age and sex may move into your neighborhood; there is the prospect of enduring friendship. Should the person be of the opposite sex, social life may be stepped up with the possibility of romance. A new friend may introduce you to a group who have similar interests. This is a good time to widen your circle.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, navy-blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a decision.

★ What has been simmering in the back of your mind now comes to the fore. You have reached a turning-point, and for most of you this is likely to involve a major investment. It could be the purchase of a home, a car, or the start of a business enterprise. Discussions are likely to be going on with your nearest and dearest, details are in the planning stage.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships.

★ It will be easier now to gain the co-operation of those around you. Should you put forward a new scheme you can persuade family, friends, associates to join. If in love, a cause of disagreement may vanish through changed circumstances. With increasing prestige, popularity, you may find yourself doing things you thought undignified but fun.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in an unusual experience.

★ An odd incident happens in a place new to you. The memory of it will linger and whether there is going to be an aftermath depends on you. You may be precipitated into the arms of a stranger, involved in a minor accident, miss a train, boat, or bus with amusing results. There is the chance that you will see again some of the people concerned.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs. Luck in sports.

★ Whether a surfer, tennis player, yachting enthusiast, or follower or any sport, you'll be in the news. You may help to found a new club or bring added prestige to one already existing. Most of you will be too busy to worry over fussy or prickly people. If young, there may be a budding love affair which blossoms on the sports ground.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

chocolate out of her handbag almost as she sat down in the morning.

While Mr. Rammell was sipping away at his hot water with a slice of lemon, Miss Underhill, surrounded by files and memorandum pads, would be busy lapping up a cupful of thick, creamy-looking breakfast cocoa.

It was certainly a nuisance, this bilious attack of Miss Underhill's. Because Mr. Rammell relied on Miss Underhill. Couldn't do a thing without her. Miss Lipscombe was the relief secretary. She looked like a young Wren commandant, with hair cut very short to denote sexless and almost inhuman efficiency. She proved on closer acquaintance to be as nervous and jumpy as a kitten. A kitten, moreover, with a touch of the evil sprite and mad fairy thrown in.

She sprang new surprises on him at five-minute intervals. She produced wrong documents by the basketful, and whisked away from under his nose papers with which he was dealing, sending them down to Registry marked "Urgent." It was like having a poltergeist about the place.

AND that was not all. She cut him off abruptly in the middle of important telephone conversations. She heard imaginary bells and voices. She would come darting into the room all sparkle and freshness to know if he wanted her. And then when she was needed she would disappear as completely as if she had handed in her resignation.

She could register the emotions—alarm, panic, remorse, consternation, bewilderment, and the rest of them—simply by standing there in front of him and saying nothing. It was all done by a quick intake of breath and clever use of the hands.

If she had come romping into the office blowing a tin trumpet and banging on a toy drum she could scarcely have got him jumpier. By ten-thirty it was obvious that it was Mr. Rammell versus Miss Lipscombe with Mr. Rammell hopelessly on the losing side.

And as the day wore on it became equally obvious that it was Mr. Rammell versus quite a lot of other people as well. A correspondence with the Board of Trade about carpets had produced the worst possible effect. In the result some inspector from Whitehall was calling on the chief buyer that very afternoon to satisfy himself that all the other export-reject clauses were being properly administered.

Then one of the unions had discovered a technical breach in their agreement, and unless the Industrial Relations Officer got down to some pretty heart-to-heart discussions with the Organising Secretary it looked as if all Rammell's vans would be off the streets by the following Monday.

Two large consignments of American shoes had been held up by the Customs for a week already, and the way things were going they looked like remaining in bond for ever.

By sheer mishandling at the Bond Street end, Rammell's had just lost a small but highly profitable contract with one of the better girls' schools. The licence for rebuilding the soft-furnishing section, the part that had been hit by an incendiary in '42, had just been turned down for the eleventh time.

By the time Bond Street had closed down for the night Mr. Rammell was a jumpy and exhausted man.

from page 52

"Give up smoking," he told himself. "It's ridiculous. Simply killing myself. No digestion left. Sheer madness to go on with it. Can't imagine why I ever started. Wish Tony didn't. Cut it right out . . ."

On and off Mr. Rammell had been giving up smoking for the past twenty-five years.

> ● *Sponge rubber hot-water bags with a little strong ammonia in warm soapy water before putting them away for summer. They will be as good as new next winter.*

He had become an expert. He knew when he really meant to give it up—this was one of those occasions—and when he was merely telling himself that he meant to do so. He knew, too, about all the devices that help. The mouthwashes that make tobacco in all forms taste horrible. The little sugar-coated pills.

He had even during some of his serious bouts of non-smoking tried playing at smoking instead—puffing away at imitation cigarettes. Things made of coltsfoot and herbs and dried dandelion. Little bundles of mixed weeds that reduced the inside of the mouth to a furnace and left the whole room smelling like autumn.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."***

Isaiah 9:6:

At a time when the country of the Israelites was threatened by enemies, this promise of Isaiah's to King Ahaz brought comfort and assurance. Hearts lifted at the thought that God would send a Messiah to rule and lead His people.

Even so, from sheer force of habit he found himself with a lighted cigarette between his fingers as soon as he was inside the car. This annoyed him. He promptly stamped it out again. Then he told himself that it was not cigarettes that were the trouble. Cigarettes were nothing. Mere paper. Not so cigars. They were as dangerous as sticks of dynamite, those big Havanas of his.

The sensible thing was to go on smoking cigarettes—in moderation of course—and cut out cigars entirely. But that would be a pity. Because the pleasure of cigar-smoking was something quite apart from all other smoking. Cigars were the one thing in life that had got better as a man grew older.

Whereas he hadn't so much as properly tasted a cigarette for years. Just gone on smoking them one after another—forty a day—two hundred and eighty a week — and getting nothing from them in return.

But there was no point in being silly about it, in administering a shock to the system by giving up smoking altogether. Far more sensible to cut down on them gently. Thirty-five one day, thirty the next, twenty-five the day after, and so on. Stabilise the thing at ten or fifteen. Ten cigarettes a day had never harmed anyone. Satisfied that he was doing the right thing, Mr. Rammell brought out his case again and lit the first of the new ten.

It was over a drink at his club that it occurred to Mr. Rammell that perhaps he ought to cut out drinking, too. Spirits particularly. No gin. No whisky. And easy on the sherry. Give his tummy time to settle down again.

Then, when he was feeling really fit, he could start taking a little wine with his meals once more. Only the lighter wines at that. Stick to hock and claret. Leave the burgundies and the brandies alone for the time being.

By now practically a non-smoker and total abstainer, Mr. Rammell got into the car to go home. But the undeniable fact was that after a couple of whiskies he felt better already. Easier and freer all over.

And it would clearly be absurd for any man to deny himself the very medicine that so obviously was good for him. He began to see things more clearly, get them into their proper perspective.

"It isn't smoking and it isn't drinking," he told himself. "It's overwork that's doing it. Too much of it. For too long. What I need is a holiday. Get right away from it all. Go somewhere quiet with Eleanor so that I can relax . . ."

As he said it, however, he realised how ridiculous it was. With a wife like Mrs. Rammell there was no possible chance of relaxing. Mrs. Rammell was anti-relaxation. Ever since he had married her she had been growing steadily more tense and energetic.

Talking louder and faster all the time. Sitting on more and more committees. Having nervous headaches. Being treated by more and more specialists. Rushing about from one party to another. Filling the house with hangers-on and acquaintances that he didn't even know by name. Fulfilling her own nervous and exhausting destiny.

"I'll go somewhere quiet this year even if I have to go alone," he promised himself. "Yes, that's what I'll do; I'll go off alone."

HE put his feet up the rest and settled himself firmly back against the cushions. At the mere thought of asserting himself, of walking out on Mrs. Rammell, even if only for a month in the summer, he began to feel stronger, more carefree.

But only for a moment. Already those two drinks that he had taken at the club were boring holes inside him. It might have been nitro-glycerine that he had just swallowed. He could feel the drilling and blasting going on as he sat there.

"It's no use," he resumed. "I must watch myself. Must go carefully. Better skip dinner. Turn in early and try to get some rest. Haven't been sleeping properly. That's my trouble. One good early night, and I'll feel better in the morning."

To be continued

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

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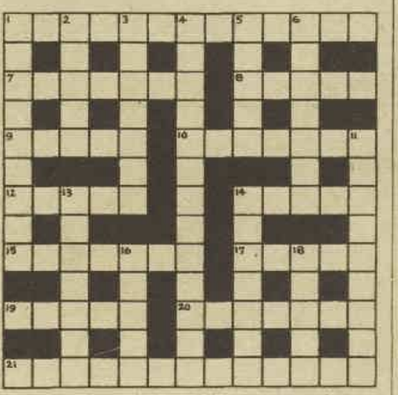
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. and 21. To be heard and read often, but only once a year (7, 3, 3, 4, 9).
7. Takes an eye for an eye for another (7).
8. Parts of feet probably belonging to cads (5).
9. Fine thread is in it (5).
10. Chosen or the emperor's chooser (7).
12. Approaches with an inward listener (5).
14. Gradually disappeared and mostly dead (5).
15. Classifier is a broken pal in a broken rest (7).
17. With a snake I see a savory dish (5).
19. Cause to come and be an ornament (5).
20. Pertaining to purification though it is all rust (7).
21. See 1 across.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Not robust persons slew a king (9).
2. Sets down the foot causing pests (5).
3. Sings outwardly in an entrance (7).
4. Cultivated piece of land with a quavering singer for a bird (6-7).
5. Native earth taken from the loch region (5).
6. Tear Ted (Anagr., 7).
11. Laughs at, with a backward but lucid interior (9).
13. Trees with two abridged accounts (7).
14. Tools for enlarging holes sound as concise expressions (7).
16. The art of reasoning based on a block (5).
18. Jewish festival commemorating deliverance from the plot of Haman (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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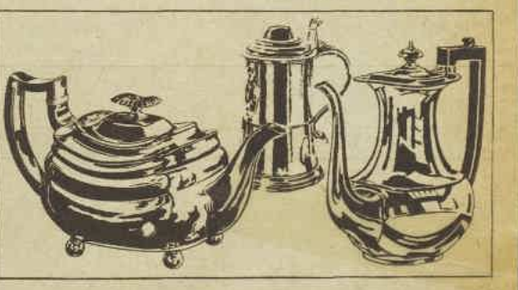

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Mon.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Tues.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Wed.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Thur.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Fri.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Sat.	2	9	16	23	30	::

1960 FEBRUARY 1960						
Sun.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Mon.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Tues.	2	9	16	23	::	::
Wed.	3	10	17	24	::	::
Thur.	4	11	18	25	::	::
Fri.	5	12	19	26	::	::
Sat.	6	13	20	27	::	::

1960 MARCH 1960						
Sun.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Mon.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Tues.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Wed.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Thur.	3	10	17	24	31	::
Fri.	4	11	18	25	::	::
Sat.	5	12	19	26	::	::

1960 APRIL 1960						
Sun.	::	3	10	17	24	::
Mon.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Tues.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Wed.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Thur.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Fri.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Sat.	2	9	16	23	30	::

1960 MAY 1960						
Sun.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Mon.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Tues.	3	10	17	24	31	::
Wed.	4	11	18	25	::	::
Thur.	5	12	19	26	::	::
Fri.	6	13	20	27	::	::
Sat.	7	14	21	28	::	::

1960 JUNE 1960						
Sun.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Mon.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Tues.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Wed.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Thur.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Fri.	3	10	17	24	::	::
Sat.	4	11	18	25	::	::

1960 JULY 1960						
Sun.	::	3	10	17	24	31
Mon.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Tues.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Wed.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Thur.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Fri.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Sat.	2	9	16	23	30	::

1960 AUGUST 1960						
Sun.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Mon.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Tues.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Wed.	3	10	17	24	31	::
Thur.	4	11	18	25	::	::
Fri.	5	12	19	26	::	::
Sat.	6	13	20	27	::	::

1960 SEPTEMBER 1960						
Sun.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Mon.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Tues.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Wed.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Thur.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Fri.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Sat.	3	10	17	24	::	::

1960 OCTOBER 1960						
Sun.	::	2	9	16	23	30
Mon.	::	3	10	17	24	31
Tues.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Wed.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Thur.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Fri.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Sat.	1	8	15	22	29	::

1960 NOVEMBER 1960						
Sun.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Mon.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Tues.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Wed.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Thur.	3	10	17	24	::	::
Fri.	4	11	18	25	::	::
Sat.	5	12	19	26	::	::

1960 DECEMBER 1960						
Sun.	::	4	11	18	25	::
Mon.	::	5	12	19	26	::
Tues.	::	6	13	20	27	::
Wed.	::	7	14	21	28	::
Thur.	1	8	15	22	29	::
Fri.	2	9	16	23	30	::
Sat.	3	10	17	24	31	::

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS — 1960

New Year's Day .. .. .. 1st Jan.
Australia Day .. .. 1st Feb.
Labour Day (Tas. & W.A.) 7th Mar.
Labour Day (Vic.) .. .. 14th Mar.
Good Friday .. .. 15th Apl.
Easter Saturday .. .. .. 16th Apl.
Easter Monday .. .. .. 18th Apl.
Easter Tuesday (Vic.) .. 19th Apl.
Anzac Day .. .. 25th Apl.
Labour Day (Qld.) .. .. 2nd May
Foundation Day (W.A.) . 6th June
Queen's Birthday (except W.A.) To be proclaimed.
Bank Holiday (N.S.W.) .. 1st Aug.
Six Hour Day (N.S.W.) .. 3rd Oct.
Eight Hour Day (S.A.) .. 10th Oct.
Queen's Birthday (W.A. only) 14th Oct.
Xmas Day Holiday .. 26th Dec.
Boxing Day .. .. 27th Dec.
Proclamation Day (S.A.) 28th Dec.

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